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THE ADVENTURES OF
Charles Edward Pancoast
ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Edited by
ANNA PASCHALL HANNUM

With a Foreword by
JOHN BACH McMASTER

Philadelphia
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS
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FOREWORD

WHEN, in 1840, Charles Pancoast made his journey from Philadelphia to St. Louis by railroad, canal packet and steamboat, the population of our country was less by a hundred million people than it is now, and a vast area of its territory belonged to the Republic of Texas and the United States of Mexico; our northern boundary had not been determined beyond the Rocky Mountains; the Oregon country was still held in joint occupation with Great Britain; Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana were the only States west of the Mississippi River, and along the western borders of Missouri and Arkansas was the Indian Country, closed to settlement. Missouri, despite her three hundred and eighty-five thousand population and her thriving city of St. Louis, was a raw frontier community.

When we recall these conditions and the amazing changes which have taken place within the lifetime of men still living it is a matter not only of historical importance but of general interest to know all we can of the manners, customs, usages, way of living, behavior of these people carried to the frontier by the steady western movement of population, and of this sort of knowledge Mr. Pancoast in his narrative has given us a great deal. It is not the story of a traveller jotting down such scenes and events as come in his way, or of unfriendly critics such as Harriet Martineau and Charles Dickens holding up to laughter the crudeness and rawness of the West, but of an adventurous lad of the plain people living

among the plain people of the frontier and by his daily adventures giving us a picture of their life. Men of all sorts, judges, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, sharpers, gamblers, squatters in their squalid log cabins, all the flotsam and jetsam of the frontier pass before us. His drug business a failure, he becomes part owner of a steamboat plying up the Osage river to the frontier town of Warsaw and up the Missouri river to the still more frontier town of St. Joseph, and we have a well drawn picture of the life of the rivermen in those days of primitive transportation.

Bankrupt and stranded, he joins a party bound for the gold fields and travels by the seldom used southern route by way of Santa Fe, along the Rio Grande and the Gila rivers to southern California, and northward to the mines. Many another Argonaut caught in the wild rush to California has left his record of hardships, dangers, adventures met with on the plains; but there cannot be too many of them. For us the plains of those days have ceased to exist. Ten states and twelve millions of people are spread over the waste places traversed by the gold seekers of '49. Men of today cross them in richly appointed railroad trains, by automobile, by airplane, and talk by telephone with people in great cities on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Pancoast spent nine months on the journey from Fort Leavenworth to the mines.

Again the picture changes, this time to life with the caravan and its motley collection of characters, to the southwest section of our country, the old Spanish provinces, with their ruined missions, shiftless whites, worthless halfbreeds, degenerate Indians, Greasers, "pukes." Once at the mines, like all miners, he

wanders from diggings to diggings, from bar to bar, is rich today, poor tomorrow. Wearied in time with mining, he joined with some friends and began cattle ranching in a small way. This too came to naught and he returned to Philadelphia richer in experience, but not in pocket, than when he left it fourteen years before. Narratives such as this of Mr. Pancoast, records of the first men on the spot, are source material for the social history of our country. It is from such as these that we come to know just what happened at the very beginning.

JOHN BACH McMASTER

PREFACE

THE *raison d'être* of this volume is sufficiently explained by the author himself. While he disclaims any thought of publication, his prediction that his narrative might be regarded with greater interest a half century later seems to indicate that he realized its historical value, and possibly entertained the feeling that it might some day be held worthy of public attention.

After allowing members of the family to read the story, and having a copy made for his adopted sons, he put it aside for some years. Not long before his death he appeared at the home of his niece, Anna Pancoast Paschall, and presented her with a package, which, to her delighted surprise, proved to contain the original manuscript. Her children and grandchildren read it with wonder and fascination, and it was again laid away half forgotten for many years. Occasionally it would be said in the family, "Uncle Charley's book should really be published!" but until recently, no member had the leisure to undertake the work of editing and revision.

The language is the author's own. Obvious misspellings have been corrected, but his style, with its peculiar method of capitalization, has been retained. In the few instances where a word or phrase has been altered to prevent ambiguity or repetition, care has been taken to substitute expressions habitual to him. The revision has consisted chiefly in the elimination of minor incidents and details, and, where clarity demanded it, in a certain amount of rearrangement. To avoid prolonging

the book unduly, notes have been confined to the minimum necessary for explanation or correction.

It is not to be expected that an old man's recollections of forty and fifty years earlier should be correct in all details. Some inaccuracies have been noted; others may have escaped detection. But there can be no doubt of the fidelity of the portrait presented of the life and thought of our pioneer ancestors.

A book of this nature, covering so wide a field, is not edited by one person alone. The following have given their time, effort, and interest with a generosity far exceeding the requirements of personal or official courtesy: Miss Jane Graham McGuire, of Philadelphia; Miss Stella M. Drumm, Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society; Mr. J. W. Vincent, editor of the Linn Creek (Missouri) *Reveille*, and his daughter, Miss Mary I. Vincent; Mr. E. V. Tuttle, of Zebra, Missouri; Dr. H. L. Kent, President of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts; Mrs. George F. Kitt, State Historian of Arizona; and Mrs. W. E. Hankin, of Bisbee, Arizona. Grateful acknowledgments are due to members of the Pancoast and Paschall families; to Mrs. F. deH. Janvier, President of the Colonial Dames of Delaware; Mr. W. E. Connelley, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society; Mr. Lansing B. Bloom, Secretary of the New Mexico Historical Society; Mr. Milton J. Ferguson, State Historian of California; Mr. Charles C. Richardson, Historian of the Southern Colorado Pioneers' Association; Mr. Frank J. Heintz, of Jacksonville, Illinois; Mr. George M. Block, of St. Louis; and Reverend James S. Russell, of Lawrenceville, Virginia, for valuable assistance received from them. It has frequently been necessary to apply to postmasters in

various places for names of authorities on obscure points of local history. Such cases have always met with a courteous response, and in some cases even with personal efforts to obtain the information desired. To these postmasters, then, as well as to the persons named above and many other individuals and organizations whose names lack of space forbids me to include, I wish to express my profound appreciation and gratitude.

A. P. H.

Philadelphia,
January 30, 1930.

CHAPTER I

NEW JERSEY BOYHOOD

THE WORLD may not be deeply interested in the life and adventures of a poor and obscure Jersey Boy, who has never been able to attain prominence either by reason of any extraordinary deed of Courage, contribution to Science, acquisition of Wealth, or the possession of any other qualities that, in the eye of the World, exalt one man so far above another. But having been an eye-witness of the primitive ways of my contemporaries in early life, as well as of many interesting events that have since come under my notice during a protracted life, it has occurred to me that a relation of some of the incidents that have come to my view or knowledge, may be interesting and instructive to my Relatives and Friends. I will commence with a sketch of the peculiar ways of the Old Style Quakers, to be followed with a description of the habits and peculiarities of the Pioneers of the West, enabling the Reader to have a better view of what that vast country was then, and the wonderful improvements that have been made there in the last fifty years.

The Writer of this record was born in Salem County, in the State of New Jersey, not many years after the War of 1812,¹ about the time that Steam Boats were coming into use on the Delaware, and New York and Philadelphia were diminutive Cities compared with their present colossal proportions. The Township of

¹ July 19, 1818.

Elsinborough in Salem County, where I was born and educated, and where I resided until I was twelve years of age, was populated almost entirely by Friends, whose examples and influence, as well as those of my Parents, were ever before me. Serious crime or transgression of the Laws of God or Man were seldom heard of, except perhaps that some frugal Farmer, over anxious for the preservation of his Crop, would sometimes gather it in on a Sunday. I have heard of but one serious violation of the Law of the Land by Friends, and that was by a Young Man and Woman who, endeavoring to obey the Law of God commanding His People to increase and multiply, neglected to comply with the Laws of the Commonwealth, that demanded that they first should marry.

My Parents, Samuel and Dorcas S. Pancoast, were both consistent members of the Society of Friends, and by virtue of the Rules of the Society I became a birth-right member. During my minority² there arose a division of sentiment among them in regard to Religious Faith; Elias Hicks, a prominent and talented Preacher in the Society, maintaining the doctrine that Jesus Christ had a divine mission on Earth and was inspired by God, but was created human; while others of the Society firmly believed in the Trinity, making this a vital point in their Religious Faith. The discussion between the Parties became so acrimonious that they agreed to separate into two Societies, which were called by the Public, Hicksite and Orthodox; but both Societies called themselves simply "Friends." My Parents became members of the Hicksite branch. In the agreement of separation, it was covenanted that all members who

² 1827-28.

regularly attended the meetings of one Society should be erased from the Rolls of the other, except Minors, who, on attaining their majority, were to be visited by a Committee of the Society and permitted to decide for themselves to which branch they would adhere. I, being a Minor at the time of the Separation, enjoyed this privilege; but as I had left Philadelphia at the time I became of age, the subject was probably passed over for a more convenient season, and forgotten. Fourteen years afterwards, when I returned, I adhered to the Hick-site Friends; but I am under the impression that I enjoy the privilege of being recorded in the annals of both Societies.

My Father was in the habit of taking me to Salem Meeting on the First and Fourth days of the week. This was not repugnant to me; on the contrary, I enjoyed it, especially the Fourth Day Meeting, as thereby I avoided a half day of Work. In the days of my early youth, I was much impressed with Religious Convictions, and imagined myself to be more virtuous than the majority of Boys; and when I observe the common disrespect of Children as shown to their Parents, their presumptuous and aggressive manners, their thoughtless and rude treatment of unfortunate, aged, and decrepit People, I am assured that by reason of better feeling or better teaching I was morally superior to the average Boy I meet at the present day. Yet now, when I come to review my conduct of those days, I discover that there was some of the innate wickedness of the ordinary Boy in my character; but notwithstanding I was guilty of many boyish misdemeanors, I had an indwelling consciousness of right that made it impossible for me to do wrong without being strongly rebuked by a Spirit that confounded me in the act.

I remember one of my first attempts at falsehood. My Parents having gone to Philadelphia, on a visit to their Children there, our Hired Man said to me, "Charley, there is to be a Show of Wax Works at Hancock's Bridge this evening, and I want you to go with me to see it." I answered, "I would like to go, but I have no money to pay for the admittance" (for Father never gave his Children any spending money). He then said he could get me in without paying, and I gladly consented to go. When we arrived, he said to me, "I will go in and come out again, and when I go in the second time I will tell the Door Keeper that I have been in before, and you must follow me and tell him the same thing." And so it was done; but when I came to the Door Keeper he asked me for my Ticket. I was struck dumb and so overcome with fear that I was near to Fainting. The Hired Man, seeing my condition, said, "This Boy came with me and was in before," and I was permitted to pass in. I have since questioned whether my failure was the result of a natural repugnance to falsehood, or of the teaching of my Parents; at all events, I was convinced that I had no capacity for lying, and I do not believe that my qualifications in that respect have ever improved.

When I was about eight years of age, there was a Settlement of Negroes not far from my Father's Farm, where a number of runaway Slaves were harbored. One of these escaped Slaves, an intelligent Young Fellow about seventeen years of age, was employed by our Father. He was very desirous of learning to read, and my Brother and myself often devoted our evenings to teaching him. He made rapid progress, and in a few months could read and write, and also use Figures to

some extent. He had been in Father's employ about six months, when one day a carriage halted at the foot of our yard, in which were Albright (the noted Hangman and Negro Catcher), the owner of the Negro, and two other men. They came to the door and asked for the Negro Boy. Father, who was much opposed to the Slave System and desired to save the Boy if he could, asked if they had a Warrant for him. They answered in the negative, and Father told them they could not come in. After consulting together, they left the Negro Catcher, and the rest drove back to Salem to procure a Warrant. While Albright was watching the front of the House, the Negro made his escape through a rear window into a Corn Field.³ When the owner returned with the Sheriff, they were permitted to search the House; and not finding the Boy, they were not very complimentary in their language to Father. The Boy by some means made his way to New York and from there to Boston, where some of the Abolitionists, discovering his Talents, sent him to London and educated him. He was admitted to the Bar in Boston, and afterwards to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, the first Colored Person admitted to Supreme Court Practice. I have forgotten his name, but think it was King.⁴

Father had a rather small and poor Farm, surrounded

³ According to family tradition, the boy was concealed in a shock of corn until all danger of capture had passed.

⁴ John S. Rock was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1865, the first Negro to be given that honor. According to Shourds' *History of Fenwick's Colony* (Salem County, N. J.), Rock was born in Elsinborough, the son of a colored laborer, and worked for farmers in the neighborhood before going to Massachusetts. Apparently Pancoast's childhood recollections have confused the escaped slave boy with Rock, both having doubtless worked for his father and gone later to New England.

by marshlands, and the earliest event that I can recollect is of being upset in a Boat on the overflowed Marshes, going to the bottom, and losing consciousness for a time; since which event, I have always been under the impression that drowning was a painless death. Father could not afford to employ much help, and consequently compelled his Boys to labor on the Farm at an early age (I did as much work on the Farm at the age of eight years as Farm Boys now do at fourteen) but he did not deprive us of the opportunity of attending the neighboring Schools. When seven years of age, I attended a School two miles from my Father's House, called Hagerstown School. Before and after School I had to go more than a mile in an almost opposite direction to take our Cows to and from their Pasture, making my walk morning and evening about three and a half miles. A large portion of the distance lay through heavy woodland known as Buck Woods, where now are beautiful Farms. The Woods were said to be infested with Wild Cats and Panthers, and I often had a scare and a good run, but although I sometimes heard what I thought was the scream of the Panther or the rustling of the Wild Cat in the Bushes, I never saw either.

The School was kept by my Sister Hannah, who, like other Teachers of that time, had very peculiar ways of punishing the Children. While she did not spare the Rod at times, she resorted to many devices to obviate the use of it. When the Boys or Girls were caught at "Monkey Capers" she would adorn their heads with a paper Fool's Cap. This remedy often failed to produce general quiet in the School, for the Boys would make merriment out of the Child so adorned, and the Teacher was kept busy with the Rod in order to suppress their

Risibilities. If a Boy talked too much, his Jaws were tied up with a Handkerchief. But the most amusing scene we were treated to at this School was a "Butting Match." A portion of the School House was set apart for Colored Children, and one day two Colored Girls, having strong faith in the thickness of their Skulls, were caught by the Teacher amusing themselves with a Butting Match in School. She called them to her Desk, and with a Switch in her hand commanded the offenders to kneel on the floor facing each other, and ordered them to try their skill at Butting. They hesitated at first, but after a few touches of the Switch the larger and more woolly-headed Girl shook her head somewhat as a Ram does when about to butt, and came down on the other Girl with much force, causing her to scream lustily. The Teacher urged the lesser Girl to resist, and the butting went on lively for a short time, till the Teacher ordered them to cease. Their Heads were sore, and neither they nor any other Girls were ever found butting in the School afterwards.

The following year my Sister Hannah taught a School at Hancock's Bridge, which I then attended. Here my journeys were much longer than before, as the School was three miles distant, and I had to go a mile out of the way for the Cows as before. Here we were introduced to some new methods of punishment, while the old were not abandoned. For neglect of Lessons, the Scholars were sometimes kept in for an hour after School was dismissed. For misbehavior we were made to stand with Arm extended horizontally, holding a Book; and if the Arm came below the level of the Shoulder we were immediately rapped with a Switch. Another punishment of hers was to make us kneel on

the hard floor with our Bodies erect for an hour or more. This was by no means a slight punishment, but I could never discover that it increased the Piety of the Boys or their reverence for the Teacher.

But the most severe, and perhaps the most amusing punishment of all her devices for that purpose, was one I had to submit to myself. This was to tie the Boy's two big Toes with stout strings or tapes to a Rod under the Stove, about a foot above the floor, while he was compelled to sit upright on the floor. He was allowed to throw his hands behind him for a stay; but even this soon became very exhausting and painful. They were kept in this position as long as they could bear it (which was not very long) or until they cried out for Mercy.

All this was the work of my Sister Hannah, who was considered the Flower of our Family, and was generally loved for her amiable disposition, as well as for her superior intellectual qualities; of whom Thomas Shourds,⁵ who wrote a History of the Settlers of Salem County, quoted the following lines:

Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

But the prevailing idea of discipline among her Patrons required a free use of the Rod, to which use she was averse, and resorted to these methods of punishment to avoid it.

When I was older, I sometimes attended a School that was located on the border of my Father's Farm. The Teachers in this School (which was open only in the

⁵ *History of Fenwick's Colony*, published 1876. Mr. Shourds says of Hannah Pancoast that she "possessed great natural abilities, a logical mind, a remarkably mild temperament, and conversational powers above mediocrity."

Winter) were always Men, and generally changed every Winter. Some of them were bright and competent; others were eccentric and peculiar in their methods. One Master, bright and much beloved by the Scholars, was Wescott, afterwards United States Senator from Florida. There was another I remember, who had an investigating mind, and spent much of his time in testing the qualities of "Jersey Lightning." This Teacher was very tyrannical, and frequently chastised the Boys with Switches, of which he always kept a plentiful supply. One of his habits was to cast a small round Ruler from his Desk at the Boys when he found them misbehaving. On one occasion he cast this Ruler at me and directed me to bring it to his Desk, which I knew meant a switching. Instead of obeying him, I leaped out of the window and made my way home, but kept out of sight of my Parents. Soon after School hours I discovered his Majesty conversing with my Father. I did not put in my appearance until later; but when I did, my Father gave me a severe flogging, and next morning ordered me off to School, where the Master gave me a second flogging, with no discount for the one my Father gave me. By this experiment I learned a useful Lesson: that it is better to stand up manfully and meet the inevitable, however disagreeable, than to attempt to evade it by flight or duplicity.

Another of the capers of which I was guilty at this School makes it appear to me now that I was not altogether a perfect Boy. There was a report current among the School Children that a Ghost had been seen about the loft of the School House. (Ghosts were quite plentiful in that vicinity in those days, and were frequently seen by Superstitious Persons.) Two other

Boys and myself procured a long Bag, in which the Boys placed me (the School being then at noon recess and the Teacher away), tied the Bag over my Head, and stood me up behind a large Chimney that went up through the dark Loft. The Boys then went down to the Children and announced to them that they had seen a Ghost in the Loft. Full of curiosity, and not quite crediting the story, a number of the Children ventured to the Loft, and many more thronged the steep narrow Steps, when I turned a Somersault from behind the Chimney. Immediately there was a general scream and rush for the Stairs, one Child tumbling over another, and all landing in a mass at the bottom. Luckily no bones were broken, but several had to remain from School for some time to care for their injuries. The burthen of the blame for this incident fell upon me, and as a reward for my fun I received severe switchings from my Father and the Teacher, and many reprimands and black looks from the Neighbors.

I will relate another incident of my Boyhood, from which it will appear that "Boys will be Boys" without regard to their surroundings. Father had two Horses named Dick and Windflower, which my Brother Josiah and myself were in the habit of claiming as our own, Windflower being Josiah's Horse and Dick mine. There had long been a disputed question between us as to which Horse had the more speed. On one occasion (Father having gone to Philadelphia on a visit) we concluded to test them. Accordingly we took them up to the School House, and agreed to run them to the end of a Lane that led up to our Barn. Armed with good Whips, which we laid on lustily, we started the Horses; but in spite of all my efforts Windflower gained rapidly

upon me. But when he came to the end of the Lane, instead of passing by, as my Brother expected, his Horse suddenly turned, sending my Brother flying, until his Head brought up between two rails of a Fence. He was carried to the House in an unconscious condition. Father returned the next day, and I well knew my fate. I was not kept long awaiting my sentence, which was duly executed. All of us had great apprehensions about my Brother's recovery, as the Doctor was fearful of a fatal termination of his injuries; but in the course of a month he was able to be out again, when Father notified him to "prepare his back for a flogging." This sentence was executed with the same severity with which he had previously punished me. This punishment was not inflicted from any Spirit of Malice or Vindictiveness, but from a firm conviction that Justice to the Boy demanded it at his hands. I will not undertake to discuss at large whether or not this rigid Discipline materially improved the Children; but I will say that it was not especially peculiar in that Neighborhood. And all the neighboring Boys who were under such Discipline have proved to be useful and exemplary Citizens; and the only exceptions were found in two or three Families who notoriously indulged their Children.

Another incident shows that while I may sometimes have fancied that I was as good a Boy as George Washington, there are grave doubts about it. Father had planted a young Mulberry Tree at the foot of his yard, which grew up thrifty and branched out into a number of beautiful Switches, which he was in the habit of cutting when required for use on the Boys. Feeling indignant about a Chastisement I had lately received, I cut this Tree down close to the ground, covered the

Stump with dirt, then hauled the Tree to the back part of our Corn Field and deposited it there. Not long afterwards, as Father and I were husking Corn before Breakfast, I discovered the Tree some distance away, and knowing that a few more rounds would bring us out upon it, I was in a state of great tribulation; but as good luck would have it, the Horn at the House summoned us to Breakfast. I made some excuse to remain behind, and as soon as Father was out of sight I pulled the Tree into the adjoining Corn Field of a Neighbor, where I afterwards cut it up so it could not be identified. Strange to say, Father never missed this Tree while I remained at home, which was not long afterwards; and I escaped punishment for an act which was more deserving of it than any of my other misdeeds. But for the benefit of any other Boy who may read this, I will say that my success in this deed never gave me any satisfaction, for while I remained at home I was in constant fear of detection, and afterwards I regretted that I had treated my poor old Father so meanly.

Our Family used to say that my Father whipped his Children severely, but rarely; but it seemed to me that my turn came around very often. He had a peculiar method of punishing his Children. When any of us had, in his judgment, so misbehaved ourselves as to deserve chastisement, he would say, "Boy, prepare thy back for a flogging!" And with that sentence upon us, we would generally have to wait two or three days for its execution; but knowing it to be surer than the sentences of a Court of Law, our lives were rendered perfectly miserable during the interval. When it was ended he would order us to take off our Coats, and would frequently use two fine Switches before he finished the Flagellation.

My Father aspired to be an eminently just man, and for fear he might chastise his Children wrongfully he would never punish them while he was angry, always giving himself time to deliberate. But he believed in the old Maxim, that to spare the Rod would spoil the Child, and that unjust Mercy on the part of a Parent was a Crime for which he would be held accountable in the *Great Day*; and my Father was a fair representative of the staunch old Quaker Spirit then prevalent in Salem County.

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CHAPTER II

APPRENTICESHIP IN PHILADELPHIA

MY FATHER had previously sent all his Boys to Philadelphia when they arrived at a proper age to learn some Trade or Profession, except his two oldest Sons, of whom he made Farmers; but these also, after they became men, made their way to that City and entered into business for themselves, leaving me as the last Son remaining on the home Farm. As I was the seventh and last Son, he was loath to part with me; but in consideration of my future welfare and in sacrifice of his own, he concluded to do so, and my Brother Samuel procured a situation for me in a Drug Store. This was in October, 1832, the year that Cholera made such havoc in the City of Philadelphia; but the virulence of the Cholera having subsided, Father reluctantly fitted me out, and accompanied me to Philadelphia to place me in my new position.

The Salem Boat then ran to Newcastle, where she transferred her Passengers to the Steamer *William Penn* (Capt. Jeffries), which then carried the Western Passengers to Philadelphia. At Newcastle we waited an hour for the arrival of the Steam Cars by the newly constructed Rail Road from Newcastle to Frenchtown. This was the first Train of Cars that either my Father or myself had ever seen, and I believe it was the first Steam Rail Road ever built in the United States.¹ The

¹ The Baltimore and Ohio claims the honor of being the first steam passenger road in the country, but the Newcastle-Frenchtown line, if not prior, was at least contemporary. It was completed in 1831, horses being used at first to draw the cars. A

starting of the Cars was heralded by a series of Telegraphic Towers, built much higher than the Signal Towers of the present day. In a minute's time we knew in Newcastle that the Train had started from Frenchtown. Some People on the Steam Boat landing remarked, "The Cars will arrive in thirty minutes; they run a mile in two minutes." This assertion was generally doubted by most of the People present, all saying it was impossible for an Engine to make such time and keep the Cars on the Track. They were not kept long in suspense, for the Cars came in at the time announced; and we were soon on our way to Philadelphia, where we remained over night at the House of my Brother Eliakim.

Next morning I was introduced to my new Master, John R. Rowand, and apprenticed to him to learn the Profession of an Apothecary. I was to remain with him until I reached the age of twenty-one years, he agreeing to furnish me with Board, Washing, and Clothing, and to send me for two terms to the College of Pharmacy at his expense; but I was to have no spending money, for Father believed spending money to be the primary cause that led Boys into evil habits.

The Cholera had almost disappeared, but Father imbibed the seeds of it when in Philadelphia, and it took hold of him violently as soon as he arrived at home. The next day a Messenger was posted off to Philadelphia after Mother, who had remained in the City. She set out that same evening with the Messenger (a large-hearted Neighbor) and arrived at midnight, a short time before Father expired. The Children followed her the

steam locomotive made its first trip early in the following year. Passengers from the west and south took a boat from Baltimore to Frenchtown, near the present Elkton, Md., where they were transferred to the railroad.

next morning on the *William Penn*. When we boarded the Salem Boat I heard Capt. Ross remark to a Stranger, "Samuel Pancoast died last night of the Cholera." This information was a shock from which I did not recover for many days.

Now for the first in my life it was destined that I should experience a severe trial of my Nature. I was suddenly inducted into a new business, with no Father to fall back upon, and deeply melancholy at his loss; obliged to abandon all my old habits which had been a large part of my Nature, and adopt new ones, one of the most difficult of which was to sit up and study until eleven o'clock in the evening. As I had always been accustomed to retire at eight o'clock, I found, in spite of all my efforts, Sleep would creep upon me. However, I soon became initiated in the rudiments of my business, which consisted in washing Bottles, making Putty, grinding Gum, Gamboge, and astringent, aromatic, unguent, or caustic Drugs that so irritated my Mouth, Nose, and Eyes that I would suffer for days from the effect of them; and wheeling the Barrow, which was the usual mode of conveyance my Employer used for his Goods when they could not be delivered by hand; for in those days no Delivery Wagons were kept by Dealers, either wholesale or retail. Young Druggist of the present day, what do you think of that for rudimentary education? But the confinement, night and day and Sundays, was more irksome to me than all the labor; for I was a jolly one, could laugh and run and have my Fun, and care for none; and Toil did not go far in interfering with my happiness.

In the neighborhood of Rowand's Store was stationed the Spring Garden Hose Company, around which many

rude Boys were in the habit of congregating, the leaders of the Gang being the Sons of Bisbing, a Teamster in Gorgas' Board Yard opposite. In fitting me out for my new position, Mother had adorned me with a little shad-bellied Quaker Coat, which this Gang of Boys found merriment in ridiculing; and when I went out with my Barrow, they would jeer at me, and throw Mud, Snow Balls, and sometimes Bricks and Stones. I would sometimes set my Barrow down and chase them, but this Policy only made them worse. One evening as I was passing a place near the Store where a Cellar had been dug for a new Building, one of the Bisbing Boys slipped behind me, jumped heavily on my back, and closed his arms tightly around my Neck. After a struggle I succeeded in loosening his hold and threw him in the Cellar. The other Brother then struck me, and I turned on him and threw him in the Cellar also, and then ran into our Store. The Father of the Boys soon appeared full of indignation, demanding that I should be punished, or he would do it himself. Mr. Rowand said to him, "Your Boys have been abusing and annoying him since he has been with me, and I am glad he has got the better of them." This exploit procured for me a decided status among the Gang, and ever afterwards they were more respectful.

After I had been in the business about six months, Mr. Rowand opened his Heart and fitted me out with a new Suit of Clothes, so that I was enabled to dispense with the offensive little Quaker Coat that had so often mortified my pride. But although I had doffed the Coat, there were many of the "Jersey blue" (or green) spots remaining with me, of which Satanic Boys were wont to take advantage. Mr. Rowand had a Brother

about my age who was full of bad habits, and Mr. Rowand did not care to have him about the Store; but as he had to provide for him he occasionally directed him to help me carry loads and wheel the Barrow. On one occasion we were together on Seventh Street below Race, where there was a Toy Store kept by an old Frenchman, who had once been arrested for stealing Crabs from a Market Stand. He was eccentric and irritable, and Boys, to plague him, were in the habit of going to his door and asking him if he had Crabs for sale, keeping, however, a reasonable distance from him and a clear road behind them. My Companion, Archie, asked me if I was fond of Crabs, and I said "Yes." (He had touched me in a sensitive place, for all Boys from the lower part of Jersey are fond of Crabs.) He said, "So am I. Here is a Fip (old name for a $6\frac{1}{4}$ cent piece), go in that Store and you can get four cooked ones for it." I took the money, entered the Frenchman's Store, and asked for a Fip's worth of Crabs. He did not answer me, but came rapidly around the counter and assaulted me over the Head with a Toy Wheel Barrow in a most brutal manner, and would perhaps have killed me if his Daughter had not interfered and taken the broken Wheel Barrow from him. Not satisfied with giving me this beating, he took me to an Alderman's Office and made charges against me; but the Justice discharged me and told me to do so no more—a very needless advice. When I gained the Street again I saw my clever Companion peeping around the corner, grinning all over his face. I gave chase to him, but he succeeded in getting home, where he ran into the Cellar before I could overhaul him. I caught him there, and soon put him into a condition that did not give him

much room to make merry over my bruises; and I had the better of him at least a Fip. All the satisfaction I ever got out of the Frenchman was to post on his Window a big Card with the conspicuous words, "Crabs for Sale."

When I had been with Mr. Rowand about two years, I had so far advanced in my Profession that I could read and compound most of the Prescriptions that came in; my Preceptor often left me in full charge of his Business, and I began to feel my importance, but still had to wheel the Barrow and do up the Rudiments. It occurred to me that I had performed that kind of service long enough. Accordingly I broached the subject to Mr. Rowand, and he promised to procure a Colored Boy for that service; but time went on and he neglected to procure the Boy. I became much annoyed and reminded him of his promise, but still the Boy did not come. One very cold day when the Snow lay deep on the ground, I was posted off with a load of Goods to his other Store at the Corner of Christian and Fifth Streets. I struggled through the Snow for hours, coming home well equipped for rebellion, and when I came to the Cellar Door, I hurled the Barrow down the Steps with all my force. The Boss, who happened to be looking out of the Window, asked me what this performance meant. I replied that it meant that it was the last time that I ever intended to wheel that Barrow. He said he would see about that; but in a few days the Colored Boy was forthcoming, and I never wheeled the Barrow any more.

Having now finished my education in the Rudiments, I aspired to become better informed with regard to the Art and Science of the Business; and in response to my desire my Preceptor sent me two terms to the College of Pharmacy. At that time the College was conducted by

the celebrated Professors Wood and Bache, Authors of *The United States Dispensary*. Dr. Wood lectured on Materia Medica and Pharmacy, and Dr. Bache on Chemistry. During these courses of Lectures there were many incidents that might be interesting, but I will only mention one, which goes to show that the indwelling Cussedness of the Student of that day was not materially different from that of the present day. Dr. Bache had prepared his apparatus for the purpose of illustrating the force of Electricity, and had a series of Leyden Jars connected by a Rod that could be thrown off and on with a mechanical Generator. The Students having gathered in the room before the Doctor put in his appearance, amused themselves by charging the Jars and putting on the connecting Rod. When the Doctor came in he went on with his Lecture, dilating on the great force of Electricity, and had just remarked that his Battery had power enough to knock down a Bull, when he put his hand on the bulb of the connecting Rod for the purpose of adjusting it, and immediately fell to the floor. The whole Class was alarmed, but happily the charge was not strong enough to cause him permanent injury; but the balance of his Lecture was delivered with an evident lack of Alacrity and Interest.

About the time I had finished my course of Lectures, Mr. Rowand became acquainted with James McHenry, the Son of an Irish Poet residing in Philadelphia (whose Poems should live, as in my opinion they compare favorably with many English and Irish Poems). The Son, who was then about twenty-two years of age and had attained some reputation as a Financier (he afterwards became a great Financier in England) proposed to enter into Copartnership with Mr. Rowand, who was then

doing business at 249 Market Street. Mr. Rowand was selling a large amount of his Tonic Mixture, a Remedy for Chills and Fever, a Disease which was very common in Philadelphia at that time, but which has now almost entirely disappeared or been superseded by "Malaria." James McHenry manifested some extraordinary business traits, but lacking experience and the prudent deliberation he has since acquired, he pushed the Business too fast for the means of the Firm, and in about a year's time they were compelled to make an Assignment and wind up the Business.

I now found that I was about to be cast out on the World to shift for myself; and lacking self-reliance, and having no money but about \$27.00 per annum from my Father's Estate (as Rowand gave me only \$1.00 per year, fifty cents at Christmas and fifty on the Fourth of July) I was sorely troubled in regard to my future destiny. I was not, however, permitted to remain in this troubled condition long. Before Rowand and McHenry had closed their Store, the celebrated Dr. X² came into the Store and inquired for me. He had known me when he resided in a little frame House at Hancock's Bridge that rented for \$75.00 per annum, and drove around the country attending to his Patients in a \$100.00 Rig. He wanted me to engage with him at \$90.00 per year and Board and Washing. I accepted his offer, and left Rowand and McHenry without a dollar in my Pocket, as my interest money was always soon spent. A few days afterwards I met McHenry, who asked me how long I had been with Rowand, and what he gave me when I left. I informed him that I had been with Rowand near six years, and he did not present me with

² The real name is purposely withheld.

anything when I left. He replied that it was a shame, and wrote me an order on Robb and Winburn, Tailors, for a good Suit of Clothes. I somewhat doubted his credit, but presented the order, which was honored, and I procured the best Suit of Clothes I had ever worn; after receiving which I began to take more pride in my carriage and appearance, and also in perfecting myself in my Profession.

During the latter part of my time with Rowand I had taken a great fancy to Theatrical Exhibitions, and spent all the money I obtained for admittance to the Theatres. I became somewhat stage-struck, and joined a Thespian Association; and after I went with Dr. X I fitted myself out with some cheap Theatrical Costumes, which I kept in a Chest in the Green Room of the Amateur Theatre. I aspired to represent a number of Characters, and once I played Montano in *Othello* at a Public Exhibition in the Old Coates Street Theatre. But having all my Theatrical Attire stolen (as I believed, by one of the Actors) I became disgusted with my company and left them. I found these Fellows loose in their Morals and Habits, and I came to the conclusion that I was sadly out of place in their company. These Companions are now all deceased except Joseph Thomas, who is now an Apothecary in the U. S. Service, and Benj. G. Rodgers, now an Actor on the Stage.

I found Dr. X poor in worldly means. He had just bought a Drug Store at the price of \$1800, of which he paid \$500 of his own, borrowed \$500 from a Relative of his Wife, and gave his Note for the balance. But the Doctor was a much shrewder man in business than was Dr. Rowand, and I observed his money-making schemes closely. He had at this time only two specific Remedies,

the Digestive Tonic and X's Cough Cure.³ His Cough Cure was an ordinary Remedy, a combination in common use, with slight variations, by many Physicians. His Digestive Tonic was also composed of ordinary Medicines, but peculiarly combined; in my opinion it had more merit than any other of the Remedies that he introduced to the Public.

Not long after I came with him he made an agreement with a Dr. P, a high-toned Physician who had been sojourning in France, and had procured a Recipe for making Professor Allibert's Hair Tonic, which had the effect of starting a sickly temporary Fuzz on the Bald Heads of many People. The understanding was that X was to manufacture the article and sell it as Allibert's Hair Tonic, Dr. X, Sole Proprietor, for \$1.00 Retail and \$8.00 per dozen, Dr. P to receive a Royalty of eight per cent on all sales. (It cost about 8 cents per Bottle, including Bottles and Wrappers.) As he had a partially bald Head, he always shrank from selling his Hair Tonic, and was disposed to turn such Customers over to me, as they would impertinently ask him why he did not use it on his own Head. After he had sold it about a year, finding large quantities were being sold, he one day said to me that he was disposed to give up his agreement with Dr. P, as he (X) had been the sole instrumentality in introducing it to the Public; that he could readily dispense with the name of "Allibert" and call it X's Hair Tonic; and he could not see the propriety of paying Dr. P a Royalty on it. He desired to know what I thought of the project, and I answered him I did not think it was an honorable thing to do. He was offended at my answer, and spoke unkindly to

³ These are not the trade names used by Dr. X.

me. He, however, proceeded to get rid of Dr. P. After offering him a trifling amount of money, he finally offered him a lot of *Moris Multicaulis* Trees (for which there was at that time a craze all over the country) which he valued at \$500. This offer Dr. P accepted, but never realized a cent out of the Trees, as the Bubble soon burst, and thousands of People were ruined by the explosion.⁴

The Proprietors of the *Public Ledger*, Swain, Abell, and Simmons, were then trying desperately to get their Paper into circulation, and were hard pressed for money. They had already a large circulation, and the Doctor courted their Friendship and soon wormed himself into their good graces.

His subtle ways appeared benign,
And few would e'er suspect design.

He would write out some flaming Panegyric on the virtues of his Remedies, and by liberal pay, and by taking advantage of the necessities of the Proprietors, he would induce them to insert them in the Editorial Columns as their own. He resorted to the same method with the *Times* and other Papers. These Editorials he would cut out and send all over the United States in places where he had Agencies, and have them published in the Papers there.

But his grandest and most telling stroke of policy in Advertising he made in Atkinson's *Saturday Evening Post*. The Doctor had been advertising in his Paper, and Mr. Atkinson, becoming straitened for money, applied to him for a loan of \$800 for a short period.

⁴ *Moris Multicaulis*, the South Sea Island mulberry, had been introduced into the United States in the hope of building up a silk industry. A wild speculation ensued; but the experiment proved a failure, and many of the speculators were ruined.

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Times, and other Papers ^{everywhere} there he would cut out
and send ^{many} ~~these~~ Papers all over the
United States where ~~they~~ ^{they} were published and had them
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most telling stroke of policy in advertising the
made in Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post. Mr
Atkinson had become straitened for money. The Dr



The Doctor loaned him the sum, and received his Note for the amount. Before the Note matured, Mr. Atkinson came to the Doctor and requested an extension of the time of payment. The Doctor immediately discovered his opportunity, and hesitated, saying he was pressed for money himself; but if Mr. Atkinson would come the next day he would be better able to say what he could do. In the meantime he wrote out an Article extolling the curative virtues of his Cough Cure, which, when Mr. Atkinson returned, he requested him to father and place in his Editorial Columns. The Old Gentleman was staggered, and said, "I do not know of any of the virtues of thy Medicine, nor of the wonderful cures thee mentions, and how can I endorse them?" The Doctor answered angrily, "If you cannot favor me, how can you expect me to favor you? I want my money and must have it." The Old Gentleman appeared exceedingly embarrassed, and pleaded for the Doctor to help him out of his difficulty without compelling him to publish that Article. But the Doctor was unrelenting, and Mr. Atkinson was obliged to comply with his demand and insert the Article, with slight alterations, in his Editorial Columns;⁵ and so much faith had the People of Philadelphia in the word of Mr. Atkinson that we sold at Retail the following week 1000 Bottles of the Cough Cure at \$1.00 per bottle.

The Doctor was a prominent member of the Baptist Church, and made it liberal contributions. The Baptists held a Convention in Philadelphia every year, which was attended by Ministers from all parts of the United States. The Doctor would manage to make the acquaintance of the most prominent Ministers, and

⁵ July 21, 1838.

would invite as many as he could provide for to put up at his House, entertaining them royally. These Divines were often troubled with elongated Palates, sore Throats, or Bronchial Troubles, and some had Bald Heads; and the Doctor was careful to extend his invitations to Ministers so afflicted. He would get them to take his Cough Cure and gargle with a powerful Astringent: as the trouble was generally an elongated Palate or inflammation of the Uvula, they would soon experience much relief. If their Heads were bald, he would have them apply the Hair Tonic, which, with vigorous rubbing with a stiff Brush, would generally start a Fuzz of Hair. These primary benefits that they received induced the Ministers to believe that a continuance of the treatment would afford them permanent relief; but it was a hope seldom realized. When they were about to leave he would present them with Bottles of Medicine and Throat Gargle, and also with a suitable Certificate which he would request them to sign. Feeling under obligations to him for his hospitable and generous treatment, they signed his Certificates without hesitation. The Doctor would then send these Certificates to his Agents and have them published in the Papers circulating in the Districts from which the Ministers came; and as they were men generally well known and highly respected, the Doctor would soon have orders coming in from Agents and Druggists where the Papers circulated. By these and other means the Doctor secured the aid of the Press and the Church, two powerful elements that went far to build up for him the great Fortune that he finally amassed.

The Doctor was a high Professor of Religion. He said he believed he had received the Grace of God, and

relied especially on the Dogma, "Once in Grace, always in Grace." He always had Family Prayers in the morning (sometimes much to my annoyance) and was careful to ask the Blessing of God before he partook of his meals. After this it was his practice to stand behind his Counter and extol the virtues of his Remedies in terms that appeared to my simple mind like exaggerations of the Reality; and I was so perverse as to let the idea get into my head that the bulk of the Doctor's Piety was located in his Tongue and his Knees.

Having said this much in regard to the Doctor's questionable methods of making money, I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to the better side of his Character. He was born in Poverty, and his lot in early life was cast with People of very limited means. He had indomitable energy and a vaulting ambition, and after a long struggle with Poverty, by constant Labor and application to his Studies he succeeded in getting a Diploma as a Medical Doctor. He was at first obliged to practice his Profession in a poor Neighborhood; but after a long struggle he was convinced that the field in which he was operating was not commensurate with his abilities, and he decided to try another. He was then over forty years of age; but he soon made his mark and accumulated money, never, apparently, with the narrow idea of hoarding it, as he was always liberal with the World and charitable to the needy and the Churches. He treated his Employees kindly, assisted his Relatives liberally, and was generally honest in his dealings, with some exceptions, which I have mentioned and will be compelled to mention further on. He invested his money with discretion, and erected Buildings that will long remain Monuments to his enter-

prise, and that are a credit to himself and to the City of Philadelphia.

I remained with the Doctor for about two years, and was his first Apprentice. During these two years I had become proficient in my Business, and the Doctor entrusted me with the entire control of his Retail Department, always showing much Partiality to me. I managed to dress myself quite stylishly on my \$90.00 per year, and began to go into Society and seek the Company of Ladies; but had not acquired any bad Habits that were not common with most Young Men.

CHAPTER III

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

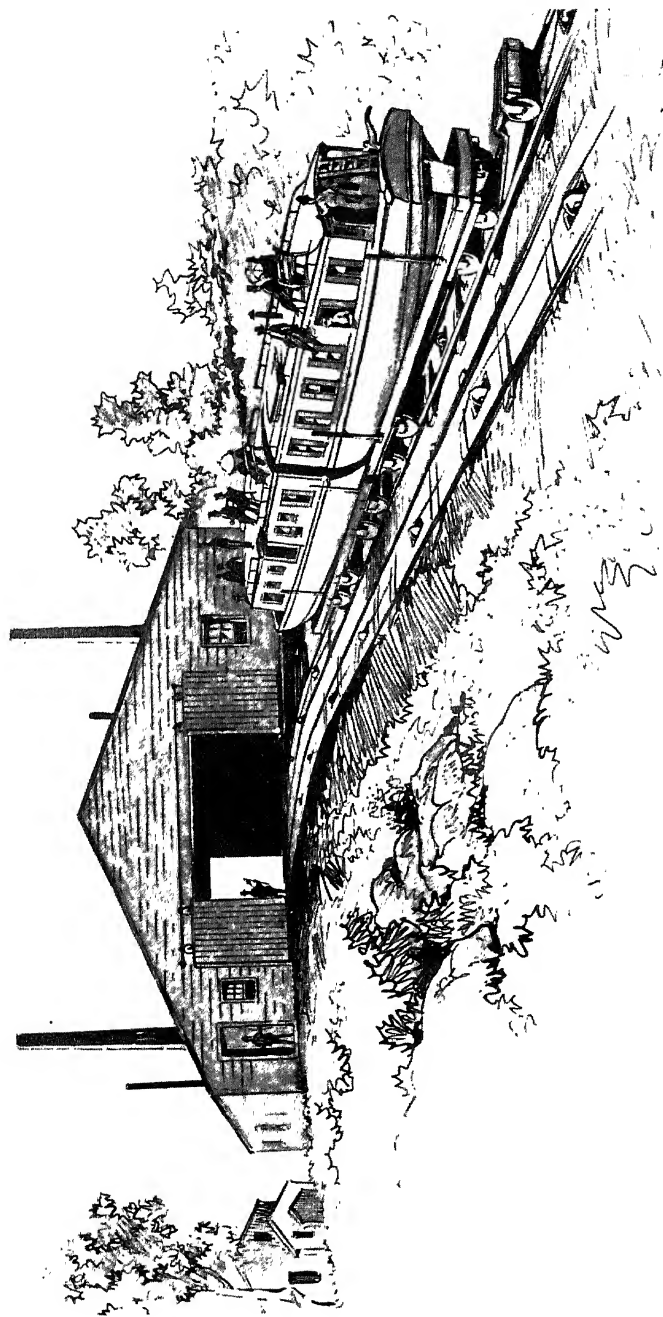
IN THE latter part of 1839 the Doctor suggested that he would like to have me go to St. Louis, open a Drug Store in partnership with his Nephew, Joseph X, and take a general Agency for his Medicines in the States west of Ohio. I was to put in what money was coming to me from my Father's estate; the Doctor proposed to furnish his Nephew with his share of the Stock; and he would credit us with the balance of such Stock as we required. Joseph X was posted off to St. Louis to secure a Store and fit up the Fixtures. I ordered Drawers to be made, bought Show Cases and many Implements needed about a Drug Store, and sent them to my Partner. I spent most of my money for things Dr. X did not keep, and also bought some Goods on credit. I then called on Dr. X to furnish Joseph's part, and to send such Goods as we were to have credit for, whereupon he informed me he had changed his mind: he had little faith in Joe, and if he furnished the Goods, I would have to become responsible for all of them, including his Nephew's part. To this I was not willing to accede, and remonstrated with him a long time; but he would not yield. I left his Store so much embarrassed and ashamed at being thus outreached in my first adventure in business that I would not let my Brothers or any of my Friends know how readily I had been trapped. I wandered about the City several days, debating in my mind what was best to do. I consulted Wholesale Houses relative to Credit, but could not obtain it; and

realizing that the Stock I had already sent out would be useless without it, I decided to accept the Doctor's conditions, and directed him to pack up the Goods and ship them.

In the Spring of 1840, after parting with my Friends and Relations, I purchased a Ticket for Pittsburgh (for which I paid \$18.00) and left Philadelphia with a heavy Heart, though full of youthful hope, picturing to myself a bright and rosy Future. The Pennsylvania Rail Road¹ Cars were then taken up an inclined Plane on the west side of the Schuylkill River, and the Rails were laid no further west than Harrisburg, which we reached in about five hours. We were then transferred to a Canal, or Packet Boat, drawn by four Mules. The Boat was fitted up with three tiers of Berths on either side, leaving space in the middle for a long Table, and for a Pantry and Cook House at one end. I suppose we had a hundred Passengers, many of them Ladies. We started off at a rapid rate, the Drivers riding the Mules and keeping them on a lively trot. We skimmed our way up the Susquehanna River to the Musick of a long Trumpet blown at intervals by a Master Hand. The Musick echoing from the high Rocks, the varied scenery of the Shores with the Mountains (the first I had ever seen) rearing their heads in the distance, and a bright afternoon Sun, made the whole effect of my first day's Journey peculiarly Romantic, cheering and interesting me. Our Table was bountifully supplied with substantial food and luxuries, and we found our Berths comfortable.

The next day we were in the Canal, our Drivers still

¹ Then the old State Railroad. The Pennsylvania Railroad, as a private enterprise, was incorporated in 1846.



THE PORTAGE RAILWAY AT HOLLIDAYSBURG

keeping the Mules (which were frequently changed) on a brisk trot. During the day the Passengers generally occupied the Deck. The Bridges were built so low that when we came to them we had all to get down to save our Heads; and we found much amusement along the Route by crying out, "Bridge ahead! All Hands down!"—when all Passengers would immediately sprawl themselves on the Deck. Sometimes at a Village we would take on a gay Pick Nick Party, and we would then have Dances and Plays. At one place, where there was a long bend, the Young People all got off and walked a mile or more along a Path till it struck the Canal again. Thus we found variety and amusement on our Travel on the raging Canal.

After several days of this Romantic and delightful Travel we arrived at Hollidaysburg, where we were hauled in the Boat up an inclined Plane to the top of the Mountain. We then took Cars attached to a Locomotive Engine, and ran down a gradual descent to Johnstown, where our Packet was again launched in the Canal. Johnstown was then nearly as large as it is now. It appeared to be in a deep Hole surrounded by high Mountains. The most attractive thing we saw about the Town was a Drunken Fellow who fell into the Canal near our Boat and had to be pulled out. We were soon on our way rejoicing, and the Scenery along our Route continued to be highly attractive and inspiring to me.

In a little more than five days from the time we left Harrisburg, we were crossing the beautiful Aqueduct² that spans the Monongahela River at Pittsburgh. Here

² The canal ran on the other side of the river, and the boats were taken to the city by way of this aqueduct.

I remained two days, purchasing and shipping Glassware for our Store, after which I took Passage on the Steamer *Boston* for Cincinnati. I was surprised at the beauty, capacity, and convenience of the Ohio River Boats, far exceeding anything we had on the Delaware. We left Pittsburgh about four o'clock p.m. with nearly three hundred Passengers. We had run but a few miles before we were jumping a Bar. The great Boat writhed and twisted under a full head of steam, and the Hurricane Deck rose up and down in waves, still moving on until the Bar was cleared. Looking over the side I could plainly see the bottom of the River, which appeared no more than eighteen inches in depth; and I was amazed to see a Boat of such large proportions jumping a Bar where there was so little Water. But so broad were the bottoms of these Boats that they drew but little water; and the construction of the Hulls was so pliable that they would bend five or six inches without material damage. This was a new experience to me, but it was frequently repeated during our trip down the Ohio.

I found the Scenery along the Ohio rather tame. Nearly all the Towns were there then, that are there now, but much smaller and less ostentatious. Our trip was pleasant and interesting; nothing occurred to mar our Passage; and there was no incident worth relating, except that on one occasion the Captain ordered the Boat stopped in the middle of the River, and a Deck Hand, tied hand and foot, was cast into the Yawl and taken ashore to a wilderness of Swamp Trees, where he was loosed and left to find his way as he could.

After a run of four and a half days we arrived in Cincinnati, then the most flourishing City west of Phil-

adelphia and Baltimore. I remained a day in order to see the sights, and then took passage for St. Louis; but the Boat did not start until twenty-four hours later than announced. (This was a common practice with Western Boats in those days, when they did not fill up with Passengers; in fact, they often kept their Passengers waiting three days; but they always fed them, and to Persons not in a hurry it was sometimes a convenience.)

The River for thirty miles below Cincinnati was studded with a number of pretty little Towns. In about thirty-six hours we arrived at Louisville, which we found a thriving, busy Town; but it has not since kept pace with other western Towns. We were not given much time to inspect it before our Boat entered the Canal around the Falls. Here I met the famous Kentucky Giant (said to be eight feet in height) whom I had previously seen on the Stage of a Theatre in Philadelphia. He was now Lock Tender on this Canal, and having doffed his high-heeled Boots and tall Hat, his apparent height had diminished to about seven feet.

Having worked our way through the Canal, we continued on our way down the Ohio, occasionally jumping Bars, and passing a number of small Towns and Villages. On Sunday we landed at Paducah, where we found all the Stores, Taverns, and Gambling Houses open, and People were to be seen from the open Street betting at the Gambling Tables. This was my first introduction to this kind of Society, and I confess that although my own Religion was not very deep-seated, I was shocked at the spectacle. Passing on down the River, we came to North Bend,³ the home of "Old

³ This is an error. North Bend was near Cincinnati, much further up the Ohio than it is placed here.

Tippecanoe," who was then the Whig Candidate for President, and was elected to that office the following Fall.

After about four days' run we landed at the floating City of Cairo about the break of day, but remained there but a few minutes, and then rounded into the great Mississippi River and commenced to stem its rapid current of turbid waters. I went to the common Wash-stand, where a Colored Man was drawing up water from the River for the Passengers to wash with. I asked him if he expected anybody to wash his face with that filthy water; he made a broad grin and said, "Why, Massa, the People drink that water in this country!" But I found it difficult to overcome my scruples about its cleansing qualities sufficiently to permit me to try it on my face.

Our progress was slow, and there was nothing in the Scenery to enhance our preconceived ideas of the far-famed country in which I was about to cast my lot. Many of the Passengers found more to interest them on the trip than I did, by playing Poker and other Gambling Games from the time the Table was cleared in the morning until midnight, with much Merriment, and sometimes alarming Jarring; but to me it all appeared like wicked folly, as I noted in the countenances of some of the Players a deep anxiety, and after the Play was over, they manifested strong indications of sorrow and penitence. But such was the custom in those days, and few had the temerity to object to it.

In about three days from Cairo we arrived at St. Louis, then a City of about 65,000 inhabitants. The Court House and the Planters' Hotel were in process of erection; the western limit of the build-up portion of

the City was Fourth Street; and the *Mound* was beyond the Buildings on the North. On the South was a disconnected Suburb called Vide Poche, settled by Voyageurs and Canada French: a miserable, ignorant, and indolent People, who, when not employed by the Chouteaus of St. Louis in the Fur Trade up the Yellowstone River and elsewhere, generally loitered about this little Village, where they spent their time cutting little Jags of Wood (about three good armloads) which they hauled into Town with Jack Asses and small Carts with Wheels about three feet apart. As none of them could speak English, and their answer to all enquiries was "Hickory and Ash, two Beets (Bits)," the Boys frequently amused themselves by reversing the questions, first asking the price, and the answer would be "Hickory and Ash;" and then asking "What kind of Wood?" and they would answer "*Two Beets!*" On the Illinois side of the River was a similar Village called Catholic, each Village containing about five hundred inhabitants.

At the time of my arrival in St. Louis there was an immense carrying trade done there, and although the Levee was a mile in length we found much difficulty in getting the nose of our Boat to it, on account of the number already there. The City then occupied the position of a Transfer City. Smaller Boats navigated the great Missouri, the upper Mississippi, the Illinois, and their Tributaries, and transferred their Freight and Passengers to a larger class of Boats that navigated the lower Mississippi; and the amount of business this brought to the City was immense, and made St. Louis then the most promising and progressive City in the United States; but the Rail Roads sneaked in at her back door and stealthily struck her at far-off Chicago, ruining her trade and future prospects.

As soon as I arrived, I hunted up my Partner, Joseph X. I found he had taken a Store on Main Street, opposite the old Missouri Bank, at a rent of \$1300 per annum: a good location for a Wholesale Business, but not for Retail, for which he had fitted up the Store; and I was not pleased with his selection of a location, or the amount of rent we were to pay. I found that Mr. X had erected and ornamented the Counters and Fixtures with good taste, and put the Furniture in place. As he had been a House Carpenter, and something of an Architect, he was competent to perform such work in a Masterly manner.

We were both young and looked mainly on the Rosy side of life; our imaginations filled our cup of Hope; and each readily saw in the near distance a growing fortune, when he should be able to compensate himself for lost Friends and comforts by calling to his aid a comforting Companion, a coveted Wife. But we did not conceive how great this distance was, nor how many rugged Cliffs and dreary ways we had to compass before we arrived at that happy destination.

Our Business opened in an encouraging manner. Many new Friends seemed to court our acquaintance; but we found afterwards to our sorrow that some of them were more interested in fleecing us than in our welfare; and as I have had this experience at other places, I will leave this testimony for the benefit of others who may be similarly situated: Beware of the Persons who first seek your acquaintance when entering into business in a strange place!

Among the many new Friends that came around us was a dashing, handsome, sprightly young New Yorker by name of Dennison, who was so witty and entertain-

ing that I became fond of his company. My old Preceptor, John R. Rowand, had settled in St. Louis, and had in his family his youngest Sister and an interesting Lady Friend of the latter from a Southern State. She was exceedingly beautiful, sprightly, and accomplished, and was said to be the Heiress to a large estate; her name I have forgotten. Dennison had seen her, and induced me to take him to the Doctor's House and introduce him, which with some misgivings I consented to do. I soon found the Girl was smitten with Dennison, and I found it difficult to take him from her presence; and when we did leave she gave us a pressing invitation to come soon again. He worked me and his scheme well. At one time he asked me to join him in taking a private Box at the Theatre and asking the Family to occupy it; at another, to join him in taking the Girls to a Ball. Having no other Ladies' Society, I readily fell into these schemes. The night of the Ball proved a sorry one for him. After the Ball was over there was a disturbance about the Cloak Room in consequence of a missing Spanish Cloak of the value of \$100.00. It was then the custom in St. Louis for every one to deposit his Hat and Cloak in a Room provided for that purpose, but no fee was paid, and no Person had any special charge of the Room; but someone had noticed Dennison's departure with a Cloak on his arm, and his return half an hour later with an Overcoat. Detectives were put on his track; the Cloak was found under his Mattress; and he was arrested and sent to Prison. I was sent for to bail him out, but declined to have anything more to do with him. But his Lady Love would not believe him guilty. Dr. Rowand and I pleaded with her to abandon him, but in vain; she had

an interview with him in Prison and procured him Bail, and he was released. He succeeded in compromising the affair with the owner of the Cloak, after which he and the Lady were hastily married and left for her home in New Orleans. He adhered to her as long as she supplied him with money, but ran with other Women and abused her shamefully, and the poor Girl soon died broken-hearted. I shall never forgive myself for introducing the rascally Fellow to that Young Lady. This was the worst specimen of the new Friends that fawned around me; but others became indebted to me and never paid, and still others proved sadly to lack the qualities of Gentlemen.

A large portion of the land in St. Louis was owned by Frenchmen whose Forefathers had owned it before them. These early Frenchmen were Hunters, and their successors Fur Traders. The Chouteau Family⁴ (who had a large Ware House in the rear of our Store, where a hundred or more Slaves were constantly employed in receiving, preparing, drying, overhauling, and shipping Furs) owned a great portion of the land. All these Traders had built Villas, quaint, but costly and comfortable.

After the French Fur Traders there had come to St. Louis another class of Settlers, mostly Slave Holders from the Southern States. These were Business Men who laid out the Town, and induced the French Settlers to cut up their ground in small lots, which they bought at prices that seemed to the Frenchmen enormous. The French Land Owners found themselves rich all at once,

⁴Descendants of two brothers who came to St. Louis from New Orleans. Col. A. P. Chouteau, the most prominent member of the family, had great influence with the Indians, and performed much valuable service for the Government in negotiations with the tribes.

with plenty of land left to answer all their purposes; but in spite of the great wealth immigration was bringing them, they were bitterly opposed to this invasion of the Yankees.

The new class of Settlers were Worshippers of the Institution of Slavery, with all its brutal tendencies, and of the Spirit of "Chivalry" prevalent in the Southern States; and although many Northern People were pouring into the City, when I arrived this Slave-holding class governed the City and dominated in all the Customs of Society. Many Duels had been fought on Bloody Island, in front of the City; a short time before my arrival one such Duel had resulted in the death of Col. Biddle, a former Citizen of Philadelphia, then an eminent Lawyer of St. Louis.⁵ So infectious was the Spirit of Chivalry that a young Clerk who came to me from "the Land of Steady Habits" had not been in my employ six months, before, receiving what he conceived to be a mortal insult from a Drug Clerk in another Store, he decided to appease his injured Honor by appealing to the *Code*, and accordingly challenged his Insulter to meet him in Mortal Combat on the Island.

A time was arranged by the Seconds, one of whom was also a Druggist, employed in the same Store with my Clerk's opponent. They met and consulted, and concluded to make the whole matter a Farce, that should result in the ridicule of the Code of Honor; so it was agreed that the Druggist Second should make up some fresh Bolus of the size of the Pistol bore and load the Pistols with them. The affair was kept so secret that I did not hear of it until it was all over; but each of the

⁵ The occasion of the duel was a political quarrel between Biddle and a man named Pettis. Both were killed.

Young Gentlemen had some Chivalric Friends to whom they imparted the Secret, and these Gentlemen invited intimate Friends of their own (under the bond of secrecy) to be present when the affair came off. On the day appointed, the Combatants (and more Spectators than they expected) were punctually on the Island. The Young Gentlemen being placed in position for their bloody work, the word was given to fire. Both fired at once, and each was disappointed to find that he had not killed his Opponent, although both were stung by the missiles. Observing the Grin of the Visitors, they came to the conclusion there was something wrong: when the light finally broke upon them they became exceedingly indignant; but their Friends succeeded in settling the matter between them, and the Affair was declared off, to the mortification of the Combatants and the merriment of their Friends. The affair leaked out, and the Newspapers published it; the poor Clerks could never present a bold front in St. Louis afterwards, nor did either of them remain there long. This, I believe, was the last Duel ever fought on the Island.

Although the Spirit of Chivalry was fast being blotted out by the influx of Yankee enterprise, the Spirit of the Slave Holder was still dominant. Soon after my arrival, a Constable attempted to arrest a Negro Slave for some misdemeanor; the Negro resisted, and in the struggle killed the Constable with the blow of a Bludgeon. The Negro ran, but a number of Citizens overtook him, and taking him to an open lot in the Suburbs, they chained him to a Stake and built up a fire around it. During the burning a leading Citizen of St. Louis, a high professor of Religion and a Deacon in the Church, imagined that the Lord (instead of the Devil) had ordained him to

throw more Combustibles on the Fire, and it was said that he threw powdered Sulphur on the poor Slave while he was burning and appealing for mercy to his God and the brutal People that surrounded him. I would make known the name of this Demon in Human shape, were it not that many of his Relatives and Descendants still occupy high places in St. Louis, and the acts of this man would disgrace not him, but them, as he was deceased many years ago.

My Brother Joseph, who kept a Book Store in Philadelphia, induced me to take out with me a few Books to sell. Among them were a dozen copies of the life of the notorious Ann Z,⁶ who was imprisoned for kidnapping the Child of the Governor of Pennsylvania in order to compel him to pardon her Paramour, who was then under sentence of death for the murder of her Husband, Capt. Z, and was afterwards hung for the Crime in Logan Square, Philadelphia. Shortly after we opened our Store for business I put up at my door a list of the Books I had for sale; and after some time had elapsed a fine-looking Gentleman came into the Store and desired to see that Book. He glanced over the contents, inquired the price, asked how many copies we had, and whether we had sold any of them in St. Louis. I answered him that we had only one dozen of them, and had sold none. He said he did not wish those Books sold in St. Louis, and if I would promise him not to bring any more of them there, he would purchase all of them at our retail price (\$1.00 per copy). I agreed with him, and he took them away. I afterwards became aware that he was one of the richest Merchants in St. Louis, and was the Son of Capt. and Ann Z.

⁶ The real name is purposely withheld.

I boarded with Valentine Peers, who kept the old Chouteau Mansion on Main Street. This was a model of many French Mansions in St. Louis occupied by the rich Fur Traders. The Parlor and Dining and Sitting Rooms were approached by Steps mounting to the height of ten feet. These Rooms were surrounded by wide Porches. The low Ceilings were beautifully frescoed with fancy figures, and the Walls were painted in Panels with figures of noted Men and Women. The Kitchen and Pantry were below these; some Bed Rooms were on the first floor, and many on the second, which was also surrounded by Porches.

This year we suffered much from Malaria: myriads of Mosquitoes were wafted over the River from the Illinois side. During the Fall I was taken sick with what my Doctor pronounced to be Congestion of the Liver, (but the People called it Bilious Fever), and continued in a critical condition for two weeks. I had employed as Nurse a discarded Catholic Priest whose name was Vangeit. This Man was very faithful, and was anxious to administer to my Spiritual as well as my Temporal Comforts. As the Doctor had given up all hopes of my recovery, he took upon himself to bring to the House an ordained Priest to pray for my Soul. Feeling that if my prior mode of life had not secured my Salvation, it would be useless for me now in the fear of death to attempt to hoodwink the Lord, and that if my life was spared my actions would be much the same in regard to Religious matters as they had been theretofore (I had always acted in such matters, as nearly as circumstances would permit, in accordance with my revealed light: barring evil tendencies, which I never ceased to restrain, and endeavored to suppress) I rejected the Priest, and requested a Consulting Physician.

My Physician called into consultation the celebrated Dr. McDowell, who published a popular Book of his experiments on a French Voyageur who had been shot through the Stomach, through which wound he inserted a tube whereby he could discharge the contents of his Stomach and thus test the digestive qualities of different kinds of food. The Doctor's Office was near my Store, and I often noticed this wounded Frenchman and became well acquainted with him. When Dr. McDowell came in to see me he directed Dr. Knox (my Physician) to rub Croton Oil over the region of my Liver (my Bowels not having been moved for nine days). The effect was almost immediate, and from that moment I began to recover.

During my first Winter in St. Louis I went much in Society, and became acquainted with a number of Ladies. Among them was Annie Block, a Jewess and the Daughter of a Rabbi, who resided in the Town of Louisiana. Annie, however, spent most of her time in St. Louis, where she had a very wealthy Uncle, Jacob Block. This Girl seemed to have the power of drawing me to her more than other Ladies. She had a young Brother Elias, with whom I also associated. Upon one occasion he persuaded me to accompany him to his home. (This, I think, was in May of 1841.) We left St. Louis in the evening. On the Boat were a number of Illinois Politicians, and with the Party were the Statesman Stephen A. Douglas and Mormon Joe Smith. They were all jolly Fellows and indulged largely in Spiritual Matters, and Joe Smith was hail-fellow-well-met with them all. Joe became very mellow in consequence of his frequent potations, and Mr. Douglas asked him what his People would think of him if they should see him in

this condition. Joseph, not at all disconcerted, quickly answered that he was compelled to do something occasionally to show his People that he was Human, otherwise they would constantly persist in worshipping him instead of the true God. We left the Boat at Louisiana, and did not learn how Joseph was received at Nauvoo.

I remained at Louisiana for several days, and put up at the House of Annie's Father, who, besides being the Spiritual Adviser of all the Hebrews for many miles around, had also to kill all the Animals in Louisiana intended for Jewish consumption. Each Animal had to be killed by one thrust of the Knife, or the Animal was rejected and sold to Christians for such price as could be obtained. But the Rabbi never missed killing with one blow while I was there. I had a delightful time, spending much of it in the company of Annie Block, and returned alone to St. Louis, well pleased with my visit.

Before I was taken sick our Business had increased so much that Joseph had sent for his Brother Eben to come with us as an Apprentice, and we had also in our employ the Chivalric Clerk before mentioned. (Joseph X spent little of his time in the Store. He travelled much for the purpose of establishing Agencies for Dr. X's Medicines, in doing which he incurred large expenses for the Firm; and the profits of the Agencies never paid us the large amounts we paid out to introduce them.) The following Spring Dr. X sent for his Nephew Eben to come to Philadelphia, which invitation Eben accepted; and that was perhaps the most fortunate step he ever took, for he afterwards, as is well known, became the Proprietor of all Dr. X's business, and is now⁷ a very wealthy Citizen of Philadelphia.

⁷ 1890.

About this time there came from Philadelphia another Brother of my Partner, Albert X, a Dentist. This man induced us to go his security for his rent, which was \$1500 per annum, assigning his Goods over to us for Security. Some time afterwards he came into our Store and said he was going to Cincinnati, where he had an engagement to preach Millerism. He said our Goods he had placed in an Auction Store to be sold, and gave us an order for the money; but when we saw the Auctioneer he said the Goods had been sold and Albert had tried to get the money, but the proceeds had been attached by other Creditors. This man is now said to be worth \$50,000. I met him a few years ago and reminded him of his obligation; he smiled and said that Debt was too old to pay. The payment of this security so cramped us in financial matters that it was the foundation of our downfall in business in St. Louis.

CHAPTER IV

A MEETING WITH LINCOLN

ABOUT DECEMBER, 1841, I concluded to take a trip into Illinois to make some collections from delinquent Debtors. I took passage on a Stern Wheel Boat that ran up the Illinois River, for Meredosia (then a small but promising Town) where some money was owing us. I was landed there about twelve o'clock at night, the only Passenger that got off the Boat. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere, and I had no directions in regard to the Town. The extreme cold weather admonished me that I must speedily seek for shelter; so I took up my Valise and proceeded to hunt for a Hotel. I had not wandered far before I discovered a Sign that read "Hotel." It was well the Sign was there; otherwise I should not have recognised the House as a Hotel.

After rapping lustily for some time I succeeded in arousing a disgruntled Landlord, who came to the door with a Candle and in a very uncivil manner invited me into a cold Room. He informed me that he had no Bed for me, and I should have to lie on an old Settee. I could see the light of the Moon through cracks in the unplastered walls. The Room was so cold that my Blanket and Overcoat failed to keep me warm, and I procured but little sleep that night. Yet this was the best Hotel in Meredosia at that time.

In the morning I found a number of Guests in the House, and we sat down to a welcome Breakfast of Ham and Eggs and strong Coffee. After I visited our Agent

(who settled up with me speedily) we were ready to start. There were four of us in the Party: one, a wandering Jew, to be found everywhere throughout the universe; two Yankees, equally omnipresent wherever it has been my lot to travel; and myself, one of those Jerseymen who are also well scattered throughout the United States. We had expected to find the Steam Cars running to Jacksonville, but learned that the Road was not finished: this, I think, was the first Rail Road in Illinois.¹ As there was no other conveyance to be procured, we were compelled to travel to Jacksonville (about 40 miles from Meredosia) in an open Farm Wagon without Springs, with a full-blooded Illinois "Sucker" for a Driver. With this Rig we started on our Journey, with the Thermometer at Zero. My Clothing was anything but proper for such weather, as I had no Flannel Underwear; but I had a Spanish Cloak, then much worn by City Folks.

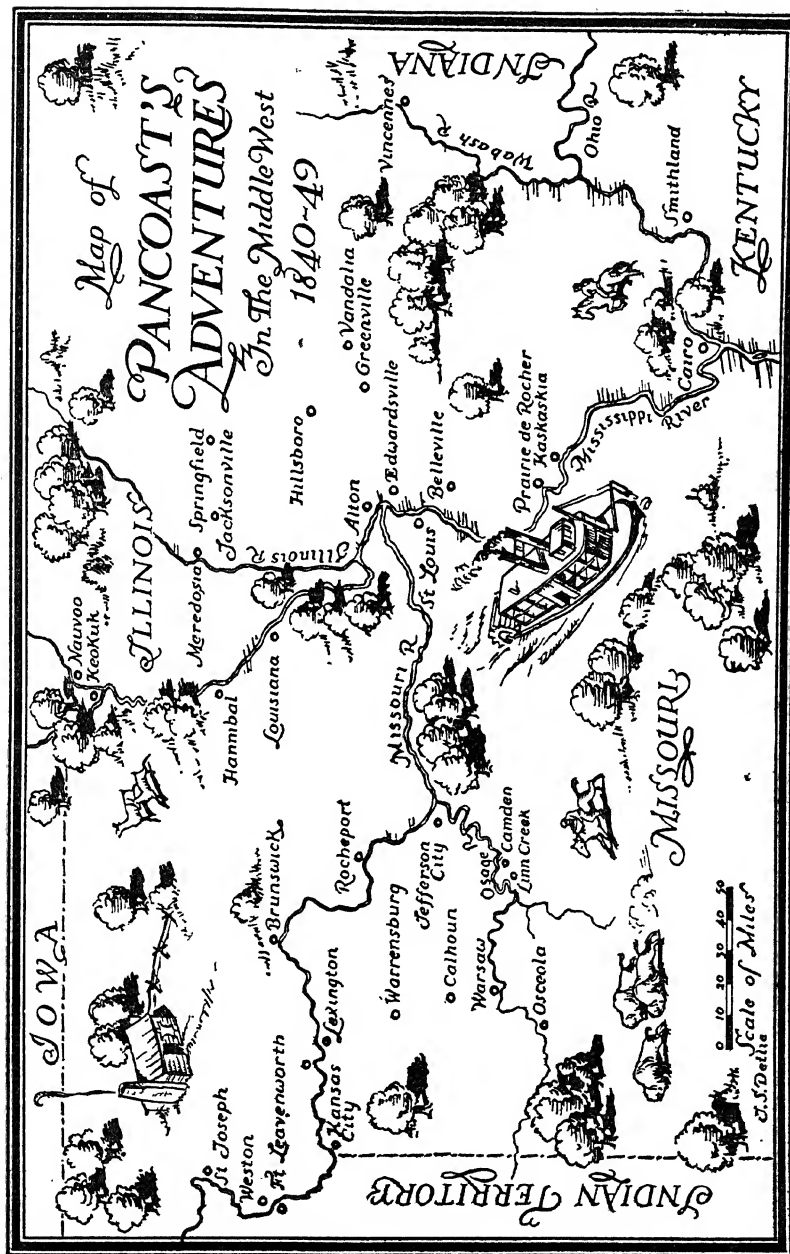
We had not travelled far before we struck an immense open Prairie, where the sweeping winds came down upon us with such force that we soon began to feel that they were more than we could endure in our sitting posture; so we proposed to the Driver to run with the Wagon. Three of us got out; the Jew, however, preferred to keep his place in the Wagon; and as my cumbersome Cloak would not permit me to run with ease, I loaned it to him. The Driver, being anxious to terminate his disagreeable Journey as soon as possible, had little mercy on us; he kept his Horses moving at a rapid rate, and we did the best running we had ever done. The Driver was so well wrapped with Buffalo Robes that he did not

¹ The Northern Cross Railroad from Meredosia to Jacksonville, later extended to Springfield, was the first in Illinois over which a locomotive was operated.

appear to be much affected by the cold, but the Jew complained very much; but although a young man, physically perfect, and as agile as any of us, he persisted in keeping his place in the Wagon. When we arrived we found his ears frozen stiff and his feet also badly frozen, and we had a sorry time with him that night. When he came to the fire his suffering was intense, and he did not bear it with Christian humility and submission.

We found a comfortable Hotel in Jacksonville, then a pleasant Town with a prosperous appearance, having 2000 inhabitants or more. I met here the Nation's Idol, Abraham Lincoln, then of little note except in that locality, where they spoke of him as their distinguished Attorney and excellent Citizen. The Landlord introduced me to him. He made only a few remarks: asked me where I came from, spoke of our freezing Journey across the Prairie, and other commonplace remarks; and also remarked that he thought our Hebrew Companion was fortunate after all, for although his feet and ears were badly damaged he had saved his Stock in Trade. When I asked, "How was that?" he replied, "His Tongue was left intact."

I remained in Jacksonville the next day to collect what we had considered a bad debt, and succeeded. The next morning we took an old fashioned Four Horse Stage for Springfield, the Capital. The Stage was full of Illinois Statesmen. The country we traversed was much more densely settled (mostly by Eastern People) and better improved than any part of Illinois I had seen before. I was landed at the best Hotel in Springfield, kept by an enterprising Yankee. While his Table Set was profuse, his Provender was rather too scant for my



ravenous Appetite. Springfield was then a flourishing Town, with a number of very pretty and substantial Dwellings and well-stocked Stores. They were building a new State House, quite elaborate and well-planned, and more substantial and imposing in appearance than Pennsylvania can boast of.

As I had some leisure time, I concluded to devote some of it to listening to the members of the Legislature, which was then in session. The Capitol was far from finished, but one Room had been fitted up for the Senate. I found it almost deserted. An Old Gentleman with sparse red hair was making a very tedious Speech (which perhaps accounted for the small audience) and I did not remain long. I then sought for the Lower House, which I found some distance away in an old one-story Frame Building that had the appearance of a School House. The House was jammed with people, and I had some difficulty in gaining admittance. Here spirited Debates were going on, chiefly partisan in their nature. The Assembly appeared to be composed all of Young Men, some of them mere Boys; they forcibly reminded me of a Debating School of Boy Students. I was more amused than instructed, but remained until they adjourned.

I was as fortunate here in my collections as I expected, and on the third day I set out on my return. The Stage Road ran through the oldest settled country of the State, but outside of the Towns I saw nothing but Log Cabins, and no Barns. I stopped at Hillsboro, Edwardsville, and Alton, where I took the Boat for St. Louis, arriving with considerable funds, which we immediately appropriated to paying our debts in the East.

In the year 1842 two Steam Boats advertised to make

an excursion to Nauvoo on July 4th, and being desirous to see that noted place and the manners of the Mormons at home, I procured a ticket. We left St. Louis on the evening of the third of July with a large number of Passengers, and many more came aboard at the small Towns as we passed up the River. At Louisiana my Best Girl and her Brother Elias came aboard, and the Lady claimed much of my attention during the balance of my trip. "What Tyrants these Women are!"

We landed at Keokuk about noon on the Fourth. The Chief that this Town took its name from was then living, and was at the Town that day in full Indian dress, with a stuffed Rooster on his cap for an ornament. His Indians had given the Settlers much trouble, but had been suppressed by the Soldiers. I had seen him before; he came to St. Louis (where he believed the greater portion of the People of the United States resided) in order to inform himself how many People he would have to contend with in case he went to war. He and his Prophet selected a corner at the most thronged point in St. Louis and noted the number of men that passed by. Keeping up this enumeration for two days, he concluded that he had arrived at the true population of Men in St. Louis, but was discouraged by the figures from ever going to war with the White People again.

We procured a Pilot at Keokuk to take us over the Rapids, and arrived in Nauvoo about two o'clock. The Town was on a beautiful plot two miles square. I have always admired the manner in which it was laid out. There was a broad Street that led up to a large circular Plaza, ornamented with Grass Plots and Flowers. Around this Plaza were located the Temple, Hotels, and Business Places. In the rear of these Buildings was

a large Plateau of level land which had been a Prairie, but was now laid out in perfect squares containing four acres each, intersected with broad Streets lined with young Trees. Each square was divided into four equal parts, and at each Street corner was a pleasant-looking Frame House painted white. No more Houses were permitted to be built, so that each Family had its acre of ground; except along the Levee, where there was a Settlement build solid.

We were permitted to view part of the inner Temple, an Artistic work, all frame, and very capacious. The Baptismal Pool stood on the backs of twelve Oxen carved of wood, and was a Wonder in Art. We found that most of the Mormons were at a Camp Meeting in the rear of the Town celebrating the Fourth. We all made our way to the Camp, where we found some of the leading Saints addressing the multitude. As there were about a thousand of us hailing from Missouri, Joe Smith thought it a fitting opportunity to remind us of how much he and his People had suffered at our hands when at Zion,² and to vent his spleen against Missourians generally. I well remember one of his arguments that he intended to confound us with. He said we had accused him of being untrue to his dear Wife Eliza, of having a plurality of Wives, and of being too familiar with his Sisters in the Church. "Now," he said, "all of my Female Flock are here present, and I call upon all or any of them to answer: is there any truth in these charges? I pause for a reply;" and after pausing for a minute and no Female deigning to get up and accuse him, he answered himself: "No, not one! there is the answer

² The Mormons had been expelled from Missouri in 1838 after much conflict with other settlers. They settled Nauvoo in 1839.

to all your lies! now are these infernal lies nailed to the Cross with the indisputable proof before your eyes!" After running on awhile in this strain, he desisted, and Brigham Young took his place; but we all left, by request of our Captain, for our Boats.

Before we came to the River a crowd of miserable-looking Mormons began to hoot and abuse us. Our Officers and elders appealed to us to pay no attention to them; but when they commenced to throw Stones at us our Men became infuriated and chased them away. Our Captains hurried us on the Boats, but as we swung into the Stream they rallied more forces, and showered us with Stones. Pistols were fired on both sides; many of us were hurt by Stones, and one or two by Bullets, but no one was dangerously wounded.

We were soon at the Falls of the Mississippi, where the Channel was very narrow, crooked, and swift, running between Rocks about a foot under water. The men were ordered to the Hold and Lower Deck in order to keep the Boat steady through the devious short turns we had to make. Both Boats ran through at fearful speed, making our hair stand on end. We ran down that evening as far as Hannibal, where we lay all night, and had a grand Ball on the Boat that was kept up until three o'clock in the morning. The next day (the fifth) we landed Miss Block and her Brother at Louisiana, and I was in St. Louis before night.

During this year the Banks all over the West suspended specie payment, except the State Bank of Missouri and its branches. The notes of the suspended Banks were greatly depreciated in value, but were the only money in circulation, and were generally received in trade at par. The Missouri Bank would no longer

receive this money, and the only place where we could make our deposits was a Savings Bank, which exploded, and we lost several hundred dollars. We were in debt to several Firms in the East, and had to hoard our money in order to meet our obligations. One Bank after another failed, causing us to lose more or less with each of them, until the failure of the Bank of Cairo, of whose notes we had about \$1600. When this happened, I concluded we could not bear the loss, and unless something could be done with this Paper we should certainly be swamped. I resolved to take a trip to Kaskaskia (where the Bank was located), hired a Horse, put the money in my pocket, and started off on this quixotic three days' Journey.

I found the Road heavily wooded and infested with Bears, Wild Cats, and other Animals. Several Wild Cats and two Bears came within my view, as well as a great variety of Birds. (No wonder the People called these Banks "Wild Cat Banks!") There were very few Settlements, the Road at one time going through dense woods for eighteen miles without a House in sight. On the whole Journey of more than eighty miles I met with but one Settlement (Prairie de Rocher) that could be called a Town: it had about a dozen miserable Buildings occupied by Canada French. My Hotels at night were one-roomed Log Cabins with two Beds, one of which was consigned to me and the other to the Old Folks, the Young Folks occupying the floor promiscuously. Having so much of what was called "money," visions of Robbers were ever before me; but none disturbed me.

On the third day I arrived at Kaskaskia, located in the woods on the River of the same name. It was a

Town of considerable pretensions, with a large Flour Mill, a Bank, two Churches, several Stores, and a Brick Hotel, and had the appearance of a business place. My first visit was to the Bank, where I found his Highness the President of that institution. (Why they called it the "Bank of Cairo" when it was located in Kaskaskia, a place many miles from Cairo and superior to it in every respect, always remained an unravelled problem to me; unless it was that Cairo was better known to the Public, and there were not so many Wild Cats there; for these legalized Swindlers did not like the name "Wild Cat.") I informed the President of my business, and asked him what prospect there was of my getting anything for my notes. He proceeded at great length to inform me of the financial condition of the Bank. Among their assets he said they had \$40,000 in coin, \$30,000 in U. S. Bank notes, \$15,000 on broken Western Banks, \$120,000 worth of good Paper of responsible Persons, and \$10,000 in Real Estate; their issue of Bank notes was \$150,000, which was their principal debt outside of their Stock Holders; and if their Creditors would only wait until they collected their debts, there was no doubt but we should all receive dollar for dollar. I suggested to him that my case was a desperate one, and unless he could do something for me my business would have to go to the wall. I said to him, "You have coin and U. S. Notes" (which were then rather shaky but would pass) "I will exchange with Cairo Notes 20% off." He replied that he could not consent to shave their own notes; and no proposition I made to him would induce him to do anything for me, or to fix a time when they would resume the payment of their debts.

I had by this time become pretty angry, and remarked

very emphatically that I did not intend to leave Kaskaskia without my money. I then returned to the Hotel and conversed with the Landlord about my interview with the President, and asked him who owed the Bank any money. He informed me that the Proprietor of the large Flouring Mill was said to owe them \$10,000. I immediately interviewed that Gentleman, and he agreed to sell me a good article of Flour for shipping, deliver it at the River, and take Cairo money for his pay at \$3.50 per Barrel. I drew up an agreement with him to deliver 450 Barrels at the riverside in two weeks, and returned to St. Louis well satisfied with my trip.

In about two weeks I received a letter that the Flour was ready for shipment, and would be delivered as soon as it was settled for. Having discovered that Kaskaskia was not so far from the Mississippi as I had been led to believe, I concluded to make this trip by way of the River. Accordingly I took passage for Kaskaskia Landing on a Cincinnati Boat, and landed there about midnight. I was shoved ashore on a Stage Plank alone, and the Boat was quickly off and out of sight. The night was cloudy and very dark. I had understood that there was a Hotel at the Landing, but I could see nothing but a Wood Pile and an old tumbledown Ware House, and beyond these, dense woods. I could not at first discover any evidence of a Road; but on searching around the Ware House I found a dim and narrow one, along which I groped my way through the woods for about a quarter of a mile, when I discovered a two-story Log Cabin, where everything was still and supreme darkness prevailed.

I ventured to approach and knock at the door, although I could hardly persuade myself that this was a

Hotel. Soon the Proprietor (a little weazened Old Man) appeared with a lighted Candle. He invited me into a large Room where the floor was full of sleeping Women, some of them carelessly covered and exposing their beauty; but my entrance did not in the least interfere with their slumbers. The Landlord conducted me through these Slumberers into the Dining Room, then opened a door leading into an opening which was intended for a Yard, but which had no enclosure but Bushes. He then took me up an outside Staircase, where we entered a large Room with two Beds, and the floor covered with Lodgers. One Bed had two occupants; the other, one large man who would weigh at least 250 pounds. The Landlord gave me the choice of lying on the floor, or on the Bed with the man of ponderous flesh. As I had in my belt about \$1600 of Cairo money and some good money, I concluded that the safest thing for me to do was to take the Bed with the Fat Man, for I had never heard of a man of his description that would steal (except Falstaff). He graciously accepted me as a Bed Fellow, but I found I was not lying on a Bed of Roses, for he soon began to snore; and how he could continue to sleep with the noise he made (only equalled by the noise of a Steam Boiler blowing off) was a mystery to me. I shook him and kicked him, but still he puffed and blew away. The Fellows on the floor began to swear and jeer, crying out, "Why don't you smother him?" "Damn it! choke him!" etc. This scene continued most of the night. About two o'clock A.M. there came a loud knocking at the outside door. Shortly afterwards the Host appeared with his Candle, accompanied by two tall rawboned Women just arrived from Ireland, whom he put in a small Room to the rear of us.

These Ladies had retired but a short time when there was another Rap, and our attentive Landlord again appeared with his Candle. This time he had with him a little Jew Peddler with a large Pack, who was given a Bed on the floor. The Reader can well imagine how refreshing that night's lodging was; but the Landlord did not make any deduction in his Bill on account of loss of rest.

A little before daybreak I fell asleep, but was soon aroused by a grand row in the Room. The first thing I beheld was a Young Man with a Pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the Jew Peddler, who had accused the two Fellows next him with stealing his Gold Watch. They denied it, but he persisted in the accusation; they became very angry, and one of them drew his Pistol. The Jew was cowed, but the other Lodgers insisted on searching the Fellows and their Valises, to which they willingly submitted; but the Watch was not found, and the Jew left the place without it.

This disturbance aroused all the Lodgers, including my Companion, who arose and dressed himself, and I thankfully availed myself of the opportunity to get a short nap.

After Breakfast a number of the Guests took the Road on foot, while the Irish Ladies and myself were accommodated with an open Farm Wagon and driven to Kaskaskia, where there was quite an affecting meeting between the Irish Ladies and their Brother, who kept a large Store there. I soon found my Miller, and was informed that most of my Flour had been hauled to the Ware House on the River. I shipped it to our largest Creditor in New York, who sold it at a trifling loss to us. I returned to St. Louis well satisfied with what my

perseverance had accomplished. "Never give up, keep trying," is a Motto which, if followed, will often bring us out of our darkest difficulties. Had I sat down and grieved over my misfortunes I should certainly have lost all this Cairo money, as the Bank paid only six cents to the dollar on final settlement.

The notes of the State Bank of Illinois, the Shawneetown Bank of Indiana, the Milwaukee Bank of Wisconsin, the Dubuque Bank of Iowa, the Mineral Point Bank, and other Wild Cat Banks, constituted all of our circulating medium at this time. All of these had suspended, and every week the Brokers would refuse to receive some one of them, until all were blotted out but two or three; and these were much depreciated. The Merchants were failing all over the Country; and having entrusted a great amount of our Stock (especially of Dr. X's Medicines), we soon became much embarrassed in financial matters and failed to meet our obligations as they became due.

In the latter part of December, 1842, Mr. Joseph X set out on a collection trip through Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa; but his success was very unsatisfactory. What money we collected we remitted to our Creditors in the East, and thus we struggled on through the Winter of 1842-43. In doing this we to some extent neglected to make our usual remittances to Dr. X, thinking he could better afford to wait than the others, and relying on his friendship for indulgence; but we were soon reminded of the old Adage, that there is no friendship in business. Early in 1843 the Doctor made his appearance in St. Louis, and informed us he had come to close up his business relations with us. He requested an account of our financial affairs. We owed about \$5000

to him and \$2000 to other Creditors. Our Stock and reliable outstanding claims were worth about \$12,000, besides a considerable amount of doubtful claims, mostly from Agencies we had made to sell the Doctor's Medicines. The Doctor proposed to take for his claim the reliable debts, \$150 or more of good money we had on hand, and the Stock (including our Bed Room Furniture), he to pay the other Creditors. I rebelled at this proposition; but he informed us this was his ultimatum, and unless we acceded to it, he would immediately proceed to obtain judgment and sell us out by the Sheriff. Knowing how little a Drug Store would bring at a Sheriff's Sale, I reluctantly accepted his offer.

When I had turned over to him all the Stock, cash, and specified claims, he proposed to me to take charge at a salary of \$75.00 per month and sell out the Stock at private sale as long as it would pay to run the Store, and then close out the balance at Auction. All things settled in this manner, he requested me to go to his Hotel and take Supper with him. At the Hotel I said to the Doctor that I had twenty-five cents left in my pocket: I wanted to be able to say I was flat broke, and proposed to spend it at the Bar for drinks. He took the drink, but quickly cast down his own money, and the Bar Keeper took it in. The next day, after taking down our sign in order to put up his own name, and engaging (at my suggestion) Lawyers Todd and Krum to look after any Law matters he might have occasion for, he departed for Philadelphia. The next day Joseph departed for Cincinnati, and I was left alone and penniless to work out my future fortune.

CHAPTER V

LEXINGTON: A VISIT HOME

ALL MY bright dreams of fortune were now blasted at this early period of my business career; and my disposition being naturally melancholy, I could not discern any Oasis in the vast Desert before my face. My manhood and ambition had left me, and my pride was deeply wounded: the more so as I found many of my mushroom Friends that had theretofore courted my company now passed me by with an indifferent nod. I had remained in this mental condition for many weeks, when I suddenly waked up to the idea that I was a deluded fool—I had no Friends to help me out of my troubles, and had nothing to rely upon but the Lord and the powers of mind and body He had blessed me with; and it was my duty to apply these faculties to the best uses they were capable of serving, resolved to forget the past, to attend strictly to the duties of the present, and to wait and watch for a way to open into the future, having faith that the World was yet full of honest, grateful, and just People.

It took about eight months to sell down Dr. X's Stock; out of the sale of which, and the collection of the specified outstanding claims, he realized a considerable profit. During this time I collected several hundred dollars that had been reserved to us as bad debts, all of which I appropriated to myself, as Joseph was owing me not only his share of the original capital, but \$750 of overdrawn money. When the Doctor's Auction Sale came off, I bought in for \$500 what had cost our Firm

\$1000. The Doctor's Attorneys, Todd and Krum, were present at the Sale, relieving me of much responsibility, and I bought the Goods with their consent.

And now I was again in a dilemma, with half of a Stock of Goods, no Store to put them in, and no credit for the balance. But in all my crazy ventures there appeared to be with me some Supervising Spirit that directed my steps to the right place. I took passage on a Missouri River Steam Boat, and visited a number of Towns; but none gave me much encouragement to locate with them until I came to Lexington, Missouri, then a Town of about 1500 inhabitants. I found here one clever¹ Drug Store, the Proprietor of which (a native of Kentucky, but a Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy) appeared to understand his business, but was surly, unaccommodating, and very unpopular; and the People generally encouraged me to locate there. There being an empty Store suitable for the purpose, I leased it at what appeared to me a small rent (\$300 per annum). This done, I took the first Boat to St. Louis, with the intention of trying my credit with the Wholesale Druggists. I first tried Jones, Bacon, & Co., informing them of my circumstances and what I desired to do. Mr. Bacon said my whole scheme was impractical: I could not succeed with my small capital, and if they sold me Goods they would never get their money. This advice from a Gentleman of such experience and high standing as Mr. Bacon was a Wet Rag that chilled my ardour to the marrow; and I made no further effort to obtain credit.

But "Necessity is the Mother of Invention." It

¹ The word "clever" is used here in its old-fashioned colloquial sense of pleasing, or attractive.

occurred to me that William Piggot, a Drug Clerk with whom I had a slight acquaintance and who had lately fallen heir to a small fortune, might join me in my undertaking; and in furtherance of this idea I called upon him that same evening at his Boarding House. When I informed him of the object of my visit, he laughed and said: "That is a very singular circumstance! Last evening I went with a Party to have our fortunes told; and among other things, the Old Woman told me that within twenty-four hours a Gentleman would propose to go into Partnership with me, and that I would accept his offer and be successful in the business. I had no faith in her talk and gave it no attention; but this proposition of yours in confirmation of her prediction surprises me."

The Fortune Teller's Prophecy proved to be a good Omen for me, as after some deliberation Mr. Piggot accepted my proposition, and entered into Copartnership with me, agreeing to put in \$800 cash against my Stock, I to go up to Lexington and start the business, he to retain his situation in St. Louis until such time as he became assured the business would pay. We purchased the balance of the Stock immediately (each of us, however, putting in \$200 more) and as soon as the Goods were ready I started for Lexington, where in a few days I was ready for business. We were well patronised from the start, and I was soon sending money to Mr. Piggot for more Goods.

The People of Lexington were peculiar. There were Merchants, generally prosperous, from all parts of the country; Mechanics and laborers, nearly all Virginians and Kentuckians; a few Gamblers and Slave Traders; and many others, apparently without business, were

really Speculators in Farms, Stock, or Steam Boats. The surrounding country was the most productive in Missouri. The Farmers (or Planters, as they chose to call themselves) were generally Southerners. The Farms, all large and worked by Slaves, were chiefly devoted to raising Hemp, Tobacco, and Stock; very little Grain was produced, and so little Garden Truck, Milk, and Butter (the Farmers considering the raising of these products beneath their dignity) that the Merchants had to supply the People from St. Louis, 500 miles away by water.

By Religious Profession, the People were Hard Shell Baptists, Campbellites, and Presbyterians ("Blue Stockings"). There were a few Methodists; they had no Church, but were visited occasionally by a Circuit Minister. All the Ministers (except perhaps the Methodists) boldly proclaimed that the Institution of Slavery was divine, and never forgot to inform the Negroes who came to their Churches how the Slave who served his Master faithfully made his final calling and election sure; but the poor Negroes were not permitted to have a Church of their own. The Eastern Merchants had all accepted the Dogma of the Heavenborn Institution, and I never found but one man in the Town who was inimical to Slavery; and that was Mr. Burtis (a native Missourian and a Slave Holder) who kept the Hotel where I boarded.

Burtis was an extraordinary man, of large frame and brain, a good Public Speaker and a Whig in Politics, and was very courageous in asserting his convictions on Slavery or any other subject; there was no one in the Town who could equal him in general information or cope with him in argument. He kept Rum for sale, but would not sell it to the Town Rounders; and his

Moral Standards were high on all subjects but one: he was an inveterate Gambler. He had a beautiful and excellent Wife, with the cultivation of a Superior Lady; but although he doted on her, and did his best to gratify her desires, she detested his gambling propensities; and when he remained out until near morning playing Poker on the Steam Boats (which were in the habit of lying over at Lexington all night) she would become so aggravated that she would lock him out of her room, and on arising early for the purpose of opening my Store, I frequently found him lying on the Settee in the Bar Room.

One such morning, as his Wife came downstairs, she rebuked him for being out all night gambling. He made a pleasant reply to her, and taking a fifty dollar note out of his pocket book, remarked, "My Dear, I was in luck last night; I will share with you my winnings." To my astonishment and his, she took the note and deliberately put it into a blazing hot Stove. He exclaimed, "My God, Woman, will you do that?" She replied, "Yes; I want no money procured in the way you got that." He said no more, but walked out of the door looking very serious; and I am of the opinion that this act of hers cured him of the evil practice, for I never knew of his gambling afterwards so long as I remained in Lexington.

I have dwelt on this man and his Wife longer than on other Characters, because Burtis was a representative of many Noble Characters I met with in my wanderings in the West, who, possessing all the noble traits of a Coriolanus, had through false education and evil associations fallen into repulsive habits, especially gambling and Horse racing, which detracted nothing from a man's

standing in Society in that location and at that period of time; while the Wife has no counterpart among all the famous Women of History, in casting away a present means of pleasure for the future good of her Husband. They were both characters who should have stood at the very lead of Society; but I do not suppose that Burtis ever rose above the position of a Hotel Keeper, and both have remained in comparative obscurity all their lives.

There existed a very bad condition of morals in our County, and also in Ray County on the opposite side of the River, where the famous James Brothers and their associate Mail Coach Robbers hail from. I found many desperate characters in and around Lexington, but "Old Bledsoe," a Farmer in our County, was the most infamous of them all. At the time I was residing in Lexington he was converted and joined the Campbellite Church, and I was present when he and a number of others were baptised in the Missouri River. A half-witted Fellow looking on cried out, when the Pastor had dipped Old Bledsoe, "Give him another dip, Brother, he's mighty black!" On a neighboring Farm to his dwelt his aged Aunt with her great Nephew, a Boy of about fifteen years of age. It appeared that, after the Boy, Bledsoe became the sole heir to her estate. One evening Bledsoe and the Nephew were attending a Corn Shucking near the Aunt's House when the party discovered it in a blaze, and on their arrival nothing could be done to save the House or the Old Lady, whose charred remains were discovered after the fire. Bledsoe was suspected of setting the House on fire, but nothing was done about it. The Nephew one day stole some trifling article (I think it was a Curry Comb) from

one of our Merchants, who had him arrested and sent to the County Jail, a miserable wooden building on the outskirts of the Town. As there was no other Person locked up there, the Sheriff (who was also the Jailer) paid little attention to guarding it, and the Boy escaped, Old Bledsoe being suspected of assisting him. No trace could be found of him, and it was supposed the Fellow was hiding somewhere to escape Justice; but everyone said, "Let the Boy go; we are glad to be rid of him!" In the meantime Bledsoe was active in his devotions and constant in his attendance at Church. One day, some men, discovering comparatively fresh dirt on the bank of a Creek three or four miles from Lexington, had the curiosity to dig in order to ascertain the cause of the excavation, and found the body of the Boy, well preserved. The Sheriff procured a Warrant for Old Bledsoe, charging him with the murder of the Aunt and the Boy, and left Lexington with the intention of arresting him. Bledsoe saddled his fastest Steed and sped away, but after a pursuit of many miles, during which one of the Deputies was shot, he was brought to a halt with a shot under the Shoulder Blade, and they captured him. He fought the case for two years in Court, but I learned he was hung at last.

Our business continued to increase daily, and Mr. Piggot, finding it was likely to become a success, left his position in St. Louis and joined me in Lexington. But the business, although prosperous, was not yet so large but that one Person could readily conduct it; and after obtaining Mr. Piggot's consent, I resolved to go into Illinois and collect some money still owing me, and spend the Winter in Philadelphia with my dear Old Mother and other Relatives.

After spending a couple of days at St. Louis visiting

old Friends, I took the Stage for Edwardsville, where I fortunately collected an old bill. I then hired a Horse of the Hotel Keeper and set out for a three days' Travel. The first day my road was over an open Prairie, sparsely settled. The improvements I found in most cases were a one-room Log Cabin, a poorly fenced Garden, and some Sheds covered with Hay; some had Stock Yards and Brush Corrals. The land was of the most productive kind: whatever was planted grew luxuriantly; but thousands of acres were unsettled and without cultivation. In the evening I arrived at Greenville, a pleasant, clean-looking village of white-painted Houses, populated almost entirely by People from the Free States. I found a very comfortable Hotel kept by a Down East Yankee Woman, and fared sumptuously. I succeeded in getting a part of my claim, and next day proceeded to Vandalia along a branch of the Kaskaskia River, much of the road lying through woods. I found Vandalia to be a larger place than Greenville, but not so bright and clean in appearance, and settled by a very different class of People, many of them from the Southern States, others Canada French. The Houses were dilapidated, and the whole place presented an appearance of a want of energy and brains; but the People appeared to be satisfied, and I pronounced it a finished Town. On making enquiry after my Debtor I found he was the most enterprising man of the Town: he had sold out his Store and *Vamoosed* for parts unknown, leaving many trusting Friends to mourn his departure.

Early in the morning I departed for Hillsboro. On this road I found the land more generally occupied and the improvements better, some of the Cabins having two or three rooms. I arrived about three P.M., pro-

cured something to eat for myself and Horse, and hunted up my Customer, who paid my whole claim. Being informed that there was a House at the margin of Grand Prairie, eight miles from Hillsboro, I proceeded on, as I was anxious to return to Edwardsville within the three days' time for which I had hired the Horse. About the time of the setting of the Sun I found the House, a one-room Log Cabin, with six or seven tow-headed Children dodging around exhibiting terror; for I was now off the main road, and these Children seldom saw a Stranger. A Woman was peeping out of the door, the only place where light could get in, except a hole about two and a half feet square sawed in the Logs in the rear of the House. I alighted, and made known to her that I desired to put up at her House for the night. She said she could not give me that permission until her Husband came in from his work, but cleverly invited me to take my Horse to the Cow Shed and feed him. This done, I returned to the House, and the Husband (a Virginian) soon appeared, with two tow-headed Boys of a larger size than those I first saw. I informed him of my desire, and he replied to me directly that I could have my supper, but could not be permitted to remain over night, as he had no accommodations; which certainly was true, but his reply was a cruel one. I then asked his permission to sleep in the Cow Shed, but he objected, saying some dreadful crimes had been committed in Illinois, and he did not care to have Strangers about at night. There were but two things to do: either to go back to Hillsboro, or to travel my tired Horse all night. I chose the latter course.

The Wife then asked me to take Supper, and I took my seat on a Stool so low that my chin came only a little way

above the Table. When the Family was all seated the Old Gentleman asked a Blessing, and I was impressed with his gratitude for small favors, for there was nothing to eat on the Table but a large "Corn Donnick" and fried Cracklings. I asked the Woman for Tea or Coffee, but she had none; she had neither Sugar nor Molasses; her Milk had gone sour; so I was obliged to eat of the Corn Donnick and Cracklings, but notwithstanding my repugnance to them, my ferocious appetite helped me to devour some of each. This Family is a fair example of the rough, self-sacrificing, migrating People then to be found all over the State of Illinois, and in all probability those tow-headed Boys are now numbered among the leading People of that or some more Western State; for of such material are the Western States populated.

After paying for my Supper, I put out a little before dark. The road was a by-road, and little travelled; there was no Moon; and I soon found it difficult to keep the track, and trusted to the good sense of my Horse to follow it. I had not proceeded far before I found he was off the road. I alighted and surveyed the situation, but could perceive nothing that looked like the road; but after leading my Horse about a hundred yards I fortunately found it. I concluded I would rest there until morning, so I laid down the Blanket for a Bed and took the Saddle for a Pillow, tying the halter to my arm to secure the Horse. But there was a heavy cold dew gathering over the Prairie, and as it was late in November and I had nothing to put over me I soon became very chilly; and the Prairie Wolves howling around constantly appeared to grow nearer and more numerous. I became cold, uneasy, and somewhat fearful, and again saddled my poor jaded Horse and proceeded on. I

walked my Horse slowly, the howling Wolves still gathering around me, the horizon presenting the appearance of woods, giving me hopes of a Haven of rest; but hour after hour the imagined Forest presented to my view the same relative position, never coming nearer. In this way I journeyed on until the day began to show evidence of breaking, when my heart was gladdened by the Crow of a Rooster, which to me was the loveliest Musick I had ever listened to. And this too was something of a delusion, for I thought it near at hand; but it was Sunrise before I reached the edge of the woods, where I saw a Log Cabin and a man chopping wood. I requested quarters for myself and Horse; but he said it was but three miles to Edwardsville, and it would be better for me to go there. I took his advice, and arrived in Edwardsville with my Horse completely jaded out, and presented myself to the Host. Seeing his Horse so worn, he was very angry, and "cussed" at me like a Trooper, swearing I should pay damages. I said little to him until I had taken my Breakfast and a rest, when I had another set-to with the "Sucker." I rather out-talked him, but could not out-swear him; but he proved to have a better heart than his rough exterior would indicate, for he became very affable, and settled with me on fair terms.

The next day I returned to St. Louis, where I remained about ten days visiting Friends and attending to business, and then took an old-fashioned four-horse Stage for Terre Haute, Indiana. We changed Horses every twelve miles, and made rapid progress through a well-settled and beautiful country, arriving in Terre Haute in less than two days. This place is well laid out on elevated ground, presenting a picturesque appearance. It

then had a population of about eight thousand inhabitants,² and possessed a number of delightful Dwellings with ornamented Grounds, large Stores, Churches, and Schools, and two Hotels. I found my Agent here, and collected all the money due me. The next day I hired a Horse and went down the Wabash River to Vincennes. I noticed in coming down that the country was rich and productive, but the improvements were of a very poor order, and the People devoid of energy; their countenances were sallow, showing the effect of Malaria. I found Vincennes an old French Settlement of about five hundred inhabitants.³ The Town appeared to have been finished and deceased; the Houses were mostly old and dilapidated, without paint or ornament; and the People were ignorant and uncouth, without energy or care, resting quietly around the Stores and Hotels relying on Providence for support. My Hotel was indifferent, and my Customer did not pay me the small amount he owed me; so next morning I took my departure for Terre Haute.

As I passed up, I saw a few People moving about in the morning; but as the day wore away the Cabins were closed and no Human Beings were visible, though I could occasionally hear a groan, as though someone were suffering. About three o'clock, having found no opportunity to get my Dinner or a drink of water, I alighted and rapped at the door of a Log Cabin. A poor, sickly-looking Girl opened the door, and I saw the floor covered with Persons suffering with Intermittent Fever. The little Girl said they had no water in the House and she was not able to get it, and asked me to

² 4,051, according to the Census of 1850.

³ 2,070 in 1850.

bring them some, showing me the direction of the Spring, three hundred yards or more from the House. I felt pleased to be able to do something to comfort them, and cheerfully complied with her request. When I returned from the Spring I stepped into the House, where I found the Father, Mother, three Children, and another man and Woman, and helped the little Girl (whose Fever had just left her) to give them water. I asked if I could assist them or send a Doctor, but they declined, saying they would soon be all right. After passing many more such forlorn Settlements, I was pleased to find myself again in *Terre Haute*, with the firm conviction that no money could induce me to dwell in the Valley of the *Wabash*.

The next morning at four o'clock I took the Stage for *Indianapolis*. We travelled over much heavily-timbered land, low and swampy, where the roads were causewayed with split Logs laid flat side down. (The State could not do better with its Criminals than to sentence them to a forty-eight hours' ride over these *Corduroy Roads*, in a Wagon without Springs.) In the evening of the same day I arrived in *Indianapolis*, the finest and most prosperous State Capital I had met with in the West. I found a good Hotel and remained over Sunday, attending Church, where I listened to a Sermon delivered by the Rev. *Lyman Beecher*. The Old Man was eloquent and very impressive, with some of the qualities of his Son *Henry Ward*, and said things so original they would adhere to you for a lifetime. I also visited the new State House, the most expensive and architecturally finest I had met with.

My Customer settled with me, and I left this thriving Town for *Madison*, on the *Ohio River*, the last place I

had to visit. We travelled over a rolling country. The lowlands were swampy and poorly drained, and the road was more terrible than those west of Indianapolis; it was a succession of Corduroy causeways, the most trying road I ever travelled. The jaundiced Settlers were everywhere trying to clear the land of the heavy Timber that would have been worth millions of dollars if it had been in reach of a market; but the Settlers were contented with simply cutting down the Trees and burning them, deriving profit only from converting the ashes into Potash. The Stumps were raised with powerful levers and Horse power, and were then rolled together and burned.

At two o'clock we arrived at North Vernon, then the terminus of the Madison and Indianapolis Rail Road, where we were delighted to find an Engine ready; and as soon as we had finished our Dinner the Train was off. At Madison we were lowered into the Town on an Inclined Plane by a Stationary Engine. Madison I found to be a thriving Town. I settled with my Agent, and the next morning took the Packet for Cincinnati, arriving the same day. Cincinnati was a busy place, more prosperous then than now (1890).

After twenty-four hours there I took a Steam Boat for Pittsburgh. On the Boat I became acquainted with a Gentleman, fat and jolly, who informed me that he was the Son of a Wholesale Liquor Dealer who kept a Store for many years in Philadelphia, on Chestnut Street opposite the Mayor's Office, whom I knew, but have now forgotten his name. I played Cards with this man, and he appeared to enjoy the Game very much. We put up at the same Hotel, and the next day we went together to the Stage office, at his suggestion, to buy our Tickets.

I paid \$18.00 for mine. He handed the Ticket Agent a \$50.00 note, which the man pronounced to be counterfeit. He appeared greatly distressed, saying it was all he had to take him to Philadelphia, and appealed to me to loan him the price of the Ticket, promising that his Father would return it to me as soon as I arrived. I did so, and next morning we took the Stage for Chambersburg.

The weather had become very cold, and snow covered the Mountains. The roads on this Route were poorly graded, and in crossing one of the Mountains we found the hind wheels constantly gliding toward a great Precipice, only about three feet from the road. The Driver, recognizing the danger, put his Horses on the run down the Mountain for a mile or two, thus preventing the sliding of the Stage. During this time I was looking out of the window, and the danger appeared so imminent that I found myself in a profuse perspiration, although I had been suffering before from the extreme cold.

It took us about two days to reach Chambersburg, travelling day and night without intermission, except a very short time for meals and change of Horses. My Clothing being light, I suffered much from the cold, and the only man who appeared to enjoy the trip was my Stout Friend, who took his meals and "Constitutional" with great gusto at my expense. We arrived at Chambersburg about twelve at night, nearly frozen. After Supper I took a Sleeping Car, and as I was chilled and exhausted I soon fell into a sleep, the first I had obtained since leaving Pittsburgh. I knew nothing more until I found a Conductor shaking me and asking if I did not want Breakfast. Rising up, I began to scold

about the Cars remaining in Chambersburg all night; but when I emerged, the first thing that struck my view was the Capitol at Harrisburg. So sound was my slumber that I did not know the Cars had moved.

After Breakfast we immediately took the Cars for Philadelphia, arriving the same day at the Depot at Vine and Broad, where I took a Cab and was soon at the House of my Brother, and in the evening visited Mother and other Relatives. The next day I went down to visit my old Friend Dr. X, who gave me a very hearty welcome. I then visited a Broker whom I had known, whose Office was near by, for the purpose of exchanging the money I had collected, which was not current in Philadelphia. I gave him over \$400, for which he said he would give me Philadelphia currency at a small discount; but as it was after five o'clock, he had deposited all his money in the Bank Vaults for the day. I left my money, and he gave me his Check for the value of it; but when I went down next day to draw it, I was surprised to find the Office closed. I went into the Store of Dr. X to enquire the reason of this, and he informed me that they had collapsed and *vamoosed*, leaving him minus several hundred dollars, as well as many others.

I then called upon Warder Morris, a Wholesale Druggist on Fourth Street, one of my old Creditors. He received me very coldly, remarking that he had expected better treatment of me. I said we had paid him all we owed as soon as it was in our power to do so, and he should consider himself fortunate to get it. "Yes," he said, "you have our receipt, but I am by no means satisfied with such payment." He said Dr. X exhibited our Bill of Sale wherein we sold him all of our Goods, and

told him that to relieve the Boys from debt he would pay him thirty cents on the dollar, if he would give us a clear receipt; and seeing the case was hopeless, he had accepted the Doctor's proposition. I asked him if the Doctor showed him our agreement, and he replied that he had said nothing about it. I then informed him of its terms, upon which he promised to sue the Doctor for the balance of his claim; but I think he never did so. I was angry, and called on the Doctor to reprove him for his method of settling our debts; but he said our debts were paid, and it was none of my business how he had settled them.

I next started out to find my jolly Friend whose Passage I had paid from Pittsburgh. The day was very cold, and it was an especial "cold day" for me. I chanced to meet the Gentleman on Market Street, with two other Hail-fellows of very much the same manner as himself. He took me to one side and informed me that his Father was out of Town that day, but if I came to the Store the next day he would pay me. He then invited me to join them, as they were on their way to the then famous Restaurant under the Bingham House. My Friend took a private room, and called for Oysters, Terrapin, and Wine. He then proposed a Game of cards, and went out to the Bar to procure a pack; but soon returned, saying they had none, but he would go out and buy a pack. We all sat in the room awaiting his return. I was reading a News Paper and took little note of the time; but the other two became quite restless, and suggested that he was perhaps talking in the Bar Room and they would go out and look for him. As these two did not return either, I began to realise that I had been "left." I laid down the Paper and walked into the

Bar Room, but none of my Friends were to be seen. I told the Proprietor that my Fat Friend had invited me and would pay the bill. He said he knew nothing about the Gentleman (although they had appeared to be old acquaintances when we came in) and that as I was the only man left, I would have to pay. He was sorry I had been the victim of such a dirty trick, and paternally advised me to keep out of bad company. This advice was very generous, but did not go far toward soothing my ruffled Spirits. I paid the bill, which amounted to \$7.50; and I think the lesson was worth to me all I paid for it. I had always a confiding Nature, having been tutored under good old Quaker discipline, and taught never to take anything from another Person without returning a fair consideration; and was loath to believe that most men were not guided by the same Spirit. I have learned much in the course of a long life, but am still often imposed upon by an appeal to my Sympathies.

The next day I visited the Store of my Fat Friend's Father, and made known to the Old Gentleman that I had paid the Passage of his Son from Pittsburgh, and that he had directed me to call upon him for reimbursement. He replied that he had such opportunities as that every day, and declined to pay me anything.

Here I was again, broke, and all my anticipated Winter's pleasure in the company of my Friends crushed. I was ashamed to throw myself on the hospitality of my Friends, or even to inform them of my misfortunes, fearing they would think it only a subterfuge to get help; from the same motives (and the fear of giving a poor idea of my business capacity) I did not write to Mr. Piggot about it; but as I had a few dollars left, I trusted to Providence to provide some means that would carry

me over the Winter. This feeling of independence, and repugnance to asking favors, has perhaps been a drawback to me throughout my life; it is, however, a pride common to our whole family.

I saw in the News Paper an Advertisement for Canvassers to procure Subscribers for Harper's Pictorial Bible. I applied for a District and was appointed, to be paid one dollar for each Subscriber I obtained. In about two weeks I secured 225 Subscriptions. When I returned my Paper, Mr. Zell offered me ten cents a number for delivering them. This gave me a little spending money, and I was again happy, and spent the Winter cheerfully with my Friends.

CHAPTER VI

CROWDED OUT OF LEXINGTON

ABOUT THE first of April I met in the Street Abram Skinkle, a Merchant doing business at a Landing on the Missouri River in Saline County, with whom I had been acquainted in St. Louis; and another Merchant by name of Griswold, of the Firm of Griswold and Pennington of Griswold's Landing, also on the Missouri. They had been buying Goods, but proposed to return in a few days, and desired me to accompany them. So on the fourth day of April, 1844, I parted from many dear Friends and Relatives, some of them for the last time; others, by the Providence of God, I have been permitted to see again.

We took the Philadelphia and Wilmington Road in the evening, and arrived at Baltimore near twelve o'clock. The whole Town appeared to be in a deep slumber; no one was to be seen, not even Hackmen. The night was very dark, and as Baltimore had not yet introduced Gas, objects in the streets could not readily be distinguished; the first thing that attracted my attention was my Friend Skinkle (who was near-sighted) asking of a Pump the way to the Eutaw House, which enquiry the surly Pump refused to answer. The next morning we took the B. & O. Rail Road for Cumberland, then the terminus of the road, where we found eight old-time Stages in waiting. Beside ourselves, there were in our Stage Jacob Block, a wealthy Bohemian Jew of St. Louis (whom I knew well, as he was the Uncle of my "Best Girl") and John Smith, who had the dis-

tinguished honor of being President of the Bank of Missouri, the only Bank in the West whose notes were at par. Block was a jolly, witty old Fellow, exceedingly fond of good jokes; Smith also loved fun, but was entirely too fond of the *Ardent*.

While we were eating our Breakfast at a Village Hotel (after travelling all night on the old Wheeling Pike) Smith managed to slip a couple of Spoons into Block's Pocket; and as we were about to depart, he took the Landlord aside, informing him that Block was a wealthy and high-standing Gentleman, but subject to Kleptomania, so that his Friends had to watch him for fear he brought disgrace upon them; and requested the Landlord to get his Spoons away as quietly as possible. The latter immediately followed Block to the sidewalk, and politely requested him to deliver up the Spoons. Block, highly indignant, denied having them, and roundly abused the Landlord for his insulting impertinence. The Landlord insisted on searching his pockets, which Block (now ready to knock him down) permitted; when Lo and behold! out came the Spoons, to Block's discomfiture and the Landlord's triumphant delight.

Block was no fool; he soon took in the situation, and determined to be revenged. Smith was so much addicted to Liquor that he could not eat a meal of Victuals without taking his Dram; so that evening, when after a rough, chilly day's travel the Stage drew up at a Hotel for Supper, Block was the first man out, and securing the attention of the Bar Keeper, told him that we had been having much trouble with Smith: he had been drinking to excess and had the *Mania a Potu*; and no matter what he might say, he, as his Friend, demanded

that under no pretense should he be permitted to have any Liquor. Block then absented himself, and soon Smith appeared, calling for Whiskey; but the Bar Keeper quietly informed him that he could have no Liquor at that Bar. He appealed to us to vouch for him, but this we all (having been previously posted by Block) refused to do; and Smith's ruby face was evidence against him. He became very angry, but was compelled to go without his Whiskey, and in consequence had little appetite for his Supper. All night, as we drove on, Smith was disconsolate and sulky, and said some ugly words to Block, whom he suspected of making the trouble. At the Hotel where we were to have Breakfast, Block pursued the same course; and when Smith appeared at the Bar and applied for his Constitutional, it was sternly refused. Smith became furious, and abused the Bar Keeper and all of the Passengers, venting a large part of his ire upon Block. We saw that he was suffering for want of his Dram, and persuaded Block to let up on him, with the consequence that the whole eight stage-loads of Passengers were treated at Smith's expense, he hoping thus to end the subject; but the Passengers made merriment of the joke all the way to St. Louis.

After two and a half days of very rough and tiresome Travel, we arrived at Wheeling, where we took Boat for Cincinnati, and from there to St. Louis. Block and Smith became friendly again, and joked and played Cards together all the way.

As this man Block was a very eccentric, as well as a very practical Character, I will here devote a little space to describing some of his habits. As he was the Uncle of Annie Block (whom I have called my "Best Girl") I frequently visited his House, and saw much of

his peculiar ways. He had a Daughter, Ella, of about seventeen years of age, highly accomplished, very attractive, and the heiress to a large fortune. Her company was sought after by many Young Men, but she was imperious and whimsical, and not much given to Sentimentality. Among her Admirers was a Grocer's Clerk, who was poor, but intelligent and generally respected for his substantial worth; and strange to say, the whimsical Miss took a fancy to this practical everyday Young Man (although he had few attractions that other Ladies admired) and was ready to cast her life and fortune at his feet. They were soon betrothed; but she made the proviso that he should procure her Father's consent—a task that required more than ordinary courage, for he well knew the Old Gentleman's peculiarities. But remembering the Maxim that "none but the Brave deserve the Fair," he buckled on his Armor, boldly approached the Old Gentleman, and revealed his mission, saying that he had Ella's consent, and that they desired to be married the coming October (it being then April). The Old Gentleman very gruffly answered: "No! Vat vill a Young Fellow like you, with only \$8.00 per week, do with my Daughter? Vy, she wants twice that much for her spending money!" Wilson (the Clerk) answered that he had saved up about \$300, and hoped by that time to have saved enough to start in business for himself. Block said, "Humph! you will have to manage her better than I have done if you can make enough money to keep her with such a business." The Young Man's hopes were crushed, and he turned to leave; but the shrewd Old Man (who had perceived the sterling worth of the Youth, and had already determined that he should be his Daughter's Husband if

possible) called him back, and said to him: "I tell you vat you shall do: you marry my Daughter next Thursday, and you can have her; but not in October." Wilson answered: "But I am not prepared to go into business now, and she has made no preparations for her Wedding." Block replied, "That makes notting; do as I tell you, and make her do it, and den I tink you are smart enough to be my Son-in-law." The feat was accomplished; the Wedding took place on the Thursday, and directly afterwards Mr. Block presented his Son-in-law with the paid Bill of Sale of his Employer's Grocery Store, the largest and best located in St. Louis. This Young Man became one of the most wealthy and respected Citizens of that City; and so long as I had opportunity to observe them, they lived harmoniously.

In St. Louis I found a letter from Mr. Piggot, desiring me to make some purchases for the Store, but giving me no information in regard to the business. After making the purchases, I took Boat up the Missouri River in company with Griswold and Skinkle. On the Boat I fell into conversation with a nice-looking Gentleman, who informed me that his name was John Wilson, and that he resided in Warsaw on the Osage River. After learning my Profession, he said that Warsaw offered a fine opportunity for a Druggist, as they had none there. He invited me to come out and look at the place, saying that I could do much better business there than at Lexington. He left the Boat at Jefferson City. In a day or two later we left Griswold and Skinkle at their Landings, and soon afterwards I was in Lexington, where I thought Mr. Piggot did not receive me as heartily as I expected.

The next day he expressed a desire to make a trip to St. Louis, to which request I readily assented. He occupied about two weeks in making this trip, during which time I satisfied myself that we were doing a paying business, sufficient to afford us both a good living. As soon, however, as Mr. Piggot returned, he said to me that he did not think our business would maintain us both, and proposed either to sell his interest to me, or to buy mine for \$1200. I answered that his proposition might appear in the eyes of the World to be fair, but he well knew I had not the money to buy his interest, whereas he could readily purchase mine; and I declined his offer. He became angry and surly, and grew more and more disagreeable, making my life miserable, and sadly interfering with the prosperity of our business. I never sought a great fortune, but was anxious to secure a competency; and now I felt that I had a lucrative business I did not wish to part with it; but Fortune seemed to have decided otherwise. I finally broke down and told him I would be glad to be rid of him, and would look around to ascertain if there was any opening for me elsewhere.

Remembering what John Wilson had said to me in regard to Warsaw, I concluded to go and look at that location. As there was no Public Conveyance, I hired a Horse and started for a visit to the Town, which was about eighty miles southeast of us. The road for about ten miles out of Lexington passed through a beautiful country settled by rich Slave Holders, with comfortable Dwellings and Out Buildings. I then came to woodland, where the Settlements began to diminish and the lands were generally occupied by shiftless Squatters. After travelling about twenty-five miles I

came to the miserable Village of Warrenville.¹ Here there was a Log Hotel, where I procured a wretched Dinner served by a wild African Girl, six weeks in the country, who could not speak a word of any language but her own barbarous Jargon. She was tall, with a form as symmetrical as any Woman I ever set my eyes upon, but as black as a Raven. She did not deem it necessary to wear Clothes above her waist, but was adorned with a red Tunic below, and wore brass Bridle Rings in her ears for ornaments.

Soon after leaving Warrenville I came again to wooded country, settled here and there by Squatters in one-room Cabins, with about an acre of ground cleared and fenced in for a Garden. There was a marked absence of any Animals except Dogs about their Settlements. By this time I had strayed off the main road, and the path had become faint; but near night I came out on a large Prairie, where in the distance I saw a congregation of Huts, and turned my Horse in that direction. There were in this Village (which was called Calhoun) twelve Houses, beside the Hotel and the Blacksmith's Shop; there were no Stores, and no Wagon Road; and the Grass grew as luxuriantly in the Street as out on the Prairie. How the Hotel Keeper made his living was more than I could unravel.

This Hotel was a curiosity. It was a double Log Cabin, with two rooms on the first floor, and one on the second covering the whole extent of the Building. This floor was approached on the outside by Box Stairs two feet wide, which landed you in a passage way, elevated two feet above the main room, and separated from it by

¹ There was no Warrenville in Missouri. This should doubtless be either Warrensburg (credited in the U. S. Census Report of 1850 with a population of 1,210) or Warrensburg Village (population 241 in 1850).

a rough partition of split boards about six feet high, like the passage in front of Horse Stalls; in the middle was an opening descending two or three steps into the room, where there were about a dozen Cots. The Landlord was a bleary-eyed Fellow with a cutthroat countenance, and was surrounded by a number of Fellow Townsmen with the same sinister looks; and I am confident that if I had brought out a Razor and a few cakes of Soap, the whole People of the Town would have assembled to see the extraordinary exhibition. This was about the only place I ever visited that made me shiver. However, I was in for it, and concluded that I must make the best of it. The Woman (a six-footer of the same cast as the man) furnished me with Bacon, Corn Donnick, and a glass of Milk for Supper, and I partook liberally of her sumptuous Provender. The Citizens hung around until after dark, and were very inquisitive. I told them I was a Clerk going over to Warsaw to get a situation. I claimed to be a Missourian, and talked large about my Shooting qualities; but I did not sleep much, and kept my Pistol in my hand all night. But all this apprehension was futile: no harm came to me; and possibly these miserable People were as honest and trustworthy as myself.

After a Breakfast similar to the Supper, the Landlord directed me in regard to my route to Warsaw, and I departed from this Model Town, relieved at being able to do so unharmed. I followed the path until about one o'clock P.M., without having seen a House or a Human Being, when I came to timberland, where numerous paths appeared. I ventured into one which appeared to lead in the right direction. Soon the path branched; I selected one of the branches and moved slowly on,

hoping to strike a Habitation or the Main Road, but found neither; and as the path seemed to be bearing towards the direction I came from, I left it and took to the woods, and soon discovered a road, with a man on horseback coming towards me. I hailed him and informed him where I wanted to go, and he replied that he was going there and would show me the road. His name, he said, was Alexander Campbell, and he was the Proprietor of the best Hotel in Warsaw. As we passed along I imparted to him my object in visiting the Town, and told him that I had met one of their Citizens by name of Wilson, who encouraged me to come there. He replied that I could not fail to prosper if I came, as they needed a Drug Store, and I would be well patronised. He told me that Mr. Wilson (more familiarly known as "Black Jack") was a Carpenter and their chief Builder; that he had become somewhat notorious as the Chief of the Warsaw "Slickers" (Regulators),² and that I would do well to keep on the right side of him.

We passed through a country generally timbered, with some small Prairies, very fertile, but sparsely settled. About Sundown we entered the Town, and the first sight that met my eyes was a man running out of a Groggery, pursued by another man shooting at him with a Pistol as he ran across lots: a sight that did not increase my good opinion of the place as an ideal Town in which to locate. Mr. Campbell said they had been gambling, and Hicks had probably cheated the other Fellow. He informed me that this man Hicks was a

² According to local historians, the "Slicker" organization originated a few years before this time in the effort of the community to rid itself of a band of counterfeiters and other desperadoes known as the "Bank of Niangua gang," from the river of that name, where they made their headquarters. The quarrel soon developed into a feud covering several counties, both sides claiming to represent law and order.

peculiar Character: although sociable, good-hearted, and very enterprising, and possessed of considerable wealth and a fine home, he was addicted to gambling, had many tricky ways, and was physically and morally a great Coward.

My Companion invited me to put up at his Hotel (quite an imposing one for that Town); and so long as I remained in Warsaw I made my home there, and was always treated well. The next morning my Friend Jack Wilson made me a call and kindly showed me around the Town, introducing me to the principal Citizens, and devoting most of the day to my service. The Town had about 1200 Inhabitants, a respectable Court House, ten good Stores, and two Hotels, beside Shops, Ware Houses, and other Buildings. All of the Citizens—even the Store Keepers, who had sold all the Medicines used there—encouraged me to open the Drug Store. I found an empty Store that appeared well adapted to my business, and Mr. Wilson introduced me to the owner, Col. Dewitt C. Ballou, a good-natured, easy-going Gentleman, a Lawyer, and a member of the Missouri Legislature. He offered to rent me the Store for \$120 per annum, which I thought reasonable, as it was large, and had a handsome front and Show Window.

I started back next day. Mr. Campbell having given me the best directions he could, I had no difficulty until I came to a point where there were four forks. Here there was a Log Cabin occupied by an Old Lady with her widowed Daughter and three little tow-headed Boys, who fled to the woods at my approach, wild as Rabbits. I asked the Old Lady if she could provide a Dinner for me; she replied that she could, showed me where to feed my Horse, and went cheerfully about her

preparations. They immediately killed a Chicken (no doubt taking me for a Minister of the Gospel) and as I was very hungry, my mouth watered in anticipation of an enjoyable Dinner. But appearances are often deceptive. When I was led into the room, the Old Lady presented me with a very dull knife and asked me to carve. After spending a dollar's worth of labor and perspiration on it, I succeeded in getting it to pieces. I helped the Ladies, and then took a piece myself, but was utterly disgusted to discover that in addition to being only half-cooked, no salt had been used (there was none in the House). While I was always fond of Chicken, I can conceive of no food more nauseating than raw Chicken without Salt. There was no accompaniment but the everlasting Corn Donnick.

At the Table the Old Lady asked me whar I come from. I told her, "From Warsaw." She had heern of that place, she said, but never was thar; and did I know her Brother, who lived in Rockingham County, North Carolina, and was a Legislator man? I said I was never in North Carolina. She then asked me whar I was born, and whar I lived before I come to Missouri, and I informed her that I was born in New Jersey and brought up in Pennsylvania. She expressed surprise, exclaiming, "La me, Daughter, them are places we never heern on!" As I paid her for my Dinner, I requested her to point out the road to Lexington; but she had never heern of that place. Judging where the four roads must lead, I asked her which was the road to Jefferson City—or Boonville—or Calhoun; but she did not know any of them. I then asked her where they bought their Groceries. She said they had never went to any Store but once since they had been thar (about six years)

and then her Husband bought some Salt, she thought at that place I called Boonville. She was able to point out the road he took, which was a pointer to me; I took the road next west of it, and found it to be right.

This was the kind of self-immolation to which these Pioneer Wives had to submit, and it was not surprising that they were so grossly ignorant of the World; nor that the Children became as wild as the Negroes of the African Jungle. (I have frequently seen the latter run like Deer at the approach of a Stranger and hide in the Bushes or under the Buildings.)

Deride them not, 'tis such as these, forsooth,
That plant the Germ of all our future growth.
These are the Mothers of that rugged race
That gives to Mother Earth its comely face.
These tow-head Boys seen peeping from the Trees
Are embryos of other Garfields, Grants, and Hayes.
Since Mayflower's Puritanic crew first landed here,
Our Great Men trace their pedigrees to the Pioneer.

I travelled on, seeing but a few Cabins, and put up at the Hotel at Warrensville, where I was again waited on by the wild African Girl. Early the next afternoon I reached Lexington. I proposed to Piggot to sell my interest in the Store for \$1500; he finally agreed to give me \$1300, if I would take \$300 in the surplus Stock and fixtures that I had bought at X's Sale, which he did not require. I accepted the offer, and next day went to St. Louis, where I bought Stock and shipped it immediately; then returned to Lexington, where I packed up, hired an Ox Team for my Goods and a Horse for myself, settled with Piggot, and bid Good-bye to him and to the Town.

CHAPTER VII

A TOUGH FRONTIER TOWN

I LAUNCHED out on my new adventure with a hopeful heart and a strong desire to find a resting-place where fickle Fortune would not again drive me from Post to Pillar. As the Ox Team was very slow, I pushed ahead to Warrenville, where the Teamster promised to make his appearance that evening; but as he failed to come up, I started back next morning to meet him, and found him near the place I had left him the day before, loading up a new Wagon, the old one having broken a Wheel. He was soon ready to start, and we reached Warrenville that evening. The next day I kept with the Team. We made twenty miles, and slept in a one-roomed Cabin, all bundled on the floor, Boys and Girls together.

The fourth day, after making about the same distance, we came to another one-roomed Cabin in the woods. Although the House was poor, the marks of a Woman with cultivated tastes were readily discernible. There was more cultivated land, more Stock with better shelter, and more attractive surroundings than I was accustomed to find at such Settlements. The Man was a Virginian, and his Wife a down East Yankee. Both were devout Christians; the man asked a Blessing at Table, and made a Family Prayer before retiring; and we and our Animals were treated in the best manner in which they had the means to serve us.

The next day I left the Team on the road and hurried on to Warsaw, where I found my Landlord, Col. Ballou,

engaged in a case in the Court House, and the Store filled with a Stock of Dry Goods, the property of Maj. Whipple (Col. Ballou's Brother-in-law, and like himself a native of New York), who had promised to remove them; but, being careless and dilatory, and much more interested in Politics and Land Speculation than in business, he had neglected to do so. Col. Ballou directed me to put them in Boxes in the Cellar, which I did; and although they were worth about \$2000, neither Ballou nor Whipple came to see what I had done with them. Such was the careless manner in which these Lawyer-Merchants did business. My Teamster arrived at night and discharged his Cargo, and next day the Goods I had bought in St. Louis came in from Jefferson City, our Port of Entry, eighty miles away, by Ox Team.

One afternoon while I was unpacking, there came a rap at the door, and two well-dressed Gentlemen stepped in, saying they wanted to look at my Store and get acquainted with me. I welcomed them, and they asked me some respectful questions; after which one of them (whose name was Jim Piles) asked me where I came from, and what was my Native State. I replied that I came from Lexington, but was born in New Jersey, and learned my business in Philadelphia. "Why, you are a Yankee!" he said. I answered, "We do not account ourselves Yankees; we only recognise New England People by that name." He replied, "Jerseymen are the d—est, meanest kind of Yankees. There are too many d— Yankees here now, and we don't want any more of the breed." I asked him if he came into the Store to insult me, and he replied that I might put any construction on his remarks that I chose. I happened to be unpacking my Scales at the time; and taking a weight in

each hand, I ordered him to get out of the Store, or I would mash his brains out. His Friend ran out quickly, but Piles gave me more impudence as he backed towards the door. I followed him up, menacing him with the weights, and keeping a sharp lookout for his Pistol, having well learned the Character of such Desperadoes; but he did not draw it, and as he backed out I slammed the door and locked it.

This Fellow only came into the Store to try my grit, and was always after that my firm Friend; but he and his Father were among the worst Desperadoes in Warsaw, and I found there were many such there. Old Man Piles was the principal Blacksmith in the Town, and had accumulated a small fortune; while Jim was the Town Dude, and lived on his Father's bounty, rarely ever working, as he had neither Talent nor Education adapted for any business, even gambling. For a time he courted a Young Lady of some pretensions in Bolivar, but a Merchant of that place, who frequently visited Warsaw and had learned of Jim's character, felt it his duty to inform her of it; and in consequence Jim was given his walking-papers. Upon this Merchant's next visit to Warsaw, while he was reading his Paper at the Hotel, Piles came up in his rear and struck him over the head with a Chair; then drawing a Cow-hide while he lay helpless on the floor, whipped him until he was welted from head to foot, and had to be taken home in a Carriage accompanied by a Physician. As in the case of other outrages committed in Warsaw, this man never received any redress through the Law.

The Old Man Piles appeared to be more successful with the Ladies than Jim. Having lost his sixth Wife soon after I came to Warsaw, he dressed himself in

Broadcloth and a large display of Jewelry, hired a young Slave (the property of Col. Ballou) and the best Carriage in Town, and set out to find a new Wife. The Slave was instructed to say that his "Master" was very rich and owned many Slaves and an elegant House, and had but one Child, a grown man (this being the only piece of Truth in the whole Story); but he was to say nothing of any Wife but Jim's Mother, who was deceased (several of the Wives being yet alive). (I got my information from Charley, the Slave.) In about ten days the old Rascal returned to Warsaw with a buxom Young Woman, whom he took to his dilapidated five-roomed House. He abused her as he had his former Wives, and after about six months she returned to her widowed Mother a perfect wreck, and shortly afterwards died. Only a few months after her decease, this modern Bluebeard set out to the South for another Wife (for no Woman in Warsaw would marry him) and returned to Town with a brawny Woman about six feet in height and thirty years of age, bringing with her a Sister of the same pattern. The Boys took it into their heads to give them a *Charivari*. When they came up to the House with their peculiar Racket, he became very angry, and instead of inviting them in he ordered them away. They did not obey, and struck up their Musick again, when Jim appeared and commenced shooting at the Crowd (of whom I was one), and we stood not on ceremony, but departed. This time Piles caught a Tartar. They soon quarrelled, and the Sister was ordered out of the House; but when the Old Man and Jim attempted to lay hands upon them, these Women (who had been taught to use Knives and Pistols the same as men) presented their Weapons, and the Piles (who notwithstanding

their bluster were dastardly Cowards) retreated. This state of affairs had lasted but a short time, when a brawny Brother appeared with a Conestoga Wagon and four Horses; and while the Old Man and Jim were away he loaded the Wagon with his Sisters' Goods (and all of Piles' he could get in), and the three drove away. Jim and the Old Man, having gotten information of what was going on, seized their Arms and pursued them. The Woman Party levelled their Rifles and ordered them to retreat, or Death would be their portion. They deemed Prudence to be the better part of Valor, and allowed the Women to go on their way rejoicing. This ended the Old Man's eighth Honeymoon, and I never heard of his marrying again; but long after I left I heard that both he and his Son met with violent deaths.

I began to realise that I had cast my lot among People whose habits and education were inimical to all my preconceived ideas of what constituted a proper Social Community, endeavoring to conform to the Laws of God and Man. I knew that the Population that usually constitutes Society on the outskirts of Civilisation is made up of Adventurers: in Warsaw these were chiefly Nomads from the Southern States. There were only two Churches in the Town (Methodists and Campbellites) with about seventy Members between them; they were lodged in Shanties, and neither had a stationary Preacher. I reflected that there was not a Soul with whom I could associate with pleasure, nor a reliable Friend to whom I could appeal for advice. I was indeed lonely and heartsick; but I had faith to believe that I would yet find some congenial Spirit under those rough exteriors; and time revealed that there were many

such there. I found a good Friend in a Neighbor,¹ a Tailor of about my own age, intelligent and agreeable, who was elected to the Legislature; Zeb Bishop, Clerk of the Court, a Native of Philadelphia, gave me much wholesome advice; and there were several other Young Men, of noble qualities but little cultivation, with whom I took pleasure in associating, and who proved to be true and devoted Friends: whom I appreciate the more, as without them it would have been difficult to preserve my Life and Property among these desperate People. I also found good Friends and Counsellors in my Host, Mr. Campbell, and my Landlord, Col. Ballou, the latter of whom was the leading Democrat of the County, and had much influence. About January, 1845, my old Friend Abram Skinkle came to Warsaw to reside, and entered into Copartnership with Robert C. Henry, a Philadelphian, but then a Merchant of Warsaw. He had not been in the Town long before he married my "Best Girl" there, Miss Lizzie Fitzler, a Sister of Mr. Henry's Wife. I did not challenge him on that account, but submitted with my usual resignation in a lost cause; and Skinkle and I remained good Friends.

In a short time, with the aid of my Friend Wilson, the Carpenter, I had my Store fitted up and ready for business. The three Doctors of the Town called, expressed their satisfaction at the appearance of the Store, and promised me their patronage. The People came in and made small purchases, but seemed to be very limited in their means. None wanted credit, and I must here say for them that they were, notwithstanding their rough characters, honest in their dealings, and seldom failed to meet their obligations; and I do not believe

¹ Presumably Thomas Coates, who plays a prominent part in a later episode.

there was the value of \$5.00 in unpaid charges on my Books when I left the place. They seldom resorted to duplicity or hypocrisy, but were outspoken and brave in all things, true Friends and dangerous Enemies.

The Boys of the Town were taught self-reliance in very early youth; they could use the Rifle and the deadly Bowie Knife, and some of them were permitted to carry these Weapons. Upon one occasion, when we were having a Dancing-party at our Hotel, we were annoyed very much by a Gang of noisy Boys thrusting themselves into the Ball-room. As a Manager, I attempted to drive them away, when one Boy of twelve (one of the eight Sons of Justice Houser) flipped a Bowie Knife from his Clothes and defied me to put him out. The older Brothers were accounted quiet, peaceable Boys, but dangerous to cross. I sought out one of them, who was standing in front of the Hotel, and informed him of what had taken place, explaining that as I was one of the Managers of the Party it was my duty to keep order. He immediately went for the Youngster, gave him a kick, and sent him flying home.

The People of Warsaw were good-hearted and generous as a Class, full of life and jollity. They were fond of all kinds of Games, such as Cards, Ball, Quoits, Foot-races and Horse-races; and while there were no Theatres, Circuses, or Shows of any kind, good Boating, Fishing, and Gunning were to be had all around the country, and there was a good Livery Stable. They had not advanced far enough in Civilisation to have Pianos or Cabinet Organs, but as substitutes they had Mouth Organs, Jews' Harps, Banjos, Guitars, Accordeons, Drums, Fifes, Flutes, the Violin and the Tambourine; and we had frequent Dancing-parties in the Dining Room of the Hotel.

So it will be perceived that if the Young People did not find enjoyment there it was their own fault; and so far as I was concerned, I had to be very self-denying, or I should have been drawn too far into the constant stream of dissipation and amusement.

As an illustration of the rough sense of fun of these People, I will relate some of their practical Jokes. I was made the Victim of one of them. One dark, drizzly night, as I was making my way to the Hotel after closing my Store, I heard the report of a Pistol, and a Ball struck the Fence a few yards in advance of me. Looking over toward the Plaza, I could discover the dark outlines of a man. Taking my Pistol in my hand, I started toward the object, and when I came near I recognised an Old Rascal, the Proprietor of a low Groggery, who had been obliged to flee from Kentucky on account of chewing a man's ear off in a fight. He was laughing violently, and said he wanted to have some *Fun*: he had expected to see me run to break my neck, but I had more spunk than he thought I had. As I had always been on good terms with the Old Renegade, and could see no motive he could have for injuring me, I accepted the "Joke," as he called it, and let him get all the enjoyment out of it he could.

My old Friend Hicks was the object of another of these Jokes. A large number of Countrymen had come in to Warsaw (riding Horses, Mules, Jack Asses, and even saddled Oxen) to attend a Political Meeting. Among them was an old Fellow who had been victimised by Hicks. After drinking freely, this man put on his War Paint, and went prowling around Town, armed to the teeth, swearing to shoot him on sight. Hicks was warned, and was careful to keep out of the Old

Fellow's way, for his Nature revolted at danger. But after night, being informed that his bloodthirsty Enemy had left Town, he ventured down to the Washington House to hear the news, and perhaps get into a Game of Poker. Knowing his timidity, some of the Boys put their heads together and made up a scheme to play a Joke upon him. The path to Hicks' home led through Brambles about a Creek. Near the Foot-bridge the Boys stretched a taut Rope across the path, and then hid themselves in the Bushes a few feet apart, each with a Six-shooter in his hand. Near midnight, as Hicks entered the dark Bramble, a Pistol was fired behind him. With visions of the bloodthirsty Countryman before him, he gave an awful scream and leap. As he ran, one shot after another was discharged. Soon his feet struck the Rope, and he turned a partial somersault, but gathered himself up and ran swiftly, shouting "Murder!" and did not slacken his pace until he reached home, where he discovered to his surprise that there was not the scratch of a Bullet on him. He offered fifty dollars reward for these Assassins, but could never find out who they were.

I had been in business but a few weeks, when one day I saw the People running in all directions with Rifles in their hands. My Friend Wilson appeared, armed to the teeth and in a great state of excitement, crying to me to close my Store immediately and bring all my Arms to the Washington Hotel. Without saying anything more, he departed on the run. Although I was not able to learn what all the excitement was about, I hastened to comply with his orders. At the Washington House I was immediately directed up to the second story with my Arms. Here I found our leading men assembled

together in earnest conversation. Pistols, Rifles, and Bowie Knives abounded everywhere. The most conspicuous man in the room was a Fellow about six feet eight inches in height, with a large Eagle nose, dark eyes and complexion, long curly black hair hanging down the back of his Hunting Shirt, and an expression of the fierceness of a Lion. He wore lye-colored Pants girded with a red Belt and silver Buckles, and high Boots, from which the handle of a Bowie Knife peered out; another Knife was in his Shirt at the back of his neck; a Pistol was in his Belt, and a Rifle in his hand. This walking Armory was the famous Tom Turk, Chief of the "Slickers" of Benton County. He had come to Town about half an hour before, representing that a Band of three hundred "Horse Thieves" (Anti-Slickers) were on their way with the object of killing him and carrying off a number of the Slickers of the Town (including my Friend Wilson) into another County, where they would be murdered without trial.

We had not long to wait before a band of men on Horseback appeared on the opposite side of the Osage. They forded the River, and boldly rode up within fifty yards of our position, where we had greatly the advantage of them in case of a collision, for we were in front of them with partial shelter, while Wilson's men were on their flank in the Court House. They were led by a notorious Bushwhacker and Horse Thief named Ise Hobbs, and a Hickory County Constable who had the reputation of being a dangerous Desperado. This Constable immediately dismounted and came up to our Guard, announcing that he had a Warrant for the arrest of Tom Turk, Wilson, and a number of other leading Slickers for abusing and beating ("slicking") a man in

their County. Our Officers consulted, and by request of Tom Turk replied that the Warrant might be served, providing the Parties should have their hearing before Esquire Houser, a Justice of the Peace at Warsaw; who, although an Anti-Slicker, and a man no stranger would ever select as an Administrator of the Law, was much more intelligent than he appeared, and generally acknowledged to be so fair that the Slickers (although opposed to him politically) were willing to rely upon his Justice. The band of Horse Thieves returned a defiant answer, and said they would serve their Warrant if it cost half their lives.

We had in our quarters Col. Vaughn, Commander of the Benton County Militia, and an old Cannon that he had in his keeping. The restlessness and intrepidity of Turk urged him to open upon them; but the Colonel was a sober, thoughtful man, and desired to avoid a collision. He ran his Cannon up to the window, smashing the glass, and by his order we fired over their heads. The bold Cavaliers, recognizing "Vaughn's Cannon," fled in great disorder to the River, where they halted; and after a little time the Constable and Hobbs appeared and informed us they would accept our proposition. This was agreed upon, providing not more than five of the Horsemen should ascend the hill during the hearing. All the Parties on the Warrant that could be found were arraigned before the Justice, who held them in bail to answer at the next term of Court. The Anti-Slickers then departed in a body, and the Citizens breathed freer in consequence; although there were many who were sadly disappointed because we did not annihilate them while we had the opportunity.

To a Person ignorant of the incentive that induced

these People to appeal to Arms rather than to the Laws of the Land, all this would appear ridiculous, "much ado about nothing;" but the explanation lies in the wretched state of Society that then existed in that part of the Country. These hardy, self-reliant People had for generations dwelt on the outskirts of Civilisation, where the Executors of the Law were often impotent to enforce it against the outrageous Outlaws that infested Texas, Arkansas, and the southern part of Missouri, so that no honest Tiller of the Soil could peaceably enjoy the products of his labor or have security for his life. These "Horse Thief" Squatters had become sufficiently numerous to control Elections and put their Judges and other Officials into office. Consequently, Justice became very uncertain in the Courts, and many honest People became enraged, and leagued together for the purpose of ridding the country of these pestiferous Fellows; and a few of the most enthusiastic and courageous formed these Companies called "Slickers" for that purpose.

During the time I resided in Warsaw thirty Murders were committed in Benton County, and not one of them was ever punished by the Law. One such Tragedy occurred about the time I came to the Town. The District was represented in the Senate by a Citizen by name of Major, a powerful man possessed of considerable ability, but violent, passionate, and somewhat vindictive. While speaking at a Political Meeting in Warsaw, Major was constantly interrupted with insulting remarks by a desperate Character known as "Reddy." After the Meeting, Major sought out this Fellow with a Hoop Pole in his hand, determined to chastise him. The latter's Friends obstructed his move-

ments, while Reddy, with the fierceness of a Tiger, made a dash at him with a Bowie Knife and plunged it into his heart. While Major's Friends were endeavoring to assist him, Reddy slipped through the crowd, mounted his Horse, and was half a mile away before he was missed. Major's Friends pursued him, but he made his escape into Illinois, and was never afterwards heard of by the People of Warsaw. Is it surprising that "Slickers" should exist where the Law was so poorly enforced?

All men in the County were denominated as "Slickers" or "Anti-Slickers," the latter being sometimes mentioned as the "Horse Thief" party. The Slickers generally affiliated with the Whig Party in Political contests and the Anti-Slickers with the Democrats. Being myself a Whig, and abhorring all that class of men who refuse to support themselves by honest labor, I naturally gravitated to the Slickers, and was soon accounted one of them; but except for the affair recounted above (which I found it difficult to avoid) I refrained from participating in their affairs. The larger and stronger part of the Slickers resided in the country; perhaps a majority of the leading men of Warsaw were opposed to Slicker methods and desired the Laws to be enforced by the Courts.

I will here relate a Tale connected with an old Lawyer of the Circuit Court from Howard County, a member of the Anti-Slicker Party. The distinguished Attorney was in the habit of visiting our Town at every convention of the Circuit Court, riding a splendid Stallion (for he was something of a Sport and delighted in fast Horses), and was liberally patronised by the Anti-Slickers. He found in our Jail a Youth of about twenty years of age charged with Horse-stealing, with

whom he sympathised, and whom he agreed to defend on a promise of future pay in case he should clear him. When the case came up, the evidence was strong against the Youth; but the old Attorney let himself out, representing to the Jury the friendless condition of the poor Fellow, the natural recklessness of unguided Boys, his anxious Mother awaiting his return, and the heartless vindictiveness of his Prosecutors; and in consequence of this pathetic Eloquence the Jury brought in a Verdict of "*Not Guilty.*" The Youth was full of expressions of gratitude for his Benefactor, who invited him over to the Hotel to take Supper with him. When the Old Counsellor arose the next morning, the Hostler announced to him that someone had stolen his Horse and splendid Accoutrements from the Stable. His Client was nowhere to be found. The old Lawyer, raving mad, had a Warrant issued and dispatched the Sheriff after the misguided Boy; but as the Horse was the fastest in the County, the Sheriff had little chance of overhauling him; and after following his tracks to Arkansas, he returned without accomplishing anything. The charitable Old Counsellor was compelled to return minus his Steed, taking a solemn Vow that he would never plead another case for a Horse Thief.

At the next term of the District Court, Tom Turk, Wilson, and the others bound over by Justice Houser, were brought up for trial on the charge of assaulting a Citizen, driving him from his home, and unmercifully beating him on the bare back. The Jury Panel was soon exhausted, and the Sheriff, thinking I would be an unprejudiced man, called on me, and both sides accepted me as Juryman. The Trial was long and exciting; a vast amount of evidence was heard, and speeches long

spun out. Tom Turk proved that he was in Kansas at the time of the affair; only one Person saw Wilson there, and he was not positive of it; and in the end only one of the accused (the Fellow who did the whipping) was positively identified, and he alone was convicted. The Judge immediately (and apparently eagerly) fined him, gave him a year in Prison, and put the whole cost of the Trial upon him. I flattered myself that we had been very lenient towards the Slickers, and that my Friend Wilson, especially, would be well pleased with the Verdict; but when the Jury left the Court House, we were cheered by the Anti-Slickers, and hooted and hissed by the Slickers. Wilson passed me by and barely spoke to me, but the Anti-Slickers shook hands with us and invited us to drink with them; and for many days they came around my Store to congratulate me upon the "righteous Verdict." So now I found myself kicked out of the Slicker Party, and initiated into the Horse Thief Party. I did not feel myself much elated about it, but was compelled to accept the situation.

Not many months after this Slicker Trial, Tom Turk was shot from ambush while riding along the road. His Horse returned home; and his Mother, discovering Blood on the Saddle, armed herself with Rifle and Pistol and set out in search of her Son, whom she found lying dead. Nothing daunted, this heroic Woman managed, alone, to place the body of her giant Son on the Horse and convey him to her home. This event exaggerated the feud between the two Parties. Jim Turk, Brother of Tom, was elected Captain of the Slickers, and the Band became a greater terror than before. Poor Squatters and reputed Horse Thieves were whipped, abused, and driven from their homes. Ere long Jim Turk, too, was

killed on one of his expeditions; and now the frantic Mother headed the Band, and proved even more furious in her persecutions of the Squatters than her Sons, so that the Authorities of the Law were compelled to interfere and check her bloody career. She was still Captain when I left Warsaw, but the Band had been largely suppressed; and I learned afterwards that the Old Lady was killed by being thrown from her Horse. So ended the notorious Turk Family, who might, with their Talents directed to some useful purpose, have become great men and Women.

Among the Horse Thief Band was a Scoundrel named Ise (Isaiah) Hobbs. This Fellow (being full of Rum) boasted in a Tavern that he had shot Tom Turk, and cut out the Thicket in the rear to make good his escape. Upon this evidence he was arrested and tried for murder; and as his own declaration was the principal evidence against him, his Lawyer set up the novel defense that he was the most notorious Liar and Braggadocio in the County, and no Person pretended to believe anything he said, even on oath. But notwithstanding this cunning plea, Hobbs was convicted and shut up in Jail to await his Sentence.

The County Jail at Warsaw was a peculiar institution. It was built something like an Ice House, with a double wall of logs with a space between filled with loose perpendicular logs, so that if a piece were sawed out of one of them the section above would fall down and occupy the space. The Jailer, a rough old Citizen by name of McGowan, who was also a Contractor and kept the Streets in order, was in the habit of having two or three of his Workmen act as Guardians of the Prison. One day there appeared in Town a long, gangling, green-

looking country Youth of about eighteen years of age dressed in a tattered straw hat and yellow Breeches with one Suspender, who expressed a desire to procure a situation as a "Clark." He went from one Store to another, and was at last referred to McGowan, who employed him. After a few days his Employer informed him that he would have to take his turn standing guard in the Jail. The other Boys, to play on the fears of the verdant-appearing Youth, gave him a terrible account of the dangerous and desperate character of Ise Hobbs (who was then the only Prisoner, all others having been sentenced and sent to Jefferson City). He expressed great trepidation, and remonstrated against being shut up in the Jail with that dangerous man. The others said there was no danger, and told him to remain on guard a few minutes while they went up to the Tavern for a Drink. They departed cracking their sides with laughter, and to give him a good scare, remained away two hours; but when they returned, they found the Cell door open and Hobbs and the verdant Youth both gone. The alarm was given; the Sheriff scoured the country for the escaped Convict, but failed to get any tidings of him or his innocent Friend. After some months there was a report that Hobbs was living with a vicious Woman in the southeast corner of the State. The Sheriff summoned a Party, and one of his Scouts having ascertained that Hobbs and his Woman were alone in the Cabin, they procured a log about twenty feet long, and approaching stealthily at midnight, with one blow battered down the door. Hobbs jumped out of his Bed, whooping like an Indian, and reached for his Rifle; but before he could level it he was seized and dragged out of the door. While they were tying him his Woman worked

herself up to him with a Bowie Knife concealed in her dress; but it was discovered in time and taken from her. Hobbs arrived in Warsaw chained like a Wild Beast, but apparently cheerful. He remarked, "They have caught the Old Fox, but they can't keep him; and some of them will pay dearly yet." As soon as the Judge sentenced him he was sent to the Penitentiary at Jefferson City; but strange to say, he escaped again, and was next discovered in Arkansas, where a Party attempting his capture was compelled to kill him.

The destruction of the Leaders had a salutary effect in suppressing these terrible feuds, and comparative peace once more reigned in Warsaw. The Slickers of the Town were far less ferocious in their character than those of the country, and when they did turn out they seldom let their strong arm fall on a Townsman. One such case, however, occurred while I was there. A worthless Fellow had brought a Harlot into Town and rented a House, which a number of men were in the habit of visiting. That was more than this Virtuous Community could tolerate. Wilson's Band organised and caught the Woman's Pal in the Street, took his Knife and Pistol away, and tying his feet together, rode him on a sharp Rail through the Streets to the Musick of Fife and Drum. After exposing him to the whole Town, they marched him to the River with the intention of ducking him; but the Fellow begged so hard that several good Citizens interceded and plead with the Slickers to give him an opportunity to leave the Town. Wilson told him he could leave immediately, but if ever caught there again he would be roughly handled; and he departed on double quick time amid the hoots and jeers of the Party, without saying

goodbye to his Lady Friend. The Woman was notified to move away within two days, and hired one of McGowan's Teams to take her Goods to Jefferson City. I suppose the Teamster had given out the starting-time, for before she was fairly loaded up about one hundred Negro Wenches appeared on the ground, armed with Tin Pans, Bells, and a number of other horrifying Musical Instruments. When her Ladyship mounted the Wagon seat the signal was given for Bedlam to let loose, and the Negroes followed the Team for about half a mile, dancing, singing, hooting, and beating their various horrid-sounding Implements. That Woman did not return to Warsaw.

CHAPTER VIII

OSTRACISM AND MURDER

MY BUSINESS increased; I rented a new and larger Store in a better locality; and I now enjoyed the patronage and society of the best People. There were a number of Families that were fairly cultivated, and I delighted to be in their company. I found contentment and enjoyment, and looked forward to the coming of better days.

Heretofore, one of the most difficult things I had to manage was to keep on good terms with both Slickers and Anti-Slickers, but this I had succeeded in accomplishing to a great extent. But a new enemy crept in. My Quaker education had given me a strong aversion to the Institution of Slavery, but my natural caution admonished me to avoid the subject as far as possible in this Slave-holding Community. There was boarding in the Hotel with me a Lady School Teacher, a Native of Massachusetts and the Daughter of a Methodist Preacher, then living in Illinois. She was a competent Teacher, and had a large School in Warsaw. As she was more intelligent and interesting than other Young Ladies of the Town, I frequently spent my evenings in her company, and always found her bright, lively, and instructive. Like most Massachusetts Women, she had a great antipathy to the Institution of Slavery, and could not help expressing her sympathy with the poor Slaves. As I was the only man there who had any sympathy with her views on the subject, she would sometimes enter-

tain me with these Christian Sentiments. I often cautioned her to be more circumspect in her remarks, as she would surely come to grief if she expressed her sentiments so freely: sometimes she would try to restrain herself, but the natural impulse of the Woman would creep out.

One evening after Tea she requested me to meet her in the Parlor, where she handed me a note, signed by Wilson and others in behalf of the Slickers, warning her to settle up her affairs and leave Warsaw within twenty days. She requested my advice upon the subject, and I told her the best thing she could do was to heed the warning immediately. She sobbed and shed many tears, but wrote to her Father relating the circumstance; then notified the Children that she would close the School on Saturday, and sent her bills to the Parents, most of whom paid promptly. Everything in relation to the matter was kept so silent, that if I had not learned of it through her I should not have known of it at all. Before the time expired, the old Reverend Father came driving into Town in an old time Gig, and put up at our Hotel. The Old Gentleman had little to say, only remarking to me that his Daughter had come there contrary to his wishes, and he was pleased to be able to take her away. He was not asked by the Church People there to deliver a Sermon; so great was the terrorism of the System of Slavery that these Christian People, if they desired it, dared not give the poor Girl or her Father a word of sympathy; and I myself kept as much aloof from the affair as possible.

The second morning after the arrival of the Father, as I was attending to my business in the Store, I heard a great noise in the Street. Looking out, I saw a crowd of

Women with horrid noisy Instruments such as I had listened to a few months before, when the Harlot was drummed out of Town: only I now observed that this motley crowd was headed by several of the leading White Women of the Town, who called themselves Ladies. In the midst of this assemblage of "Ladies" (white and black) could be seen the Reverend Old Father and his Daughter in their Gig, the Old Man driving his Horse on a walk, calmly turning his eyes from side to side, as if taking notes of this (to him) unprecedented exhibition of the degradation of Slavery. The half-civilised Wenches and their Demon Mistresses howled, clattered their noisy devices, and abused the Old Man and his Daughter with opprobrious and insulting epithets. The Daughter was in tears, but the Old Man manifested no haste to escape the escort of his Tormentors, and continued his slow pace for about a quarter of a mile, when the "Ladies" halted, and gave them a set-off that would have done credit to the inhabitants of a Jungle.

My heart goes out in profound sympathy to this noble, heroic Young Woman, who, enjoying a comfortable home and the society of worthy and loving Parents and appreciative Friends sacrificed all these to the noble aspiration of carrying the cultivation that God had blessed her with, to these Frontier Children who so much needed the light that she could impart; and I feel ashamed of my Country (as well as of myself) that permitted the names of such heroic Women to die in obscurity, while the deeds of many a wily Statesman and destructive Warrior are emblazoned on the Nation's Roll of Honor.

I was indignant over this outrage, but carefully held

my tongue: not altogether through Cowardice, but from the fact that I was powerless, and knew that anything that I could say or do would only aggravate her troubles and bring certain destruction upon my own head. A windy, light-headed Young Man, who sometimes lounged about my Store and always professed great Friendship for me, seemed to find great amusement in this event; and I carelessly remarked that Squire Houser should issue a Warrant for those White Ladies and bind them over to keep the Peace. This remark the Young Fellow repeated, and it came to the ears of Mr. Everett, a Virginian by birth, but then a Merchant of Warsaw, whose Wife was one of the Ladies who formed the escort. (This Gentleman was very fond of Whiskey. He came into my Store once for a dose of Castor Oil, and asked me to inform him of the best method to take it. Knowing his fondness for Whiskey, I instructed him to take it in that; but he rebelled at the suggestion, on the ground that it might set him against the Whiskey.) Mr. Everett became greatly incensed at the remarks I had made about the Ladies who headed the *Charivari*, and the next morning as I was passing his Store, he accosted me in a very dignified manner, saying: "I understand, Sir, that you have been making invidious remarks about my Wife." I answered him that I had not alluded to his Wife individually in any remarks I had made; upon which he told me he had heard that I had said his Wife was no better than the Wenches she associated with, and ought to be arrested. (He had hit my thoughts, but not my words.) I repeated what I had said to the Young Man. "Then, Sir," he said, "I demand an apology." I told him I had no apology to make, nor anything to retract. "Then, Sir, I will be compelled

to chastise you!"—at the same time raising his Cane; but I was prepared for him, and quietly drawing my Pistol, remarked, "If you strike me, I will be compelled to shoot you." He immediately put his Cane down, and although he sputtered a good deal, he kept receding toward his Store, and as soon as he was in, closed the door in my face.

This episode will no doubt appear singular to many of my Friends who know my education and natural timidity; and they will hardly be able to realise that a residence in a Community like this involved the necessity of carrying deadly Weapons. I felt compelled to accept the Proverb, "When in Rome, do as Rome does," in respect to self-protection; for I felt assured there was no protection to be expected from the Law. I was always careful to avoid getting into danger, but when forced into it, I generally found Courage enough to answer my purpose. The event, however, was unfortunate for me, for I lost a number of Friends by it; although not so many as I expected, as Everett was very unpopular, even among his own kind.

About this time there came to Warsaw a Young Brother of Col. Ballou, who soon became a fast Friend of mine. He was a rollicksome Fellow, full of pranks and fun. One night he dressed himself up in a Sheet, and about midnight called me out of my Bed. When I opened the door, there stood a "Ghost." I seized a weight with the intention of throwing it at him, but he laughed, and I recognised his fine set of teeth and called his name; but he came near to having his Skull crushed. Not satisfied with this experiment, he called up the Clerk of Mr. White, a neighboring Merchant. When this Young Man saw the Apparition, he struck him

over the head with his Lantern, knocking him senseless, and in his fright fell into a Cellar Area himself. Both of them were so severely injured that they were laid up for some time; and this terminated that Fun.

Young Ballou had become acquainted with a very pretty and attractive Young Lady, the Daughter of McGowan the Jailer. Although her Father was rough and uncultivated, he had given her a fair education; but she was not admitted into the society of the *Elite* of the Town; and at the one Party she had attended she was badly snubbed. Ballou, who had a good heart, was determined that she should come to our Parties and dance if she desired to do so. He broached the subject to Thomas Coates (our young Member of the Legislature), to myself, and to several other Young Men, who all approved his project; and he made an agreement with a Mr. Burgess to escort her to the next Party. When the time arrived, Burgess brought her, adorned in her best, and looking as sweet as any Lady in the room. I had accompanied a Miss Blakely, the Daughter of an aristocratic Slave Holder. When the Set was called, I took my place with her on the floor; but as soon as Burgess and Miss McGowan came into the Set, Miss Blakely sat down and refused to dance. The Young Lady with Thomas Coates did the same; but we both secured new Partners (Married Ladies) and danced the Set through. In the next Set, Coates had Miss McGowan, and I induced Mrs. White (an Eastern Woman, Wife of one of our Merchants) to dance with me; but the other Boys failed to get Partners, and we had to dance the Set through with only two Couples. In the meantime, the Ladies had put their heads together, and refused to dance with any Young Man who had countenanced bringing the

Girl to the Party. Five of us were thus ostracised, and were compelled to walk around without participating in the Dance. Miss McGowan shed many tears, and at her request Burgess escorted her home. But this did not help our case: we were still tabooed; and my Temper rose to the boiling-point.

At an interval in the Dance I walked up to Mr. Goff (our only Musician) and asked the privilege of examining his Violin. He handed it over to me and stepped away to get some refreshments. While his back was turned, I slipped out of a side door and made haste to lock up the Violin in my Store, and then returned to the Hotel, where I noticed considerable excitement. I first entered the Bar Room, and found them angrily discussing the matter. John Nugent (Mr. White's Clerk) handed me a splendid pair of Duelling Pistols, telling me they were threatening to kill me if I did not bring the Violin back, but advising me to fight it out, and I could count him with me. I returned the Pistols, saying I had a Six-shooter of my own, and then went into the Parlor in order to see Miss Blakely home. She informed me that she had other company, and my services would not be required. I took this rebuke philosophically, and entered the Ball Room with numerous Friends at my back. Here I was accosted by James Atkinson and Peter Everett, who demanded the return of the Violin. I refused to comply, and Atkinson said, "By G—, Pancoast, if that Violin is not immediately returned, there will be more Blood shed in Warsaw to-night than there ever was before!" Ballou, Coates, Nugent, and others managed to get in front of me as he drew his Pistol, and at this moment some new and unexpected Friends appeared in his rear: as he attempted

to get at me, half a dozen of the Houser Boys seized him by the hair and arms, took his Pistol away, and tumbled him and Everett out of the room. Wilson was conspiring with these Fellows; but when he saw I had all the dangerous fighting men with me, he slunk away into the Bar Room. My Friends and myself retired to our homes as soon as we could decently get away; but John Nugent, an unwise Youth about twenty years of age, went into the Bar Room, and (having perhaps drunk too much) managed to get into a row, and was shot; but the Wound did not prove serious.

Mr. Coates, who was active in assisting the Housers to oust Atkinson, had made some remark that greatly offended Jack Wilson; and the next day (Sunday) he was warned to look out, as Wilson had been heard to say he would kill Tom Coates. I myself was warned to look out for a certain Desperado well known in Warsaw (whose name I cannot now recall) who had sworn to take my life at sight. The Boys who had been in the scrape naturally came into my Store to talk the matter over, and with them came Constable Chalmers (as I now see, as a Spy). But we did not contemplate carrying the matter any further. Mr. Goff had his Violin, and was satisfied, and we expected the whole unfortunate and ill-advised affair to rest where it was; but "Man proposes and God disposes." After we had conversed together for some time, Mr. Coates remarked that he had to accompany a Lady to Church, and it was time he was going. Wilson was coming down the Street, but as none of us had any faith in what we had heard, we all went inside the Store except Burgess, who remained out of curiosity to see what Wilson would do when he encountered Coates.

As soon as they met, Wilson struck him with his Cane, splitting his high hat to the Skull, and then drew a large Bowie Knife from the neck of his coat; but Coates was too quick for him. Slipping under Wilson's arm, he drew a small Knife, which he plunged into him several times, penetrating his heart. We heard the Constable cry "Murder!" and running out of the Store saw Wilson lying on the ground, and Coates picking up his hat, his hair standing on end like bristles. With a most frightened countenance he said as I ran up, "Did you not see how he rushed upon me?" Wilson's body was carried into my Store, where all the Doctors in Town were soon present; but to no purpose, for he was dead.

There was great excitement in Warsaw on account of this unfortunate affair, and the People were much divided in their feelings. Mrs. Everett pointed out to her admiring Friends a Gallows she had erected in her Yard "to hang Tom Coates upon;" while other Ladies carpeted his Cell in the Town Jail, and furnished him with a Cot and Bed-Clothing, good things to eat, and Books and Papers to read. At the time of the Trial the feeling manifested was still more intense. So determined were Coates' Enemies to convict him that they procured two Scoundrels to perjure themselves and swear his life away. The Prosecutor called an Old Rascal from the country (a Stranger to me) to disprove my testimony and that of Burgess, who was Coates' most important Witness, as he had seen the whole affair. This Countryman testified that I had told him that Coates loaded his Pistol in my Store, swearing to kill Wilson the first time he met him; and that Burgess was in the back room of the Store when the affair took place, and did not see it at all. This Fellow also swore that he saw the affray,

and gave an entirely different version of it from Burgess and Chalmers. He pulled through with his Lies until one of Coates' Lawyers took him in hand, and asked him where he stood when he saw all this. He studied a moment, and answered, "At the Ferry Landing." Now in order to do this, he had to see up a Hill thirty feet high, and two hundred feet or more around the corner of a row of Houses. The Lawyer said, "That will do!" It appeared that the Fellow was not in Town at the time, and had been misinformed as to where the affair took place; consequently, like most Liars, he was caught in his own trap. Judge Wright (who did not like the Slickers, especially Wilson) made a very fair charge to the Jury, and a Verdict of "*Not Guilty*" was brought in. As Coates came out of the Court House he was cheered by his Friends, who guarded him to his home. He was a Member of the State Legislature, and had been very popular; but this affair caused him to lose many Friends, and he was not nominated at the next Election. His Enemies persecuted him in his business, and proscribed him socially wherever they could do so. He remained in Warsaw nearly two years after his Trial, but found things so unpleasant that he removed to California, where he became a Member of the Legislature, and was distinguished for his superior abilities. In 1852 he headed a Party of Volunteer Soldiers against hostile Indians in the northeastern part of the State, and in the encounter with them was killed.

The bitterness of feeling toward Coates was keenly felt by myself. I was regarded as his best Friend, and various Parties began to conspire together to get me out of the Town. Mr. Major, the largest Slave Holder in Benton County, (a Brother of the Senator Major

who was murdered in an affray hereinbefore described), had another Brother who was a Druggist doing business somewhere on the Missouri River. Major and his Friends induced this Gentleman to come to Warsaw and open an opposition Drug Store. It is probable that they would not have taken this means of getting rid of me had I been in the position of the poor friendless School Teacher; but I had now secured the Friendship of the most courageous and influential Young Men of the Town, and also of the principal Business Men, as well as of some who might be termed the dangerous class, such as the Houser Brothers; I was in the good graces of a majority of the Ladies; I had joined the Lodge of Odd Fellows; and I could have commanded through my Friends hundreds of desperate Countrymen who would have rejoiced to come to my rescue. So they did not resort to the Slicker dodge of giving me notice to leave, but resorted to this insidious device to drive me away. Even my Friend Skinkle, who had nothing to do with the affair at the Ball, and kept himself aloof from the whole matter, suffered in his business simply because he was a Friend of mine.

The whole Drug business of the Town was small, and two Stores could not pay their expenses and live. I continued to hold the patronage of a majority of the Town People and almost all of the Country People, as well as of three of the four Doctors now in the Town, one of whom (Dr. Ruffin) had more practice than all the rest together. No device that Major could resort to (and he resorted to many) could take this patronage away from me. Major had money, but he soon began to sicken with the amount of business he was doing; and after a trial of six months he came to me and offered

to buy or sell. As I was anxious to get away from the delectable place, I told him I would sell for original costs and ten per cent, which offer he accepted; and after paying me in cash, moved his Stock into my Store.

Here ends my life in this Town from the Spring of 1844 to January, 1846, which was crowded with more stirring events than are usually experienced in a generation, and appears to me like half my lifetime. So great an impression did it make on my mind that to this day I am ever dreaming of wandering around Warsaw, and seeing every House and location in it. Yet it was burned down and destroyed in 1862 by the Rebel Bands of Price or Quantrill; though why the Rebels should desire to destroy the Town of so sympathising a People was always a mystery to me.¹

¹ According to Lay, the local historian, while the town suffered from the raids of both armies, the chief damage was done by bands of desperadoes, who took advantage of the disturbed conditions to perpetrate their outrages.

CHAPTER IX

STEAMBOATING ON THE OSAGE

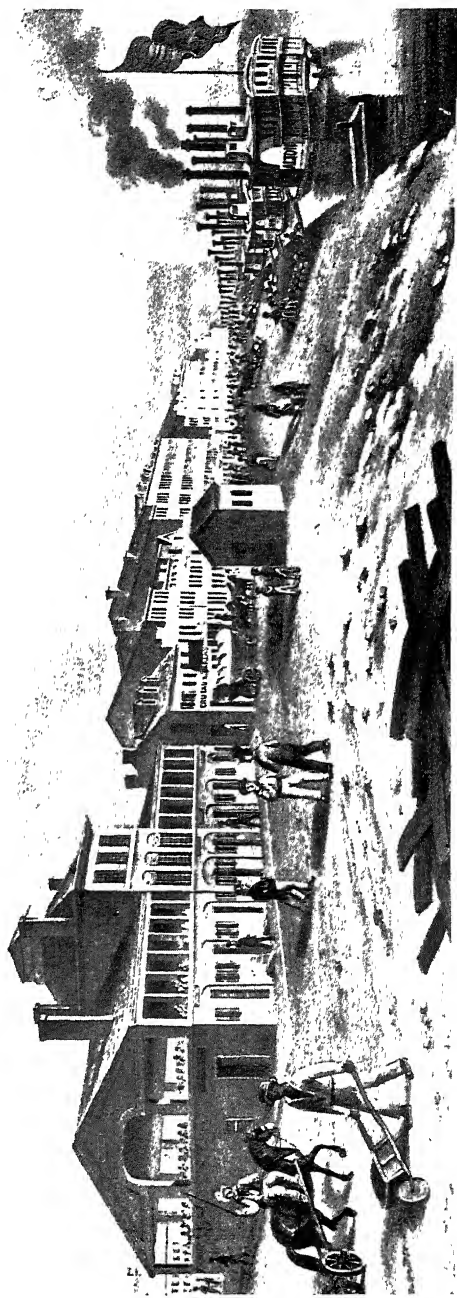
AND NOW your Relator was once more afloat on the vast Globe without a Rudder to guide his Barque. My ruling desire had always been to find a fixed location where I might spend a lifetime of rest; but now this desire was again thwarted, and I realised that I was only a Splinter cast off from God's Creation by some Centrifugal Force, and doomed to wander until some attractive Gravitation should fix me to a point on the Earth.

About this time my Old Friend Abram Skinkle conceived the idea of purchasing a Steam Boat to run up the Osage in the Spring, when the Water was high, and in the dry season to run up the Missouri; and knowing me to be out of business, he proposed to me to join him in the Adventure. As his proposition appeared to me to have in it the elements of success, I assented, and we went to St. Louis to purchase a suitable Boat. Many were offered for sale, but they were adapted, either not to the Trade, or not to our Purse; but we finally purchased an old Boat called the *Otter*, of about 350 tons capacity, drawing (light) about eighteen inches of water. As Skinkle's purchasing ability was limited, I had to take a two-thirds interest in her, and he the other third. It was agreed that he should be Captain, and I Clerk. Of course we were both Novices at the business, but Skinkle had a good business capacity (a very important thing in Steam Boating) and we secured good offers.

By the first of March we had her fitted up and at the Levee. We put up our Sign for the Osage River, and soon secured a number of Passengers and as much Freight as we could carry. We made two trips to Warsaw without any serious interruption, clearing about \$1000 on each, and made a third trip with more delay and less profit.

The People up the Osage were very primitive. Many of them had never seen a Steam Boat before, and we were often amused by their eccentric pranks. On one occasion we saw an Old Lady coming down the hill, making great efforts to attract our attention. Supposing she wanted to take passage, we wheeled our Boat around with considerable difficulty, and got out the Stage Plank. The Old Lady then informed us she had a Letter she wanted to send to St. Louis. I took the Letter, and our Officers did a little solid swearing; but the Old Lady said she could not expect anything better from Yankees. On another occasion we were hailed by a German who wanted to ship some Hams and Cheese. He directed our men to his Barnyard, where he took off a large pile of Manure, in which the Cheese and Hams were buried. Sweet morsels for the Consumer!

Although the Osage generally became so low by the middle of June that it could not be navigated with any certainty of success, we put up for another trip. When we arrived at the mouth of the Osage, we observed that the water was low, but continued on our Journey; but we were delayed at every Bar. On this trip I came near losing my life. When the water was low it ran with great rapidity over the Bars, and the Boat would sometimes hammer for hours before we could succeed in



ST. LOUIS WATERFRONT IN 1840

stemming the rapid Current. At one of these Falls I was lounging on the Deck, sighting a Tree, and stepped on a pile of Stage Planks. My weight upset them, and I was precipitated into the swift Current. I had presence of mind enough to know that the Current would instantly sweep me under the Wheel, and my only effort was to sink deep enough to clear it. I heard the Wheel above me, and then struggled to come to the surface; but before I got there I was near fifty feet below. I knew it would be useless to attempt to reach the Boat, and headed with the Current, which set in to a Rocky Bluff a few hundred yards below. I made the Rocks, but could not hold on; and I went tumbling on a hundred yards or more further down, where I succeeded in holding on to a point of Rock, and scrambled out, nothing worse, except a skinned arm and a bad scare.

When we arrived at Linn Creek, we had already consumed ten days on our trip; and Capt. Burgess (our Pilot) informed us we could go no further until there was a rise in the River. The Passengers deserted us and took to land Travel, with no method of conveyance except what Nature afforded them. We lay at Linn Creek for several days at an expense of \$75.00 per day. Then there came a heavy shower, which raised the River enough to permit us to run up to Warsaw; but the River fell so rapidly that we met with great difficulty and delay in getting out. At Warsaw there came aboard a very conceited Young Man, who enquired the Passage to Linn Creek, and the distance. I replied that it was accounted to be sixty miles, and that the Passage would be two dollars. He then asked how long it would take to run there, and I told him if we had good luck, we should be there in four hours; but the River was low,

and we might be much longer. He said the price was extortionate, and proposed to give me forty cents an hour, and forty cents for each meal. I accepted his offer, and for amusement wrote out a short Agreement for him to sign. We were soon fast on a Bar, and then on another, and occupied thirty-two hours in getting to Linn Creek, which made the Young Gentleman's passage amount to \$14.00. He begged off pitifully, saying all the money he had was \$5.00. I reminded him that it had cost us a hundred dollars to carry him those extra hours. However, I compromised with him for three dollars, and landed him, I believe, wiser than before.

When we figured up our expenses for this trip we found we were out of pocket \$900, and for the first time began to realise that this business had two sides to it financially. I seemed to have been launched into a new World. The Drug business is slow and plodding, and money can be made in it only by slow degrees. Steam Boating was the very opposite of this. Every trip was a venture; there was constant hurry and confusion and change of scenery, and constant anxiety about the success of your enterprise. The ever-besetting difficulties of navigating those shallow waters made failure, as well as profit, always possible, and indeed probable; but the very adventurous nature of the business seemed to have a charm for me, and I felt as if nothing could ever induce me to return to the dull confinement of a Drug Store again. But I had already discovered that my Bed was not one of Roses. Our entire dependence on the services of rough, insolent, and unreliable men was a constant source of irritation to me. The wasteful Stewards; the dishonest Supply

Men; the swindling Squatters who supplied us with Fuel along the River; the Engineers endlessly demanding money for repairs;—all constituted a gang of Cormorants that were not easy to satisfy, nor calculated to make the Proprietors happy. I soon found my natural Milk of Human Kindness eking out of me, and I was not half so good a Fellow as I was before.

On this last Osage trip a large burly Deck Hand gave the Captain some impudence. He immediately left the Hurricane Deck, and although the man was nearly double his weight, he gave him a good pummeling, which proved thereafter to have a good effect on a very drunken, unruly Crew. On the same trip the Captain had a Combat with an ugly-dispositioned Engineer, and gave him a trouncing. But he was somewhat worsted by a fire-eating New Orleans Captain at St. Louis, who attempted to force his Boat (double the size of ours) into the jam at the Levee, between us and another Boat. Skinkle warned him not to push in, but he gave no heed to his remonstrances, and continued to push ahead, mashing our Wheel House unmercifully. Skinkle addressed him in not very delicate terms; whereupon the New Orleans Captain drew out a Pistol and commenced to fire at Skinkle, who made rapid strides for safer quarters. All the redress we ever received was that we compelled him to pay for the damage he did to our Boat.

The Osage River had now become too low for navigation, and we had to look elsewhere for business. We raised our Sign for St. Joseph on the Missouri River, although we had grave doubts in regard to our success, as there were many finer and faster Boats in the Missouri River Trade. We had to engage almost an entire new Crew. The Pilots were the highest-priced and most

independent Fellows we had to deal with. We succeeded in obtaining two at the low price of \$200 for the Chief (an Irishman) and \$100 for his Indian Assistant. We had to pay the Chief Engineer \$125 and his Assistant \$75. (The larger Boats paid \$400 per month for their two Pilots, and \$300 for two Engineers; and some of the largest had four Engineers.) We soon engaged all the Freight we desired, but could not obtain the prices we received on the Osage River.

During our stay in St. Louis, taking on Freight and Passengers, a Gentleman from Warsaw (who had volunteered at the time of the Wilson Tragedy to dispose of your Humble Servant by shooting him, but afterwards, sympathising with me on account of a spell of sickness I had, concluded he would not, as he himself related to me) appeared on our Boat, looking rather wild, but assuming to be composed. He was very friendly, and gave us all the information he could about Warsaw (except one little circumstance). He engaged passage to Jefferson City, and said he wanted to buy some Paints (for he was a Painter) and would be on board with them the following evening. In the morning I was somewhat surprised to see Sheriff Keown and his Deputy from Warsaw come on board. After saluting us, the Sheriff enquired for my Friend the Painter, and informed us he had just committed a most wanton Murder on a Young Man in Warsaw who had made a jocular remark about him. The Sheriff left a man on the Boat to watch, but failed to get any trace of him, and I believe the Fellow was never captured; which was a pity, as this was reported to be his third Murder.

We left St. Louis in the evening with about 170 tons of Freight, 75 Cabin Passengers, and about 50 Deck Pas-

sengers, which was more encouraging than we had anticipated. We pursued our passage to St. Joseph without interruption, sparring over only a few Bars, and made the trip in less than twelve days, with a profit of about \$350. There was a Passenger on the Boat by name of Morgan, who frequently travelled with us, hail-fellow-well-met with everybody; and any verdant creature he could induce to play Cards with him, he would fleece. The first night out he managed to get into a Game with a young Border Ruffian; and when I came to this Fellow for his Passage money, he informed me that Morgan had emptied his Pocket Book, and I would have to put him ashore. As he had several hundred miles to travel without a cent in his pocket, I hesitated about doing that; and I suggested to Capt. Skinkle that we should make Morgan pay the Young Man's Passage. Skinkle approved of this suggestion, and we acted upon it immediately. Morgan flatly refused to pay the Passage, and threatened to sue us for damages if we put him ashore; but Skinkle was always rash, and did not stand on trifles. He immediately ordered the Boat stopped, and the Mate and a number of the Crew took hold of Morgan, entered the Yawl with him, and moved for the Shore (a Wilderness many miles from inhabitants). Here Morgan broke down, and told the Mate that he would pay the Greenhorn's Passage, and give him (the Mate) \$5.00 for his trouble. The Mate demanded the money, which was immediately forthcoming, and they returned to the Boat amid the shouts and laughter of the Passengers; but this did not disturb Morgan's equanimity a particle—his Cheek was impenetrable. But thereafter he always, if necessary, paid the Passage of skinned-out Passengers without a grumble.

We had another Gambler on our down trip. As we lay over night at Fort Leavenworth (at that time solely a Military Station) this Gambler, not having found anyone among the Passengers to pluck, concluded he would go up to the Fort and get up a Game among the Officers. On his way he encountered a Sentinel, who demanded the Password. Davis (the Gambler) told him he was a Friend of one of the Officers, whom he intended to visit; but the Sentinel informed him that he must stand fast until the Officer of the Guard came. Davis was not pleased with this and became insolent, whereupon the Soldier pricked him with his Bayonet and ordered him to mark time. Davis, seeing the Sentinel was in earnest, complied, and marked time until midnight, when the Relief Party came and took him to the Guard House. Here he was kept until morning, and was then escorted back to the Boat, where he related his woeful experience, to the great amusement of the Passengers.

This trip proving fairly profitable, we concluded to make another, and in a few days we were loaded with Freight and a goodly number of Passengers. We had on board five Catholic Priests, and on the evening we were to start a number of Rats were seen going ashore. About half of our Crew, regarding these as ill omens, refused to go with us, and we were delayed in consequence of having to ship other men. We put off, however, with good cheer, until we approached the mouth of the Missouri River, about twenty miles above St. Louis, when we saw a large Mississippi Boat bearing toward us. Our Pilot was hugging the center of the River, in order to avoid the strong Current on the Illinois side, which was our proper place. We thought the other Boat was out of her course, and would give way toward

the Shore, where there was abundance of room; but she came rapidly on, striking us near the Bow, and trimmed off every timber to the Stem, letting our Wheel House, Shaft, and Cook House down into the River, and leaving one side of the Hull completely bare. In consequence of the large amount of weight removed from that side, we lay over on the other, and it took active work to keep us from turning over and sinking. Two Deck Passengers and one of the Priests were thrown overboard and drowned, and several others made narrow escapes. The other Boat did not deign to stop to see what damage had been done. We cast Anchor and repaired the Hull so that we could right her up, and in the morning managed to run down on one Wheel to St. Louis, where the Boat lay on the Docks for three weeks at a cost of over \$1000.

When we came off the Docks we put up our Sign for Iowa Point, a Landing above St. Joseph. This was further up the Missouri than Boats usually ran, but we were induced to go there by a Merchant who had a large invoice of Goods for that point, and was willing to pay a good price for the Freight. (At that time St. Joseph was the extreme northwestern Town of any importance on the Missouri River; Kansas City consisted of a few Houses under the hill, and there were no Towns at Leavenworth, Atchison, Omaha, Iowa Point, or Council Bluffs.) We proceeded on our trip with no uncommon interruptions until we came to a Wood Pile about twenty miles above St. Joseph, where we lay up for the night in a country occupied by Kickapoo Indians. During our suspension of business we had lost our Mate, and had employed a burly Irishman by name of Dodd, who shipped an Irish Crew. As soon as we had put on the Wood and paid the old Indian who claimed it, the

Crew left for the Indian Village (about a mile inland) and did not return until the next morning, some of them in a very besotted condition. Capt. Skinkle sharply reproved the Mate for his conduct, whereupon Dodd, with the whole Crew, marched to the Office and demanded their Wages. We refused to pay them, and they marched ashore, leaving us in the Wilderness without Mate or Crew. But we were not to be outdone that way, and the Officers and a Passenger took turns as Firemen until we reached Iowa Point. Here our Shipper went into the country and returned with a dozen men to unload his Freight. We induced three of them to act as Firemen as far as St. Joseph, where we procured half a dozen green "Pukes" to ship with us until we could pick up better qualified men. The trip was made in fourteen days, with some profit to us.

We had not much more than made fast to the Levee at St. Louis when a Constable presented himself with seventeen Summons to answer Mate Dodd and his Crew. The Claimants rather overdid the thing: they claimed fifteen days' Wages (although they had served but six) and damages for putting them ashore in the Wilderness. The Justice refused to hold us on the Tort, but gave Judgment for fourteen days' Wages. We appealed to Court, which gave these Fellows about as much trouble as they were giving us. As they were all wandering Boatmen, they did not know where they would be when the Case came up, and could not afford to wait for trial. This sickened Dodd, and they finally agreed with us to take six days' Wages and pay half the costs (a large sum); which caused them to lose more than they received, while it cost us double as much as if we had paid them when they first demanded it. It

will occur to the mind of the Reader that Law in St. Louis is a Luxury in which no Poor Man has a right to indulge.

It was now October. There had been Rains, and the River was rising. More and larger Boats were competing for the Fall Trade, and we had to carry Freight at reduced rates. We again put up our Sign, and this time took on three hundred tons (double what we had been carrying) and a good load of Passengers. We met with a stiff Current and our headway was very slow, as our Engine had not sufficient power to cope with such a Current when heavily loaded; and we were nearly eight days in getting to St. Joseph. On this trip we had some Freight for my old Partner, Mr. Piggot, at Lexington. He informed me that he was doing a splendid business, and had built himself a combined Store and Dwelling, the first of its kind in Lexington; but he was not permitted to enjoy his prosperity long, for he died a few months after this interview.

As soon as our Freight was delivered we hastened to return. The River was high and swift, and we expected to make up the time we had lost in coming up; but it was the most perilous time we could have selected to descend the River, as the rising of the water caused the Channels to change so fast that it was almost impossible for the Pilots to follow them. The Missouri River always changed its Channels so much that the Pilots rarely followed Landmarks, but watched the appearance of the Current to find the deep water. Now the old Channels in many places had filled with sand, and the water was guttering out many small and narrow ones, none of them having the ascendancy, as would be the case in a short time. We successfully ran the

"Devil's Half Acre," a field of Snags (now, I understand, removed by the Government) a few miles below St. Joseph, through which there was a crooked Passage that put a Pilot to his best work to navigate successfully. At this kind of work, our Indian Assistant Pilot was better than his Irish Chief. But a few miles below we were fast on a Bar in a false Channel, where we sparred for two days to get off; a few miles further we grounded again; and we consumed four days in making a passage we should have run in four hours. At Weston we hired another Pilot, but he succeeded no better. It took us ten days to reach Brunswick (having run only two hundred miles) and our men were utterly exhausted with sparring night and day. Here we took on a fourth Pilot, a high-priced one of great repute; but he proved no better than the others, and we sparred for six days more before arriving at Rocheport. The Steamer *Lewis F. Lynn* came up the River and landed alongside of us, and we engaged an Apprentice Pilot that they had on board, a Boy of about eighteen years of age, to return with us, making five Pilots altogether. The other Pilots refused to help the Boy, and all went down into the Cabin and played Cards and drank Rum for the rest of the trip. The Boy made the remaining two hundred miles in fifteen hours, striking but once on the side of a Bar, from which we swung around with the Current and were off at once. (Of course he had just come up the River and acquainted himself with the new Channels.) The old Fellows were not so much mortified with their failure as to induce them to make any discount on their contract price with us, and we found ourselves \$1200 out of pocket when we arrived at St. Louis.

After another trip up the Missouri with indifferent success, we found in St. Louis several Merchants from Warsaw and one from Osceola, forty miles further up the River; and with them Capt. Burgess, our Osage River Pilot. They all wanted us to make a trip up the Osage, the Osceola man offering us round prices if we succeeded in getting there. As the Pilot reported the River high, we agreed to make the trip. Our load was soon on, and we set off with flying colors, running up to Warsaw in four and a half days. The River kept up well, and we announced that we would continue our trip to Osceola, upon which a number of Warsaw Merchants made up an Excursion Party to go with us, and the Town was ransacked for good things to eat and drink. Next morning we were off with a jolly Party, who enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent in the way best suited to their tastes. My Friend Everett was along, and he had not yet attained to that disgust for Whiskey which he so much dreaded.

We arrived at Osceola before night. Our Freight was soon discharged, to the delight of our Merchant, who saw himself \$500 the gainer through getting his Freight by Boat; otherwise he should have had to haul it a hundred miles from Boonville by Wagon, after paying Freight and Storage. It was now about the fifth of December, and the weather had suddenly become very cold. Ice was forming, and it was snowing; and as the River was falling an inch an hour, Capt. Burgess advised us to return to Warsaw that night. We turned our Boat downstream about nine o'clock, with all the jolly Party on board. Neither Burgess nor his Assistant, Smoot, was very familiar with the River above Warsaw, and both were apprehensive of missing the

Channel; but we went on merrily for about twenty miles, when the Pilots made a great blunder and ran us full length on a Bar in the middle of the River, with a good Channel on either side. After working with the Spars for two hours we threw up the Sponge, and settled in our minds that this lonely Sand Bar was to be our home for the Winter. Such of the Crew as were not willing to stay for their board were discharged with an allowance for Stage Fare to Jefferson City, and left immediately, leaving only Skinkle and myself, the Engineer, the Bar Keeper, the Watchman, the Carpenter, and the Cook.

On the second morning the Bar was dry land, with several acres for our Playground. As we were so elegantly docked, we concluded to make the best of our position, and spend our time in painting and repairs. Skinkle went to a small Saw Mill on the Pomme de Terre River (about two miles above us) to procure Lumber, and I was dispatched to Warsaw for Paint, Provisions, etc. Our Merchants having filled themselves with Meat and their pockets with Drink, we set out to walk through the Snow to Warsaw, the distance in a straight line being about fifteen miles. We had to cross the Deepwater, or Grand (a small River about a mile from Warsaw); but the weather had been so cold we imagined we could cross on the Ice. To our great chagrin, we found water still in the middle of it, and we had no remedy but to follow it up for about five miles to a Bridge.

It was near dark and growing colder; none of us except myself was prepared with Clothing suitable for such weather; and our Pocket Flasks were no help towards keeping us warm. We arrived at the Bridge about nine

o'clock, and found a road; but we had still seven miles to travel. Soon Robert C. Henry (one of the most hardy and sprightly Members of our Party) became benumbed and sleepy, and wanted to lie down to rest. He had been drinking liberally, but we gave him more, and assisted him along as rapidly as we could. It became necessary for us to take his arms and almost drag him along; and finally he lay down in spite of us. We knew if we left him it was certain death; so we picked him up and carried him about a mile until we found a Cabin, about as trying a job as I ever experienced. We were rejoiced to find the Cabin inhabited and a Fire on the Back Log. We revived Mr. Henry by rubbing him with Snow; and two Friends agreeing to remain with him, the rest of the Party proceeded on to Warsaw, where we arrived about one o'clock in the morning, more dead than alive. Mr. Henry was attending to his business in a short time afterwards, but I apprehend he did not soon forget that night's march.

I remained in Warsaw the next day, making purchases for our little Party on the Boat. The following morning I engaged a man to haul my purchases, and started off alone. I had heard that Grand River was closed; but not knowing how far I could trust the Ice, I procured a Fence Rail for security, and started across near the mouth. I made the crossing easily enough until I came within ten or fifteen feet of the Shore, where the Ice appeared to be more unreliable; but sooner than go twelve miles around I ventured on, and down I went. My Rail came into good service, and I soon made the Shore, but in a sad condition for a long Travel on a cold day without a chance of shelter. But I was very hardy. Hurrying on through the Snow, I arrived at the Boat

about two P.M., where, after changing my Clothes and taking a good Dinner, I felt fine; and the Adventure did not even cost me a Cold.

We were now fixed for our Winter quarters. Our Lumber and Provisions came in a few days, and all hands went to work to renovate the old Boat. Skinkle, the Bar Keeper, and I painted; the Carpenter and the Watchman repaired the woodwork; and the Engineer was busy with his Engine and Boilers. The Squatters came to us with Deer, Pheasants, and Fish in abundance: we could buy a Deer for seventy-five cents, and other Game in proportion. Occasionally we went fishing and hunting on our own account, and never returned empty.

We soon became acquainted with the Settlers in the vicinity, and were invited to their Parties. These were very primitive, the amusements generally consisting of Dances (such as Virginia Reels and Cotillions) and Kissing Plays, which we enjoyed intensely. In return for their hospitality we gave them an Entertainment on our Boat, and the Girls and Boys for twenty miles around were there, to the number of a hundred or more. The Bar Keeper and the Carpenter brought the Guests to the Bar in our small Boats, while Skinkle and I remained aboard to make the reception and provide for the Ladies. The Girls brought refreshments of the humblest nature, to which our Cook added Sandwiches and Lemonade. We had our old Warsaw Musician, Mr. Goff, there, and all had a jolly night with nothing to mar their pleasure. It was broad daylight before the last Parties left the Boat; and if any of them are now living, I fancy they regard it the merriest night of their lives.

CHAPTER X

MERCHANTS, SOLDIERS, GAMBLERS

IN THE middle of February the weather moderated, and by the first of March the River was rising rapidly. Large cakes of Ice, some of them a quarter of a mile long and five to six inches in thickness, floated down. When the water was about a foot deep around the Boat, one of these huge cakes came gliding over the Bar. We were helpless, not having anticipated that we should have to combat with such an enemy; the only thing we could do was to set our Rudder fair with the coming Ice, which passed on either side, grinding our Hull prodigiously. Before night we were afloat, and swung in to the Shore; next morning Capt. Burgess came up, and we left our winter home, which I presume none of us except Burgess ever saw again. In a couple of hours we were landed in Warsaw. Here I fell overboard while inspecting the Carpenter's work on the outside of the Boat; and although I am a poor Swimmer, what I knew of the Science saved my life for the third time.

In consequence of the closing of the Rivers, the price of Pork had taken a considerable rise, and the Warsaw Merchants were anxious to get theirs in before the opening of the upper Rivers. We concluded we would endeavor to profit by our position, and consequently put our price for Freight at \$1.50 per barrel (our usual price being \$1.00). All the Merchants rebelled except White and Leonard, small Shippers who had only a hundred

barrels. My old Friend Atkinson (who had attempted to dispatch me on the unfortunate night of the Ball) headed a conspiracy against us, saying to the Merchants that he would go down to St. Louis and purchase a Steam Boat to carry the Freight for \$1.00. He then slipped down to the Boat with an Agreement written out that we should load our Boat entirely with his Freight, except the hundred Barrels of White and Leonard. Although we despised this man's meanness, we were so angry with the Merchants that we accepted his proposition.

The next morning, bright and early, he was off for St. Louis in the Stage and the Merchants gave him good cheer as he departed. Messrs. White and Leonard sent down their Freight, and Atkinson's Clerks soon started his from the Ware House. About ten o'clock James White, one of the largest Shippers in the Town, came down to the Boat and enquired who was shipping all that Freight. When I informed him it was Mr. James Atkinson, he could hardly believe it; but when convinced that it was true, he poured out a stream of "Cuss Words" that made everyone in reach stand from under. When his Passion had diminished a little, a bright idea struck him, and he said he would ship his Freight by us, as he was no longer bound to that Infernal Scoundrel. When we told him we had agreed to load the Boat with Atkinson's Freight only, we found he had relieved himself of only a small portion of his Cuss Words before. Soon we had the whole gang of Merchants with us. I am unable to express their indignation, but *there was more swearing done in Warsaw that day than was ever done in one day before.* We carried for Atkinson 1500 barrels, on which he realised \$2.00 per barrel more than the

others did when they got theirs to market, making a clear profit of \$2250 more than he would otherwise have made. Mr. James White went to St. Louis with us, and I have no doubt he expressed his mind freely to Mr. Atkinson when he met him.

The two Whites and Atkinson loaded us on our return trip, and we continued to make successful trips to Warsaw until about the first of June, 1847. When we reached the mouth of the Osage on this trip, I was convinced that the River was too low to be navigated. After a quarrel with Skinkle I was permitted to have my way, and we unloaded our Freight into a Ware House. We then returned to St. Louis, where we lay a few days and then came back. When we reached the mouth of the Osage it was raining, and as our Crew was small, we scoured the country around for Laborers. But few could be secured, and it took us two days and nights to load on our Freight. I, as well as the men, was compelled to remain at my post all those hours without sleep. On the second night the men became so worn out that they would fall asleep at their work. We gave Whiskey freely, but they displayed less energy than before. We then called up the Cook, and had him prepare a boiler of Coffee; and the men had hardly finished their cups before they displayed more Sprightliness, and resumed their work as if they just awakened from a long sleep.

By daybreak we were ready to start. But we had delayed too long: the River was falling rapidly, and we did not make over fifty miles before we were fast aground, with a fair prospect of remaining all summer. Our Passengers left us, and in a few days our Crew became dissatisfied and all left but the Officers and

four faithful old Hands. We had lain there three weeks, at an expense of about \$40.00 per day, when there came a Rain; and with much difficulty we succeeded in getting to a little place called Camden,¹ where most of our Goods were consigned. We hastily unloaded in the night, intending to go on in the morning; but before daybreak the Sheriff came aboard and carried off the Main Heads of our Boilers, and levied upon our Boat for \$200 damages which the Camden Merchant claimed for detention of his Goods. Here was a Calamity. The Court would not sit before October, but the Sheriff informed us that by entering \$4000 Bail we should be permitted to depart (without getting our Freight money from this concentrated mean "Puke"). We knew no one in the County except our Consignee at Linn Creek, whose Goods had also been delayed, and who had no knowledge of us except in relation to Freight we had carried for him. But he was a noble Fellow, and I regret that I do not retain in my Memory his name.² He volunteered to go the Bail for us until we could go to Warsaw and return; and we immediately proceeded to Linn Creek and delivered his Freight, for which he paid us without protest.

Our Boat now being light, we succeeded in making our way to Warsaw, where we induced our generous-hearted Friend, Robert C. Henry, to go with us to Camden and enter the required Bail, and engaged an Attorney by name of Henry Watkins³ (accounted one of the best Lawyers in that part of the Country) to defend us and

¹ Now Zebra. The place was probably called temporarily by the name of the then newly-organized county.

² According to Mr. J. W. Vincent, Editor of the *Linn Creek Reveille*, his name was probably Benjamin Abbott.

³ Said to have been a nephew of Henry Clay.

prosecute for our Freight Bill, amounting to over \$500. (Mr. Watkins will be spoken of hereafter in this Record under different circumstances.) We went out almost light, and when we arrived at St. Louis we found ourselves out of pocket \$1500. In the meantime, Watkins had made an arrangement with Bowles of Camden to arbitrate our claims. When the day arrived, we all met at the place appointed (the Store of a Friend of Bowles, chosen by him as Arbitrator) except Bowles, and his Friend would not act without his presence; consequently, the Arbitration fell through, and matters stood just where they did before.

I then concluded to go to see our Attorney and pay a visit to Bowles. Mr. Watkins assented to my visit, but was of opinion that I could do nothing with Bowles, as he was satisfied that his main object was to cheat us of our Freight Bill. However, I hired a Horse, and started down the north side of the River, through a hilly country covered with Timber and inhabited largely by Wild Cats, Bears, and Wild Turkeys. About night I came to a double Log Cabin occupied by a rough Kentucky Squatter, who was as hospitable as his circumstances would admit, and served me with the usual Corn Donnick and bad Bacon, without Milk, Tea, or Coffee. After chatting with the Family until near ten o'clock, I was invited by the Old Lady to her best Bed in the other room, with a Candle to undress by. There was another Bed on the floor, which the Old Lady informed me would be occupied by her Daughters. I was not long in bed before the Daughters came in. I was a little curious to know how they were going to undress without exposing themselves; but after taking off their Shoes and Stockings they jumped into bed with their Clothes

on, and then took off their Frocks and Petticoats with the celerity of a Circus Actor. In the morning they put on their Dresses while in bed, in the same expert manner; and in the whole proceedings they showed as much Modesty, or more, than is frequently shown by the most highly cultivated Ladies of the present day.

The next morning I pursued my course through a still more dismal Wilderness. I lost my way, and could find no one to set me right until late in the afternoon. I did not reach the River opposite Camden until near Sundown. The water appearing deep, I hailed some Fellows on the other side, and asked them how I could cross. They pointed to a place a little above and told me to ford there. I took their advice; but after riding a few feet into the water, my Horse went entirely under and I with him, these Fellows remaining quiet all the while. I have no doubt they enjoyed the rude Joke. (This is what I call "meeting a Stranger and taking him in.") My Horse managed to crawl out, and I then took my own advice and went up the River about a quarter of a mile to a Bar, where with great difficulty I got across.

Arriving in town, I was directed to a Hotel (which I think was called the "Calhoun House") kept by a Butternut from South Carolina. One room on the second floor was used for storing Hay, Feed, etc., which was carried in and out of the entrance door. The Table was made of long dusty boards, neither nailed nor joined, and the Chairs of heavy blocks of wood with legs put in them, and three upright staves with a uniting piece to make the backs. This Fellow's "Grub" was no better than that of my country Friend where I had lodged the night before, except that he had some black Tea which he might have used to tan his Squirrel Skins; and his sleeping quarters were indescribably mean.

I visited Bowles the next morning. He got off a lot of hypocritical Cant about his great losses on account of the delay in receiving his Goods. (Our Contract called for no time of delivery, but simply said "without unreasonable delay;" and as he was the only Merchant in town and his Customers could not get their Goods elsewhere without great inconvenience, no doubt they could readily wait. My observation of those that lounged about his Store induced me to believe that they regarded Time as being made for Slaves alone, and their Chivalric Blood despised the idea of being governed by it.) I found he did not intend to accede to anything reasonable, and departed for Linn Creek, where my Merchant Friend advised me to push our claim, as Bowles was unpopular and could not pack a Jury.

I then wended my way through a Wilderness on the south side of the River toward Warsaw, over a better Road and through more interesting country than on the other side. Near night I came into a high country of Groves free from undergrowth, with occasional Clearances. I observed here a peculiarity about the lay of the land that is rarely seen: it appeared to be a series of shallow Basins in which the land sloped gently to a center, where there was a very deep, dry Pit Hole.⁴ I heard a voice hailing me far off in the Woods, and a tall Young Man came running toward me waving his Hat. He proved to be a man whom we had theretofore employed as Carpenter on our Boat.

This Fellow was a peculiar Character, and I will digress a little to give the Reader a slight idea of him. Although born in the Woods and brought up with

⁴ This region is of a limestone formation, honeycombed with caves. The pit holes, or sinks, are caused by the subsidence of the earth above old caves.

Pioneers whose only Garments were a Butternut Shirt and a pair of Breeches of the same material held up with one Rag Suspender, this Fellow held himself very straight, wore a black Suit of good fabric, and assumed a degree of dignity not corresponding with his Education and Surroundings. When asked what Rule he worked by to make certain points, he answered, "By the Rule of *Cut and Try*;" but we found him quite apt at his business even so. Nevertheless he was generally the most unsophisticated Fellow I ever met with, who put on so good an appearance. He was very fond of the Ladies, and had several misadventures with the Girls, one of which I will relate. He had become acquainted with a Young Lady visiting in Warsaw, fell desperately in Love, and corresponded with her. He finally concluded to make her a visit and propose Marriage. He started on his Journey full of Enthusiasm, but as he came near the Residence of his Lady Love, his heart sank; visions of a savage Father arose before him, and fear that the Lady might treat his unsolicited visit as impertinence and send him flying upon his return. In order to stimulate his Courage, he alighted at a Hotel and took several drinks of Corn Whiskey, to which he was not accustomed. His Courage became so much augmented that he felt ready to face anything in Human shape, and he rode swiftly on and soon came to the House of his Lady. His ideas and his tongue ran rapidly; with rapturous Ardor he expressed his Affection. But when her Father came in to dinner, the Young Man's tongue revealed his condition, and the Father brought his Horse to the door and informed him that he did not want any Drunken Sots to visit his Daughter; and he decided to go and never to return.

To return to my Story: Although his Parents resided in the Woods near by, he was too proud to ask me to go home with him; but he said he would accompany me up the road to the House of a Mr. Gibbs, whose Family were clever People and would take good care of me. We found Mr. Gibbs and his large Family all at home, and after recommending me in the most flattering manner to their consideration, the Young Carpenter departed to his home. The Cabin had but one room, in which were two Beds. My Supper consisted of the usual Squatter fare, with the addition of a bowl of Milk. The Old Man was a social old Fellow, and the whole Family appeared to be much interested in my conversation. About nine o'clock the Old Man invited me to go to bed, and pointed out the best Bed for me to occupy. I was somewhat abashed on account of the presence of the Mother and three grown Daughters in the room in the bright light of the Fire; so I took off my Shoes, Coat, and Vest, and was about to get in bed with my Pants on (as I was not wearing my Drawers), when the Old Man said, "Friend, you're not going to bed with your Breeches on, are you? Why don't you take them off?" I suggested my Modesty. He hooted at the idea, and told me to take them off, and never mind the Gals. I felt compelled to obey; but none of them looked at me.

I arose in the morning before the rest dressed, and walked out of doors. After Breakfast the Old Man invited me to view his "Spring House." He opened a door in the side of a rocky Bank, from which issued a little Stream of very cold and limpid water, and we entered a great Cave, which he informed me extended, as he believed, far beyond a Pit Hole he pointed out in his Field; but he had never explored it any further.

After viewing this peculiar Farm, I journeyed on to Warsaw, visited my Attorney, and left for St. Louis the following morning. Mr. Skinkle had had a favorable offer for the *Otter*, and finding that after all our debts were settled we were but little better off than before we bought the Boat, we concluded to sell it and purchase a faster one, the *St. Louis Oak*.⁵ As this was a higher-priced Boat than we had the money to pay for, Capt. Dozier (the Owner) agreed to retain one-third interest. It was agreed that Skinkle should command the Boat, I should have the chief clerkship, and the Captain's Son Frank should be Second Pilot. We hoisted our Sign for St. Joseph, and soon procured many Passengers and all the Freight we wanted. The River was very low, and we soon found that although this Boat was faster than the *Otter*, it drew more water, and consequently could not carry as much Freight.

We made several trips up the Missouri during the Fall. This was at the time of the Mexican War, and a number of Volunteers were sent from St. Louis up the River to Leavenworth, and from there across the Plains. On one of our trips there came aboard at St. Louis my old Friend Capt. Jeffries, of the *William Penn*, who had once, when I was a Boy, so grossly insulted me that I had never forgiven him. This man was now Captain of a Company of Irish Volunteers, and had come to get our price to carry 110 Soldiers to Ft. Leavenworth. We agreed on a price, and he marched that number of men aboard at an early hour in the afternoon: but at eight o'clock, when we were to leave, he found many of his men were missing. Unless he presented at Leaven-

⁵ This vessel was launched in 1842, and is said to have been the first steamboat built entirely in St. Louis.

worth 100 men, his Company would not be accepted, and the Government would not pay their Passage. He offered us \$50.00 to remain until morning, which we consented to do; but in the morning he had not made good the loss of the Deserters, and gave us \$50.00 more to wait until four o'clock P.M. We accepted (at a loss to ourselves) and fell out into the middle of the River to prevent further desertions. But at four o'clock he had failed to make up his hundred men, and we put the rest ashore. This ended his Patriotic enterprise. I met this unfortunate man afterwards in California in very straitened circumstances, gave him a little aid, and forgave him the mortal insult he had given me as a Boy.

Another incident that occurred on one of our trips in 1847 shows the unbusinesslike manner in which our U. S. Officers conducted their affairs in those days (and perhaps they are done much the same way at present). On one of our down trips an Officer came aboard at Weston and shipped 1000 Barrels of Pork at \$1.00 per Barrel, consigned to the Government Ware House at St. Louis. When we arrived, the Officer in charge of the Ware House immediately came on board and requested to know our price to take the Pork to Ft. Leavenworth (only five miles from Weston). We told him we would take it for \$1.25 per Barrel, and he had the Bills of Lading changed and reshipped the Pork without unloading it. Thus we carried it twelve hundred miles in order to get it five, at an extra cost to the Government of \$2000. I could never account for such management, unless it was to afford the Officers the opportunity to pocket the price of loading and unloading, which would probably amount to \$75.00.

I will here relate an incident showing the constant

annoyances to which we were subject in this Steam Boat business. They had a Law in Missouri that if any Boat took Wood from an unattended Wood Pile (of which there was a large number along the River) a Memorandum should be left secured to the Wood Pile, giving the name of the Boat and the number of cords taken. An enterprising Gentleman residing at Martinsville (a little Village about ten miles below Rocheport) informed us that he had a Wood Pile several miles below, and invited us to take on Wood. Some time after this, running short of Wood in the vicinity of this blind Wood Pile, we took on ten cords, leaving the Memorandum in accordance with the Law. We had no occasion to land at the Town, and passed on up. On our return trip, as it was near dark when we reached Martinsville and we had engaged to take on a large amount of Freight about three miles below, we hastened on to this Landing, so that we could take on the Goods in the night without loss of time (for we could not run down the Missouri after dark).

About midnight the Watchman awakened me, saying that a Constable and another man were on the Boiler Deck, about to take the Main Heads from the Boilers. I directed him to send them up to the Office, and Martin and the Constable put in their appearance. I told Martin angrily there was no necessity for such proceedings—his money was ready at any time; and I handed him \$12.50, the price he had asked for the Wood. But the Constable (with whom Martin told me I should have to settle) presented his claims as follows: Wood, \$25.00; Fine, \$20.00; Costs, \$3.00; total, \$48.00. (The Law required that in default of the Memorandum the Defendants should pay the Owner twice the value of the

Wood, \$20.00 Fine, and costs of Suit.) Martin refusing to settle on any other terms, I called up Skinkle, who did not conciliate him much. Martin said that he knew what the Law required, as he was a Member of the Legislature and framed the Bill himself; to which Skinkle replied, "I thought some d— Fool like you framed that Law."

The clever Constable suggested that we could soon determine the matter, as there was a Justice of the Peace residing not half a mile away, where we could have a Trial at once. We started immediately for the 'Squire's House (a four-roomed Log Cabin), followed by perhaps thirty Passengers, who had been aroused by our jarring, and were now taking a deep interest in the Suit, as our detention meant their own. After much pounding, the 'Squire's face came out of the second story window, looking much alarmed at the presence of an unannounced mob at that time of night; but he soon came down with a lighted Candle and politely invited us in. We suggested to him the importance of immediate decision, and he consented to try the case at once. He had a very honest and determined-looking countenance, but we did not look for much Justice to come out of that Log Cabin. Martin produced evidence of his claim, and a letter from a man saying that he saw us take the Wood, and that no Memorandum was found. We admitted taking the Wood by Martin's own permission, and proved by three Witnesses that we had left a legal Memorandum; we also presented a claim for \$15.00 for towing a Scow belonging to Martin up to Rocheport some time previously. Martin was furious at the presentation of this claim. The Justice rubbed up his Spectacles, figured up the Evidence, and an-

nounced that he gave Judgment in favor of Defendants for \$2.50 and costs of Suit. Martin fulminated; the Passengers and Crew gave three Cheers; and the Constable thought the Judgment might have been different if Martin had not been a Democrat and the Justice a blasted Whig. Skinkle asked the Justice to collect the \$2.50 and costs, but we never called to see if he had done it.

In December, when there was a considerable rise in the River, Skinkle concluded to try another trip as far as Weston, having a full load of Freight offered us at good prices. Other Boats all being laid up on account of the approaching Ice Season, I was opposed to making this trip; but Skinkle was determined, and hoisted the Sign. It was very cold, but we made rapid headway all the way up, although the Ice was running in the River. One poor Fellow was thrown overboard while throwing the Lead; the floating Ice prevented us from rescuing him, and he was drowned.

On this trip we had on board a windy second-class Gambler who managed to fleece the Passengers out of considerable money. There were also on board a number of Preachers, and a Gentleman wearing Gold Spectacles, a black Suit, and a white Cravat, such as are worn by Clergymen. This Gentleman appeared to delight in the society of the Preachers, and spent most of his time discussing Religious subjects with them (agreeing with them entirely on the Orthodox and vital points of Christianity) until they left the Boat at Brunswick.

That evening, at a late hour, the little Gambler was sitting at a Table, calling for someone to play him a single-handed Game of Euchre. No one else respond-

ing, our pious Friend with the Gold Spectacles (who was sitting near by, apparently cogitating over the Religious Lessons he had so recently received) rose up and said he would play him a few Games for amusement. Our little Gambler said he would go to sleep over a Game of that kind, and remarked, "Let us make the Bet a quarter;" to which Gold Specs replied that he had once played a Game for money down in New Orleans, and won twenty-five cents. They played for some time, and Little Gambler, becoming impatient, proposed to make the Stake \$1.00, and after a few more Games \$10.00, to which Gold Specs objected, saying it was too much like gambling; but reluctantly consented. At this Stake Gold Specs was ahead, when the other raised the Stake to \$100. They played five Games more, all of which Gold Specs won; whereupon the Little Gambler jumped up, saying, "You are the man that *won twenty-five cents down in New Orleans*, are you? I am satisfied!" and thus departed, leaving Gold Specs quietly pocketing the money. This was the kind of dangerous Gambler frequently to be found on all the Western Rivers at that time, assuming the character of every respectable Profession. This Fellow, seeing that there was no great strike to be made out of the Passengers, lay back on his Sacramental Character until an opportunity opened to tap the country Gambler of his gatherings.

Arriving at Weston, we discharged our Cargo and started back immediately without Freight or Passengers. With much difficulty we pounded our way through thick Ice until we came to Jefferson City, where we found the Paddles and Arms of our Wheels so far exhausted that we could go no further. There was no Ice Harbor at the City; so we dropped below a point of Rocks a

little below, and made our Boat fast by Chain and Hawser. Next morning the Ice was solid around us, although the Current was still running about fifty feet away. Seeing no means of getting away, we discharged our Crew, except the Cook, the Engineer, and the Second Mate, who offered to remain and act as Watchman for his Board. The Bar Keeper also remained. Skinkle went up the River about fifty miles to Franklin, where his Wife resided. The Crew procured a Flat Boat and Yawl, put on a charcoal furnace, launched their Boats in the running Stream, and set out on their hazardous Voyage to St. Louis.

In the afternoon the Engineer and the Bar Keeper went into the Town, and the Watchman (a raw-boned, villainous-visaged Bohemian) was off, no one knew where. About Sundown the Watchman came on the Boat in great haste, manifesting much excitement, and said the Crew was fast in the Ice about two miles below, where they would all be lost; and urged me to go with him and help to rescue them. My Sympathy was aroused, and I immediately locked the Office and set out with him. On the way the idea struck me that the Story was improbable; the Fellow might want to get me down in the Woods after dark and murder me, and then rob the Safe, where I had about \$800, as he knew. We met a man on the Bluffs to whom I told the Story. He volunteered to go with the Watchman, and I said I would not go. The Watchman urged me, accusing me of being uncharitable and heartless; but my mind was made up. The Volunteer went, however, and both returned after an hour or two, saying that the Party had relieved themselves and gone on out of sight. The Engineer and Bar Keeper had returned, and advised me to get rid of

the Watchman, as they believed him to be dangerous. The next morning I gave him his money, and he took the Stage to St. Louis. Afterwards I saw our Head Mate, who denied that they had been fast in the Ice at all, and told me that at the time the Watchman claimed to have seen them they were twenty miles below. He said also that he had been informed that this Bohemian had been in the Illinois Penitentiary for Highway Robbery. I always felt that I was fortunate in following my Presentiments on this occasion, and that I thereby saved my life.

CHAPTER XI

BOAT AND FORTUNE WRECKED

THE RIVER was now frozen solidly from shore to shore, and our work was ended for 1847. We spent our time pleasantly around Jefferson City until about the first of March, 1848, when Capt. Skinkle returned, as there was an indication of the Thaw for which we were all anxiously waiting. Knowing that we had little protection from the Ice, we were in a state of great anxiety, fearing to be crushed to pieces where we lay, or to be carried down the River to be wrecked on a Bar.

One night we heard a succession of great noises far above us, like the roaring of Cannon, coming rapidly nearer. Suddenly our Hawsers began to tighten and tremble, and we found our Boat moving perpendicularly upward about ten feet, and twenty feet or more toward the Shore; and in less than ten minutes we were lying on a Ledge of Rock, high and dry. (I should explain that the sudden rising was caused by immense quantities of loose Ice floating under the solid Surface until it reached a Bar, where it formed a Dam that caused a rise of the River above until the jam was so great that the solid Ice gave way, when the River immediately fell to its normal level.)

We sent to St. Louis for our Mate, who, after examining the position of the Boat, said he could soon launch her; but he feared she would be bent and would draw more water (which proved to be the case, to the extent

of a few inches). We commenced work immediately with Spars, Tackles, and Wedges, and had her in the water again in two weeks' time. Perhaps our Mate was not an Educated Civil Engineer, but I much doubt if any of them could have done superior work with the means at hand.

Capt. Dozier was displeased with Skinkle on account of his making this winter trip, and sold out his interest to Hamilton G. Fant, the Washington Banker, then a poor Young Man whose whole Capital was put into the Boat. Fant and Skinkle did not agree very well; Fant desired to be Captain, but Skinkle would not surrender his Command. We ran a number of trips up the Osage, but lost more in the last two than we had made in all the others. Our Boat appeared to have been more damaged than we had been aware of; she drew more water, and her Timbers and Sheathing were sprung, so that we were annoyed by continual leakage. In July we tried a trip to St. Joseph, and came back losers. When we came to St. Louis, Mr. Sparhawk (the Insurance Officer) condemned her and ordered her on the Docks; but by much persuasion and influence of Merchants who had their Freight on board, we were permitted to make another trip, which from continual detentions resulted in a large loss to us.

Our surplus money was now all gone; we were in debt in St. Louis; and we were pretty thoroughly discouraged. Capt. Skinkle, however, belonged to a class of men that never gave up the Ship while there was a Shot in the locker, and finding an opportunity to load with what he deemed to be profitable Freight, he determined to try another trip up the Missouri River. I reminded him that Sparhawk would certainly deprive us

of our Insurance; but Skinkle said he could persuade him, and immediately notified the Shippers. When we were loaded, Sparhawk came aboard and ordered us to unload and go on the Docks, and all of Skinkle's persuasive efforts could not move him. Mr. Fant and myself both remonstrated with Skinkle, but he remained firm in his purpose and started off that same evening for Ft. Leavenworth, which Port we made after many days of hard sparring.

Going down, we took on considerable Freight and some Passengers, and proceeded on our way without much interruption until we arrived within about a hundred miles of St. Louis, when we ran with great force on a Log Heap, opening a large aperture in our Hull. The Pilot headed the Boat for the nearest Bar, which proved to be a "Cut Bar," and the Boat only ran her nose on it about twenty feet, while her Stern sank in fifteen feet of water.

After shipping our Passengers and Crew by a passing Boat, we consulted together as to what was best to be done. Mr. Fant, although he had more business talent than either Capt. Skinkle or myself, was without remedy in our present dilemma. Skinkle, who was always sanguine, thought we could raise the Boat without incurring a very large expense; and it was agreed that he and I should go to St. Louis to procure a Wrecking Boat and attend to our pressing financial affairs, while Fant remained at the Wreck to save such Freight as he could. Skinkle secured a Wrecker for \$1000, and we returned to our sunken Boat, where we found that Fant had succeeded, with the aid of the Sovereigns of the Forest, in getting out most of the Freight; but it was of little value on account of its damaged condition. We were

astonished to find that Fant's head of hair, which had been coal black when we left, was now very gray.

The Captain of the Wrecker had our Boat up and the hole temporarily repaired in eight days. We loaded our Freight on his Boat and he towed us to St. Louis, where we unloaded the Freight, but hardly realised Salvage enough to pay for saving it. The Dock Company charged us \$1200; the Wrecker put the Sheriff on the Boat; so also did one of the Merchants we owed. We could see no way out; so we sold our Boat at a great sacrifice. After paying our debts (which amounted to more than we had anticipated) we were enabled to divide about \$150 among us; and after that I found one bill of \$30.00 which had been overlooked, and which I afterwards paid out of my own earnings.

Here, then, was a ruined Trio. Mr. Fant, who had been an Army Officer, opened an Office in St. Louis for the collection of Soldiers' Claims. But Skinkle, always full of energy and resource, was not willing to give up the River. In a few days thereafter he came to me and said the Proprietors of the *Lewis F. Lynn* (an old Boat, but a fast runner) would charter her to us at a price we could make pay, and that he could get a Contract with the Meredocia and Jacksonville Rail Road to bring Cedar Ties from Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland. I agreed to undertake the Adventure with him; we chartered and loaded the *Lynn*, took on some Passengers, and hired two large Barges, which we intended to load with Ties and tow to Meredocia.

We had made about fifty miles down the River when one of our old Boilers commenced to leak so badly we could not keep up our Fires, and we were compelled to land and send the Engineer back to St. Louis for a new

piece, thereby losing three days' time and perhaps \$300. Once more afloat, we soon arrived at Smithland, where we set to work unloading our Freight and loading the Ties on the Barges. This work was done by eight o'clock in the evening, but our Merchant was slow in hauling away his Freight, and was not willing to pay his bill until he had ascertained that it was all in proper condition; so we concluded to lay over until morning, and I went up to the Store and spent the evening playing Cards, the Proprietors promising to give me my money (amounting to about \$600) as soon as their Clerk reported the Freight all right.

After ten o'clock the Clerk announced that the Draymen refused to haul any longer; so I returned without my money. As I came within fifty feet of the Boat five Young Men gathered around me, and one of them (whom I recognised as one of half a dozen noisy troublesome Gamblers who had come down with us) asked my lowest price to take them to St. Louis. Before I could reply I received a tremendous blow on the back of the head which felled me to the ground senseless. In a few moments I partially recovered and knew they were rifling my pockets, but had not sense nor strength enough to make any resistance. I attempted to get up, and fell down again; but my senses were soon so much revived that I shouted loudly for help, and the Watchman of the Boat made his appearance. The Thieves ran up the Street, the Watchman giving chase; but we never succeeded in capturing them. No doubt they had been watching for me all the evening, expecting me to have the Freight money in my pocket.

We left in good time in the morning, and ran out of the Ohio. About midnight, in the neighborhood of

Cape Girardeau, where there is a narrow Channel through a chain of sunken Rocks, one of the Barges ran against one of these Rocks and opened a large hole in her bottom, causing her to sink to her Decks; but the Cedar Ties buoyed her up so that she could not go under. We made the Shore as soon as possible, and succeeded in repairing the damage, after which we proceeded on to Meredocia. As we were returning without Freight down the Illinois River, we were hailed by a Steam Boat that had just sunk in about three and a half feet of water, asking us to take their Freight to St. Louis. This incident yielded us about three hundred dollars, enabling us to pay the expenses of the trip and leave a small profit; otherwise we should have come out losers.

Skinkle now wanted to make a trip to Cincinnati. The *Lewis F. Lynn* had always been a popular Boat for Passengers; so we decorated her off as well as we could, engaged Cooks and Waiters, laid in a good store of Provisions, and hoisted our Sign. We procured a great many Passengers, and made good time to Cincinnati; but our expenses were at least \$125 per day.

After unloading the little Freight we had, we put up our Sign for St. Louis, to start the next evening at four o'clock. Soon there came aboard a Passenger Drummer (a species of *Gyascutus* that had never infested St. Louis at that time) who wanted to furnish us with five of his kind at \$5.00 each for their services; but we refused to employ them. We obtained a few passengers, who took Dinner at our expense; but in the evening all were gone but two. Another Boat that lay at the Levee near us went out that evening loaded with Passengers and Freight. We could not understand it, as we knew our Boat was in every way as good as the other and could

make better time. The next day we raised our Sign, with the same result. The third day we advertised in the Papers, and started to the Levee to do some drumming ourselves. Here we found the whole band of Drummers seizing every Traveller and leading him to an opposition Boat. We, however, secured about a dozen Passengers; but after Dinner, the Head of a Family who had gone up into the Town, ordered his Family to leave us, and advised the other Passengers to do likewise. He told me we should be prosecuted for jeopardising the lives of innocent Persons to satisfy our Greed, charging us with having had two cases of Small Pox on the Boat without having her laid up and purified as the Law demanded. I asked him where he obtained that Story, and he said two or three Gentlemen on the Levee had told him so. I tried to explain to him that the "Gentlemen" were infernal paid Drummers, but it was no use; all the Passengers packed up and went over to the other Boat.

Skinkle was furious when he heard of this, and swore he would give the Scoundrel who told this Falsehood the worst drubbing he ever had; but I stopped him, reminding him that if he assaulted the Fellow he would be arrested, and told him it would be much more to our interest to hire these Scoundrels than to pummel them. This was a bitter pill for Skinkle to swallow; but I finally persuaded him to go to his room and let them alone. When he was out of sight, I went immediately to the Foreman of the Drummers and hired them all for the next day. Skinkle was angry with me for this, but was cooler by the next day and permitted them to work. They were all on the Levee by Sunrise, and by evening we had two hundred and fifty Passengers.

We had a jolly trip to St. Louis; but when we came to figure up our expenses we found we were considerably out of pocket. I was disgusted with the business, and determined to put my foot down there; so I parted my business connection with my long and dear Friend Skinkle forever. He was a man that was hard to duplicate: rash, but full of Spirit, Ambition, and Courage; persistent and energetic, honorable, loving, and companionable; despising Meanness, Cowardice, and Duplicity; generous, merciful, and charitable, with all the best qualities that make up Nature's Noblemen.

Now I was afloat again in the cold World, without Friends able to help me, and without any of that financial Acumen that has contributed to the success of so many Young Men. In reviewing my Misfortunes I am disposed to find an apology for them; and I do not attribute them so much to bad Judgment as to the fact that I lacked the willful determination to enforce my own convictions, my good nature permitting others to rule me; and I can now realise that Good Nature, in a business point of view, has been the bane of my life. But I still had Youth and Health, Pride, Perseverance, and Industry, a small amount of Common School accomplishments, and a Profession (although one that was extremely repugnant to me and unfitted to my Temperament); and I did not despair.

Not knowing what else to do, I endeavored to procure a situation in a Drug Store. After wandering around for several days, I met with Joseph Fisher, whom I had known in Philadelphia. This Young Man was a Druggist, and was then located in St. Louis. I knew that he was a good Fellow, but wild, the result of too much indulgence from rich Parents. He said I was the very

man he was seeking after, as he wanted to go home to Philadelphia for six weeks, and needed a Druggist to take charge of his Store during his absence. He engaged me at once at \$12.00 per week. I came into the Store (a small one in the outskirts of the City) the second morning thereafter, and Fisher took Boat for Cincinnati the same evening. He did not give me much instruction with regard to his business, saying he would write to me from Philadelphia; but I have never heard from him since.

I had been there but a few days when a splendidly-dressed Young Lady came into the Store enquiring for Fisher. When I told her he had gone to Philadelphia, she appeared surprised and indignant, saying that she was his Wife, and that he had gone away without making any provision for her support; and desired me to let her have \$10.00. I told her Mr. Fisher had not mentioned to me that he had a Wife, nor had he directed me to give his money to any Person. She left the Store in a great Passion, and returned the next day demanding all the money I had taken in. I asked for her Marriage Certificate; but she refused to show it, accusing me of impertinence. I told her I considered it a piece of impertinence on her part, to demand of me Mr. Fisher's money without showing any right to receive it. She pestered me exceedingly, coming into the Store every day. My Boarding Landlord told me he knew the Woman: she was Fisher's Woman, but not his Wife.

This condition of things went on for about ten days. Then the Sheriff came into the Store, exhibiting an Execution against Fisher for \$800 and costs, and proceeded to take the money out of the drawer and to levy on the Goods. I asked him if he was going to turn me out

of doors in that unceremonious fashion without paying me my Wages; and he cleverly informed me that if I would procure the services of a Lawyer I should have first claim on the funds. A Lawyer wanted \$10.00 to attend to the case; so I let my Wages go, and this anticipated little windfall resulted in no advantage to me.

It was now the middle of December, 1848. I again started out in pursuit of a situation, but was unsuccessful. I had just \$18.00 left, with little prospect of obtaining employment before Spring. There were a number of People in St. Louis who would not have let me starve, but I was too proud to let them know of my circumstances. I have always detested the idea of being a recipient of Charity, and believed that the giving of it is nearly always an abuse, unless extended to Old Age, Childhood, and Disability, or in sudden calamity. In wandering around the Town I met my old Bar Keeper, who was acting as Watchman on a large New Orleans Boat laid up for the Winter. When informed of my Misfortunes, he invited me to make my home on the Boat, with the privilege of using the cook stove; thus it would cost me but a trifle to live. I bought a piece of Beef, which I hung up to freeze; also Butter, Eggs, Coffee, Tea, and Sugar, all costing me about five dollars. On this, with a few additions, I lived until the middle of February.

I had been in Frank's quarters but a few days when an old Friend (then Clerk and Partner on a New Orleans Boat) who sympathised with my Misfortunes, told me he had a good thing for me that would put me on my feet again. He offered to rent me the Bar of his Boat completely fitted up, at a very low rate, telling me that I could readily make two or three hundred dollars a

trip. He was unselfish in his proffer, as I knew there were numbers of Applicants for the opportunity; but after reflecting a little, I told him that I highly appreciated his generous interest in my Welfare, but that my Conscience would not permit me to engage in that business. I was in the very depths of poverty and on the verge of Starvation, but I was not yet poor enough to sell Intoxicating Liquors to my Fellow Mortals.

In February there came a general thaw on the Rivers, and the Boats began dropping to the Levee and raising their Signs. Among the rest was a fine-looking Cincinnati Boat that had put up a Sign for the Osage River. Knowing that there was no Osage Pilot in St. Louis, it occurred to me to offer myself, as my experience with that River had made me thoroughly acquainted with its navigation, although I had little experience in handling the Wheel. With much trepidation I ventured aboard and informed the Captain of my business. He said he had understood that an old Pilot by name of Burgess would be in St. Louis in a few days. I told him Burgess was engaged on the Warsaw Boat for the season, and he would not be able to get him without paying a very large price. He asked me for Recommendations, and I enquired who his Shippers were. He said R. C. Henry of Warsaw was the principal one. Mr. Henry, I knew, was a large example of a first-class Gentleman, and he always felt kindly to me, especially since I helped to save his life on the cold night before mentioned. I sought him out, and although he was not acquainted with my qualifications as a Pilot, and had important interest at stake in his heavy Shipment, after a few questions he got me the position, at \$100 the trip.

I started on this trip full of anxiety, not only for my

own reputation, but for the interests of Mr. Henry, the Captain, and the Owners of the Boat. I had to pilot her 130 miles up the Missouri and 150 up the Osage; but the Ohio Pilot was very clever, and very useful in handling the Boat. When we arrived at the mouth of the Osage, I told the Captain that our chances of getting up were bad. He said it could not be so, as the banks were overflowed as far as we could see; but I told him it was backwater from the Missouri, and as there was no Current coming out of the Osage, there could be no great body of water there. The Captain said, "Go on!" and we moved rapidly up the River until night, when we landed to put out some Freight. I wanted to lay over there until morning, but the Captain would not put up with that: the River was falling, and he wanted to make all the time he could. I told him the River ahead was difficult to navigate; the Bluffs were high, and the Channel narrow and overshadowed; and there were several Bars I feared to pass in the darkness. He said, "You cannot be much of a Pilot if you cannot run such a place in the night." I replied, "Capt. Burgess would not run it in the night, and I do not feel myself capable of doing it." But he was obstinate, and I was weak enough to submit to his demand; but said I would not hold myself responsible for any accident that might befall.

I did the best I could, but found the River shadowed with intense darkness; I could see nothing but the dim lines of overhanging Trees at the bottom of the Bluffs. After a little time in this dark Canyon, the Boat approached too near a Bar, and took a sheer which sent her over to the Shore under the overhanging Trees, sweeping off one of her Smokestacks and injuring the

Hurricane Deck. The Captain then ordered a tie-up. I was very unhappy, and did not get any sleep that night.

At daybreak we were off again, and ran up the River until about eleven o'clock, when we encountered a Bar we could not pass. We forced the Boat up two or three times in the swift Current (where I well knew the deepest water was to be found) but we drew too much water, and she would not go over. The Captain then ordered the Ohio Pilot to sound for deeper water. When he returned, he reported that he thought there was a little better water in another part of the River. I told them that the water was no deeper there, and that it was dangerous to undertake to get into that Channel; but the Captain was determined, and ordered the Ohio Pilot to try it, with the consequence that we landed broadside on the Bar with a powerful Current bearing against the side of the Boat, as I had indicated. The Captain then gave up to wait for a rise in the River; but as his expenses were at least \$75.00 per day, he was almost distracted, and walked up and down the Decks, asking me several times a day if I thought it would rain, or if the River would rise soon. What Passengers we had went ashore, and I suppose found their way home by some means.

On the fourth day the River began to rise, and the little Warsaw Boat, with Capt. Burgess as Pilot, came up and went right over the Bar at the place I had tried. This annoyed the Captain more than ever. He sounded and found the River had risen eight inches, sufficient to let us over; but we had been pushed by the Current on the Bar, and could not move. The River, however, continued to rise, and in twenty-four hours after the Warsaw Boat passed we were enabled to go on, and went

right along up to Warsaw without further trouble. While in Warsaw I saw our Attorney, Watkins, who informed me that he had compromised with Bowles of Camden, and had received \$400 for our claim. Taking \$50.00 for his Fee left us \$350, of which I afterwards paid Skinkle his share.

As soon as our Boat was unloaded, the Captain headed her down stream, refusing to take a pound of Freight (although the Merchants at Warsaw offered him a large quantity) or to stop anywhere, in spite of frequent hails. He constantly stood by me, displaying extreme nervousness, thereby disturbing my equanimity and making me nervous in turn, until I begged of him to go to his room and lie down, assuring him that I would see him safe out of the River. We ran very rapidly down the River, and before Sundown crossed the last Bar. As I announced this fact, the Passengers and Crew gave three Cheers, and up came the Captain, with the happiest countenance I ever beheld. There was a Party just below hailing us, and when assured that all danger from Bars was now over, the Captain ordered the Boat rounded to and we took on the Freight and its Owner. On the way down the Missouri we took on more Freight, and I am disposed to think the Captain made a little money by his trip; but no money would tempt him to try another. He paid me my \$100 cheerfully, praising me for my ability and for bearing so calmly his irritable temper.

The Ohio Pilot complimented me by saying that he would give a thousand dollars to have my knowledge of the Osage River, and gave me an excellent Recommendation to the Captain of another Ohio Boat that we found at the Levee with her Sign up for the Osage. This

Captain immediately engaged me, and the River now being higher, I made two trips with him without interruption at \$125 per trip. My reputation as a Pilot was now established, and I had no difficulty in getting a position on another Boat. This trip we encountered low water, but lost only three or four days at the Bars, and the Captain said he cleared over \$200. This ended my career as a professional Pilot.

As I have no other guide but my memory, some of the incidents of my Steam Boat life may have been recorded out of time. I was steamboating on the Mississippi and its Tributaries at a time when the whole interstate Commerce was carried on by means of Steam Boats and wagons; when the navigation of the Rivers had not been improved in any way; when the People who conducted the Steam Boat business were generally daring, reckless, and adventurous men, and the People they dealt with of much the same character; and when ups and downs and misadventures were more the rule than the exception. Thousands of curious circumstances and adventures came to my notice during that exciting period of my life; but I have already made my Record too tedious, and everything not immediately connected with myself or my Boat must be omitted, although there were numberless interesting incidents that I might record.

CHAPTER XII

GOLD FEVER

IT WAS now about the first of April, 1849. Gold had been discovered in California; thousands of People were rushing up the Missouri River to cross the Plains, and I resolved to go. I made such preparations as I could, and took passage for St. Joseph, from which point, as I knew, many People were fitting out Caravans.

Here I was again, about to plunge into a Sea of Troubles, with the distant hope that Fortune lay in the path before me. I could cheerfully bear Poverty and Hardship, but could not brook the idea of being a commonplace Young Man serving a Master who exacted of me routine service for a small remuneration. I had a kind of feeling always that when I had finished my Apprenticeship I should no longer serve any direct Master but my Lord; and I so courted this Freedom of thought and action that I preferred to endure any amount of hardship rather than to be under the command of anyone. This ambition led me to aspire to Wealth and honorable Position; but with my limited natural ability and still more limited Education, I was doomed always to encounter a continuous struggle. Yet in this struggle I have always been able to preserve my Honor, Self-respect, and Manhood, and to be respected by all People whose respect was worth possessing.

In attempting to record the long and tedious Travel

which I am now about to relate, I have to rely almost entirely upon my Memory, as I kept no Diary at that time except a few disconnected Memoranda. All the incidents of importance are as bright in my Memory now as they were a few weeks after they occurred; I may, however, err in regard to the exact time and location.

Ill Fate never deserted me long at a time. The Cholera was then very alarming all over the West, and we had hardly moved off from St. Louis before there was talk on the Boat that there was a case of Cholera on board, and that a man ill with it had been taken ashore before we started. One Old Gentleman, who was much concerned, told me he had taken his Valise with the purpose of going ashore, but the Clerk had persuaded him to remain. This man was taken with Cholera the next morning, and died in forty-eight hours. That morning there were two dead and five or six more attacked; before night there were seventeen sick, and nine dead, whom we buried in the Wilderness in wooden boxes made by the Boat's Carpenter.

We were all now much alarmed. I avoided the crowded Cabin, where that peculiar odor that attends Cholera was so apparent. I had a slight acquaintance with the Pilot, who, recognising me as a Brother "Chip," permitted me to remain in the Pilot House during the day and to sleep in my blanket on the Hurricane roof at night. The disease increased, and the next morning we again landed in an obscure place and buried twelve more. We could not get permission to bury our dead at a Town or Landing, and at such places we had almost to fight to land our Passengers and Freight. At Jefferson City a Young Man went up to a Hotel to get a drink of good Brandy; as he was coming back he fell on

the Levee, and in fifteen minutes he was dead. One morning I was sitting on the upper Deck conversing with a cultivated Young Man from St. Louis, who remarked that he had noticed that all these People who were taking the Cholera were Strangers who were not accustomed to drinking the Missouri water, and congratulated himself that he was accustomed to it and that it did not affect his health. While he was yet talking to me he was taken with a gripe in his Bowels, and recognising that he was stricken, he went to the Clerk and gave him his Valuables and address; and at four P.M. he was dead. (I will here mention a curious fact: all of the Young People died within a few hours after they were taken, while the Old People would live as long as five or six days.) We had two Homoeopathic Physicians on board, and no others. They adhered strictly to their then absurd practice of giving infinitesimal doses, and it appeared to me that their Patients died before their Remedies could take effect. They would not even use Mustard Plasters, and manual friction could not be obtained for those Patients who had no devoted Friends to give it to them.

There was much in the circumstances to call out the nobler attributes of men, and much to bring out the innate meanness of brutalised Humanity. People were leaving the Boat at every opportunity, without regard to their place of destination; among them some Military Officers of Fort Leavenworth, whose Courage failed them at Boonville, and who discovered on getting out their Baggage that they had been robbed of a large amount of money and valuables. It is hard to realise that there ever was a Human Being so degraded that he could, in this stern reign of Death, when everyone

was appealing to God for mercy, entertain the thought of robbing his dying Companions.

The largest portion of the Passengers were Emigrants bound for California. The Deck and Hurricane roof were covered with their Wagons, many of them occupied by Cholera Patients. As a number of these seemed to have no Friends or Companions to take care of them, I devoted much of my time to waiting upon them and rubbing their cramped limbs. One small Wagon belonged to two Germans, one of whom took the Cholera. He suffered intensely with cramps, and I rubbed his limbs and procured some Brandy for him. I asked the poor Fellow where his Partner was, and he replied that he did not know, sadly lamenting his desertion of him. I hunted the Fellow up and demanded of him in strong terms that he should go up and take care of his Companion. He pretended not to understand, and all the answer I could get was "Nichts verstehen," and "Nichts, nichts." The attention of the Passengers around us was attracted, and another German pitched into the Fellow in a violent manner, but to no purpose. He then appealed to the men around to help him throw the mean Scoundrel overboard. They seized hold of him, but the ignoble Fellow made a desperate struggle and succeeded in getting to the roof where his Companion lay. My Dutch Friend followed him up and made him wait upon his Partner; but the unfortunate Patient survived but a few hours, and I suppose this miserable specimen of Humanity fell heir to his effects.

We were now burying our Patients faster than ever. I was sometimes shocked at the coarse, vulgar remarks of our burly Mate, who superintended the burying of the dead. I suppose it was done in a spirit of Bravado, in

order to keep up his own Courage and that of his frightened Sailors. The Captain landed in a remote place, sent all Passengers on shore, and thoroughly fumigated the Boat with Chlorate of Lime and Sulphur; but his efforts were of little avail: disease and death moved on as before, and when we arrived at Kansas City¹ we had buried sixty Persons. Here the Cholera had been worse than at any other place along the River, and we found but one man and his Wife remaining, who took charge of the Freight and paid the bills. All the Citizens had deserted the place except these two courageous People, who had volunteered to remain and take care of the Town. They were Heroes whose names deserve to be recorded in the History of their Country, and I regret that I cannot record them here.

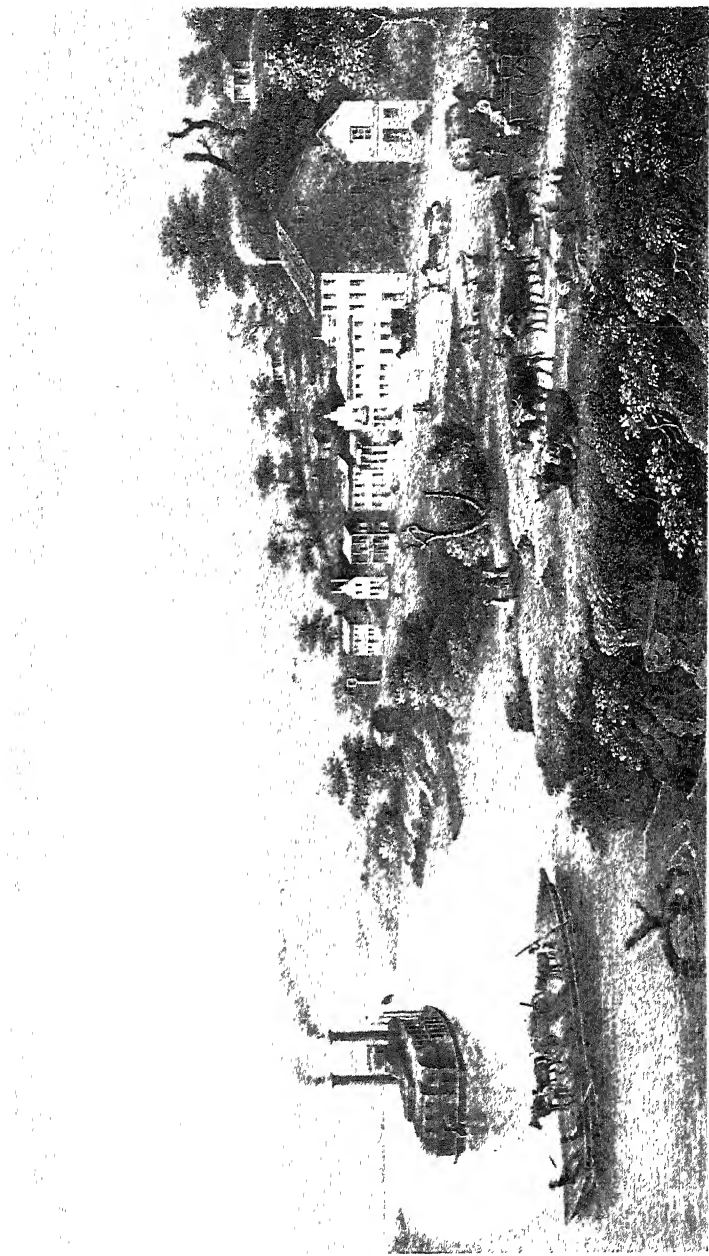
From Kansas City to Leavenworth we lost five more Patients. Thus far not a single soul that was stricken with the disease had recovered. Now our burly Mate was taken sick, and a worse frightened man I never set my eyes upon. He kept half the Crew rubbing him and applying Mustard Plasters. He was taken ashore at Weston, and I learned afterwards that the Doctors there succeeded in saving his life.

About this time an interesting Young Lady on the Boat took the Cholera. An old Emigrant on board had obtained from a Physician in St. Louis a recipe for a powerful Anodyne, and had procured a half-gallon jug of the mixture; but seeing the frightful progress of the disease, and fearing he would be deprived of all of it, his narrow mind induced him to secrete the fact that he possessed such a remedy. But now, as we were nearing the end of our Journey and the number of Passengers was

¹ Then called Westport.

greatly reduced, the selfish old Curmudgeon opened his heart and presented a vial of it to the stricken Young Woman. It acted like a charm, and in a short time she was easy, and recovered. The Passengers insisted that the Old Man should furnish the other Patients also with some of his Medicine. He reluctantly yielded to their importunities, and gave a small portion to each of the Patients. Disgusted with his meanness, the Passengers forcibly seized his jug, filled a pint flask for him, and portioned out the balance to all who desired it. It cured all the new Patients, and we did not have a death on the Boat afterwards; although several Old Persons, who had been lingering for a number of days, died after being taken ashore.

Thus ends the most perilous nine days of my life. When we landed at St. Joseph I gladly left the ill-fated Boat, and took up my quarters in a Hotel to look out for chances to join a Party intending to cross the Plains. A great many Parties were fitting out their Teams, but all appeared to be made up and did not want me, except one consisting of two Married Couples and a little Girl. I did not like this Party much, but as I was anxious to start, I agreed to go with them, and told them I would make a final arrangement with them in the morning. After Breakfast the next day I saw two Young Men hitching their Horses to the Rack, and recognised one of them as a young Pilot, Smith Philipps, who had piloted us up the Illinois River, and who had come up with me on the Cholera Boat as far as Weston. He introduced his Companion as Myron Angel. They informed me that they were fitting out a Team at Weston, and as they were short of means they could just as well take in another Person. As I had some acquaint-



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ance with Smith Philipps, and the Party was to consist of five men, I thought it would suit me better than to go with entire Strangers encumbered with two Women and a Child; so I agreed to their proposition, and went immediately to the other Party and informed them of what I had done.

Smith took passage on the Cholera Boat (which was about to leave) taking with him my Baggage, while Myron and I mounted the Horses and rode down to Weston. Here I found Philipps' Father (an Old Soldier of about fifty years of age, who, although lame from a wound in the Mexican War, was tough as a pine knot) and Eugene Angel, a Lawyer of Peoria, Illinois, and Brother of Myron, who was a West Point man, but had resigned his position in the Army to dig Gold in California. I soon ascertained that they were a poverty-stricken Party. After expending their cash in the purchase of a Wagon, some Cooking Utensils, and a small amount of Provisions, the Angels had left about \$100 between them, and the Philipps fifteen dollars. I bought four yoke of Cattle, two Riding Ponies, and Provisions. I had a jar with the Old Man (who had volunteered to do our cooking) about the kind of Stores we should take. He had provided no meat but Pork, which I told him I could not eat, and wanted to get some Hams; but he said it was bad policy to be hauling superfluous bones. However, I went off and bought some Hams; but I had not been on the Plains many days before I was indifferent whether my meat was Ham or Pork—all I wanted was enough of either.

As soon as our Outfit was complete, we crossed the River in a Ferry Boat and drove up to Fort Leavenworth, where we expected to join the Peoria Train, of which

Company the Angels formed a part; but we found that they had started in the morning without us, putting them a whole day ahead. We resolved to strike out alone, hoping that by making forced marches we should be able to overtake them in a few days.

We left Fort Leavenworth on the morning of the 29th of April, 1849. As soon as we were out of the Reservation we were in great measure outside of civilised control and protection. During the day a Company of U. S. Cavalry passed us, and one of them wearing the insignia of a General cautioned us against travelling in that unprotected way, saying that unless we could overtake our Train in a few days we should all be slaughtered, and that we should by no means venture beyond Council Grove.

This day we passed through a beautiful Prairie country, and through the Settlements of the half-civilised Wyandotte and Delaware Indians, who cultivated small Gardens of Vegetables and possessed some miserable-looking Pigs and Ponies. These Indians were generally squalid creatures, lamentably debauched and sunken in the scale of Humanity; and I am sorry to say that this condition was much the result of their association with White People, who furnished them with Whiskey and otherwise contaminated the morals of both their Women and their men. Such debauchery, I will here take occasion to say, was never found among the numerous Tribes of Wild Indians with whom we afterwards came in contact; on the contrary, we found their Squaws universally chaste, and ready to resent the indecent approach of a White Man.

On this, our first day's march, we made twenty miles, and came up with a lone Driver of a Wagon loaded with

Merchandise, who camped near us that evening. The next morning we had some little Trouble in getting our Team yoked, and our lone Friend of the Conestoga Wagon started a half-hour in advance of us; but toward noon we came up with him. He called us, and we found he had been taken with Cholera and was in great distress. The Old Man, George Philipps, made him Mustard Plasters and gave him some Anodyne, which seemed to relieve him, and after we had fixed him as comfortably as we could, Eugene Angel volunteered to drive his Team. We travelled faster than Angel, and before night left them a long way in the rear. Near evening we came to a broad miry Slough that we had some difficulty in passing, and made Camp a few miles further on, where we found wood, grass, and good water, after making (by our guess measurement) about twenty-three miles. I suffered from a violent Sick Headache most of the day, a disease to which I had been subject every two weeks for many years; but this proved to be my last attack until I returned to Philadelphia, five years later.

About nine o'clock, long after all except myself were asleep, Eugene came into Camp and informed us that he had mired in the Slough before mentioned, and finding himself unable to extricate the Wagon, he had been compelled to abandon the Patient and follow us to Camp. The next morning Eugene and Smith returned to the Slough, where they found that the poor man had expired without the presence of a Human Being to console him. They hastily buried him on the dry land, marking his Grave with a piece of board. They then endeavored to pull the Wagon out of the Slough, but were unable to do it; so they abandoned the Wagon and turned three of the Horses out to graze, Eugene riding the fourth one away with him.

In the meantime, we drove on and crossed the Kansas River at a place called Rope Ferry, where I suppose Topeka now stands.² Here we found a lone Settler with his Wife and Family, forty miles from any other civilised habitation. He had built a double Log Cabin with Port Holes and a door four inches thick, and possessed Guns and Ammunition enough for a Company of Soldiers. He had built a substantial Flat Boat and suspended a rope across the River, by means of which he ferried us over for the price of \$2.50, including Smith and Eugene in the rear of us. This price, he said, was less than he charged the Santa Fe Traders. This man had no doubt made a great deal of money there, as the Government had sent many Teams that way during the Mexican War, beside the constant traffic to Santa Fe, and this year many Emigrants.

After a hard pull up the Bluff on the other side of the River, we travelled on through a beautiful rolling Prairie covered with flowing grass, seeing no sign of animal life (except some Antelope), and made about twenty-six miles. Eugene and Smith came up in time for Supper, and related to us the sad duty they had had to perform. Having learned from the Ferryman that our Train was still a day's Travel ahead of us, our anxiety was increasing, and we were up and off the morning of the second of May very early. About midday there appeared near us, as if rising out of the tall grass, two Pottawatamie Indians. Although the country was a level open Plain, not one of us saw them until they stood by the side of the Wagon. They were strikingly symmetrical in physique, with marked but gentle dreamy countenances without paint, and were dressed rather

² This ferry was conducted for a number of years by a half-breed named Papan.

tastily in brown cambric Tunics to their knees, bordered by a band of richly-colored Porcupine quills, sleeveless Jackets, and Belts decorated with quills of various colors. They carried Bows, Arrows, and Quivers. We tried to learn something of our Train. They pointed to our Team, saying "Heap" (a word all the Tribes of Indians used to express much, many, or large); they then pointed to the Sun and ran their hands over to the West, then from the East to the direction of the Sun; which we interpreted to mean that the Sun had stood in the position in which it now stood when the Train had passed, and had set and risen again before we came. We pushed on until we came to a small Stream which we believed to be a branch of the Osage River, making 24 miles.

On the third of May we were up early. The country we passed over this day was changed in its nature; there were low places, rocks, and woods. About noon we saw two new Graves, with initials carved on the Head Boards which my Comrades recognised as those of two members of the Peoria Train, both men far gone with Consumption, who were determined to try the trip contrary to the advice of their Physicians and Friends.

On the fourth of May we passed through a low wooded country. Myron and I tried to get a shot at a Deer, but did not succeed. We shot a Jack Rabbit, which we found poor in flesh, and not so toothsome as our home Rabbits. They are much beset by a large ugly Worm that gets under the skin, reducing them much in flesh, and often killing them. This day we travelled twenty miles without seeing a Human Being, and camped on a small Stream.

On the fifth we moved off early, with increased

anxiety, as we were now approaching the range of dangerous Indians. About two P.M. we came to the Indian Mission at Council Grove, where we found several White Men and a number of Indians (stupid-looking Fellows of the Delaware and Wyandotte Tribes) employed at the Station, as well as some Pawnees trading there. These Pawnees were large powerful Fellows with painted faces, dressed in true Indian Costume ornamented with Bear and Wolf teeth, with large rings in their ears and noses, and all armed with Bows, Arrows, and Scalping Knives. We imparted to the Store Keeper the sad news of the death of his Teamster, and delivered to him his Horse. They were all much excited, and immediately fitted out a relief Team to send after their Goods. They informed us that our Train had passed about three hours before, a piece of News that gladdened our hearts.

After purchasing a few articles we needed, we hastened on until dark, and still saw no sign of the Train. We knew we must overtake them that night or turn back; so we pushed on our tired Cattle. About nine o'clock we could see dimly in the distance a body of Horsemen approaching us. We halted our Wagon and brought the Oxen around at right angles to make a Breast work of them, and we soon had in hand all the weapons we were master of. When they came near they set up an Indian yell and Warwhoop; and it was only a hoarse halloo by which Myron recognised one of his Friends that saved the lives of several of them, for we meant fight. After we had shown them how near their folly had come to sacrificing their lives, I think some of them were more frightened than we were; at all events, they had greater cause for alarm. However, we were

all pleased at the meeting, and after mutual salutations we proceeded on our way toward the Train, which the Boys said was ten miles ahead. The Old Man and Eugene rode ahead with them on our Ponies, leaving the rest of us with the Team. We came up to the Camp about twelve o'clock at night, having driven forty-five miles that day. Finding all asleep except the Guard, we quietly unyoked our Cattle and put them in the Corral, and laid ourselves in our blankets on the ground.

When I look at the map of Kansas and see it thickly dotted with Towns where may be found magnificent Public Buildings and Dwellings with all the modern improvements and luxuries to be found in the great Cities of the East, and a Rail Road along this very Route that I have been describing, I am filled with Wonder and Amazement, and can hardly realise that all these things have come to pass in the space of half my lifetime. Surely no other Country on the face of the Earth has ever undergone such rapid changes as the great West of the United States.

CHAPTER XIII

ACROSS THE PLAINS

THE NEXT day was the Sabbath. Fortunately for us and for our poor exhausted Cattle, the Company had passed a Resolution not to travel on the Sabbath when it could well be avoided. There was fine grass, which enabled our Team to recuperate and to take the road on Monday morning in good condition; and we were permitted to rest our weary bones for thirty hours, and to listen to a good Sermon by our Baptist Chaplain. There were a number of Singers in the Company, who made a very fair Choir. We had also with us another offshoot of the Baptist Church who had become a Millerite. Ascension Day being then near at hand, the stirring oratory of this man tended to dampen our enthusiasm for Gold hunting, seeing how foolish and futile was our Mission if we had to ascend in so short a time; and I can not yet see why he should endure all these hardships to get to California, knowing (as he pretended) that the World would end in a few years at most.

Our Train was composed of forty-four Teams, seventeen of which were four-mule Teams, and the balance Ox Teams, most of them with four to six yoke of Oxen each. There were in all two hundred men, natives of different States and Countries. The Characters and Dispositions of the men varied much. There were ignorant and learned; generous and selfish; indolent and industrious; wild and erratic, and staid sober Souls; jubilant

good Fellows, and crooked ill-natured Curmudgeons. There were Preachers, Doctors, Lawyers, Druggists, Pilots, Mechanics, Farmers, Laborers, Sailors, and representatives of many other occupations. Among them was a three hundred-pound Pilot. Some of the men were as old as sixty-five years; others were invalids when they started.

The Company had engaged an old Mountaineer named Kirker¹ to pilot them to California, agreeing to give him a Horse and \$50.00 down, and \$100.00 when his work was ended. He had been an Indian Fighter, employed by the Mexican Government to drive troublesome Indians out of New Mexico and Arizona, and was accused of scalping friendly Indians in order to collect the Royalties offered for Scalps.² Kirker induced the Company to take the southern Route, saying that he had travelled the northern Route with Fremont, and that as his small Company had encountered the greatest difficulties in finding grass for their few Animals, he argued that in the present case, with thousands of Animals to provide for, the bulk of them must necessarily perish. This argument decided the Peoria Company to take the Route to the South, which he pointed out as long, but as having good roads and abundance of grass and water.

¹ James Kirker had been employed by the Mexicans to fight the Apaches. Upon the outbreak of the Mexican War he joined the U. S. forces, performing valuable services as guide and interpreter.

² Kirker's friends denied the truth of this accusation. He had, however, been engaged in continual strife with the Indians, both in Mexico and on the plains. If he did sometimes scalp friendly Indians to obtain the bounty he was not alone in the practice. A story is told of an American (one account says an Englishman) named Johnson, who induced a large party of Indians to approach under pretense of trade, and then discharged a small cannon which he had concealed in his wagon, killing many, and so terrifying the others that they could not be persuaded to approach a white man again.

Two Peoria men, Dr. Rogers and James Rankin, had been elected Captain and Lieutenant. The Captain was vested with power to halt and start the Train, to superintend its general movements, to select camping-grounds, to keep order among the men, and to enforce such rules as the Company adopted from time to time with regard to Guards, care of Animals, order and cleanliness of Camp, etc. Some of the members grumbled at rules that they considered useless and oppressive; but all were required strictly to obey. One Order required that no man should be permitted to ride in a Wagon unless unable to walk. Many rebelled against this Order as an arbitrary abuse of power, depriving them of the free use of their own property; but it was sustained, and was found afterwards to have been very wise, enabling us to preserve our Teams much longer than we could otherwise have done. We grew accustomed to it, and the time soon came when no man would think of riding unless compelled to do so.

When we camped, our custom was to make with our Wagons a Corral. Where proper ground could be found, this was readily done by driving one Wagon behind another so that they formed a circle, the raised tongues filling the spaces of three or four feet between them, and a larger space left between the first and the last through which the Cattle could be driven. After this we raised our Tents about twenty feet from the Wagons, forming a circle around the Corral. When we came into Camp, there was a great scampering to procure dead wood; if this could not be found, a Tree had to be cut down. Every evening and on Sunday the Lieutenant called out men for Cattle Guard until nine P.M., when the Cattle were driven into the Corrals. Others were called to

guard the Camp at night. The older men, the Invalids, and the Fat Man were exempt from this duty.

On Monday we travelled only twelve miles; on Tuesday we made twenty-two, by measurement of a Viameter attached to the Wheel of one of our Wagons, and camped on Cottonwood River. We saw a few flocks of Antelope, and one or two were shot. On Wednesday and Thursday we made fifteen miles a day, without incident of note.

On Friday our road was over a rich Prairie country. In the afternoon we saw in the distance an immense body of moving objects which our excited minds pictured as Indians. Immediately the whole Company were putting their Weapons in order. As we reduced the distance between the objects and ourselves, men who had Telescopes pronounced them to be Buffalo. There appeared to me to be at least ten thousand in the herd. The best Hunters in the Company, about sixty in number, started out in two Parties, one keeping to the East and the other to the West of the herd, while the Train passed to the North. The western Party started them, and they ran toward the eastern Company, among whom was our Guide, Kirker. Buffalo hunting was new to all except Kirker, and the men were greatly excited. One man, in attempting to take his Rifle from the pommel, discharged it, the ball entering his shoulder; another put a ball through the neck of his Horse; a third was thrown, and his Horse ran away with all his equipment and was never recovered. They succeeded in bringing down two Buffalo, and our Boys brought in twenty pounds of good Steak, on which we feasted several times.

We camped that night on the Little Arkansas, after a

long day's Travel of twenty-two miles. On Saturday we proceeded on to Cow Creek, about fourteen miles. During the day we saw on the Prairie, about two miles to our right, a row of poles with Caps upon them. A couple of our Boys rode over to ascertain what they meant, and discovered that the "Caps" were the Scalps of Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians, with whom the Pawnees had had a Battle a short time before. There were no signs of any Indians in the vicinity, but the Boys thought Prudence the better part of Valor, and rode off. We saw a flock of Antelope this day, but no Person took the trouble to go after them, having now become too great Hunters for such small Game.

On Sunday the thirteenth we rested, and had Sermons morning and evening by our Millerite Preacher. (These were the Halcyon days of our Travel, and we were still moving on in the sight of the Lord.) I did not hear the morning Sermon, as I was on Cattle Guard that day. Monday we travelled fifteen miles and camped on Walnut Creek. Tuesday we passed Pawnee Rock (a dangerous vicinity, where several Santa Fe Caravans had been robbed and massacred by Pawnee Indians) and camped at Ash Creek. Wednesday we made twenty miles; Thursday, twenty-two over flat Prairie to Coon Creek; Friday we travelled twenty-two miles to Pawnee River, leaving here the Santa Fe Trail, and taking the Bent's Fort Trail more directly west.

The weather was now becoming very warm. The long continuous dusty Travel over flat glaring Plains began to affect the eyes of our men, and those that had had the foresight to bring Colored Glasses were using them. In this region we found it impossible to get wood, and for cooking purposes we burned Buffalo Chips (the dried

manure of the Buffalo) found in abundance all over the Plains. Our Teams were getting slower, but our Invalids had all recovered their health except the man who had been wounded in the Buffalo Hunt. Saturday we travelled up the Pawnee River about twelve miles, and rested over Sunday. On Monday we passed over hot, dry Plains, and came to the Arkansas River near old Fort Atchison.* We then travelled up the Arkansas until Friday over a hot, dusty road, nothing occurring of especial interest except that some Antelope were shot, and one of the Teams lost an Ox.

On Friday evening we camped at a favorable point on the Arkansas and lay over until Monday for the purpose of washing our Persons and our Clothes. We had a busy day of washing and bathing on Saturday. We omitted the ironing, concluding that as there were no Ladies to look at us, such aesthetic labor would be spent in vain.

On Monday the twenty-eighth we were off again, feeling better and prouder in our clean clothes, and made twenty miles. On Tuesday we saw a large flock of Antelope, and Myron and I tried our hand at hunting them. We took a long circuit around to get near, and then flourished a red Flag (a trick of the Hunters of these Animals) while hiding behind our Horses. The herd began to run in circles around us, coming nearer with every circle. When they came within Rifle shot we blazed away, and brought one down. We proudly carried our Trophy to the Wagon, where we skinned it and tanned the hide, which we afterwards found very useful.

On Wednesday the thirtieth we made only ten miles,

* Ft. Atkinson.

and camped on low bottom ground where a small Creek empties into the Arkansas. That night, after we were all quietly asleep, there came up a Thunder Storm. About midnight we were suddenly aroused by the water pouring into our Tents. We were in a terrible dilemma: our blankets were afloat, and our Cattle in the Corral up to their knees in water. If the water increased in depth, we feared that it would soon sweep us and our property into the River. The darkness was intense, relieved only by flashes of lightning; the Rain came down in torrents; and we paddled about in the dark, seeking to consult each other in regard to the best course to be pursued. Our Captain and Lieutenant seemed to be paralysed, and hesitated about giving orders. The water rose to two feet in our Tents, after which the Rain began to moderate; and we spent the balance of the night wading around until a late day-break enabled us to relieve ourselves of the terrors of the night by driving up on higher land. It was a matter for wonder that, although none of us made a change of garments, no one took even a Cold from the effect of our exposure.

From Thursday until Saturday we moved on up the River about forty-five miles, and lay over the Sunday at a point near the present dividing-line of Kansas and Colorado. About ten A.M. on this day, as I was on Cattle Guard a quarter of a mile from Camp, I observed one of our men, who had been hunting Antelope on the opposite side of the River, coming on a full run towards the Camp. He forded the River in haste, and there was immediately a great commotion in Camp. Across the River, a long distance away, I perceived a dark body moving on the Plains, which I at first thought to be a large herd of Buffalo; but soon discovered by the reflec-

tion of the Sun the glistening of polished metal. We immediately herded our Cattle together and drove them toward the Corral, where with the help of twenty Horsemen from the Camp we soon had them in. In the meantime the Captain had the whole Company equipped and drawn up in line, the Mule Men forming a Company of Cavalry; and by the time I reached Camp, all were marching down to the River. As is usually the case in times of excitement, everything was found to be out of place, and I had to turn my things all upside down to find my ammunition. While I was engaged in the search our Baptist Minister came from his Wagon bearing two Duelling Pistols, and asked me if I thought it would be of any use for him to go to the front with those Weapons. Seeing that he was much frightened, I said to him that it would be better for him to remain and look after the Stock. He accepted this office cheerfully, and I joined my Company at the River.

The dark body that I had seen proved to be an Army of fifteen hundred Arapahoe and Cheyenne Cavalry, each armed with Bow and Arrows, a ten-foot Spear, and a Shield of dried Buffalo hide, as hard as adamant, painted with many savage devices. Most of them were dressed in coats, moccasins, and leggings of Buckskin, ornamented with beads, Bear teeth, and colored Porcupine quills. The Chiefs wore cloaks of Buffalo skins with the hair on, and to our excited eyes they appeared like giant Monsters. They marched steadily on to the very brink of the River, firing the few Guns they had into the air, and bearing two or three dirty white blankets hoisted on Spears. Kirker said the blankets were Flags of Peace, and begged us not to fire on them; but when they began fording the River, our Officers had great difficulty

in preventing the men from firing. The Captain ordered us instead to fall back towards the Corral, and in case of an attack to go inside and fire from the openings between the Wagons.

The Indians came boldly over, and by order of their Chief formed in several lines along the banks of the River. Captain Rogers then gave us orders to fall back to the Corral. This done, the Chief gave a Command, and in an instant every Savage was sitting by his Horse's head on the ground. Then about a dozen of these monster Chiefs approached our Officers. Meantime our bold Guide was keeping out of their sight in the Corral. Our Officers called on him to come out and talk with the Chiefs, which he consented to do with reluctance. As soon as he showed himself, the Chiefs with one voice cried out "Kirker!"—a cry which was resounded through all their Camp with much emphasis. Kirker and the Officers parleyed with them for some time. They informed us that they were a War Party going to fight the Pawnees, and that they would like to trade for some Tobacco, Whiskey, Paints, etc.

While this was taking place, we saw another large band of Indians coming up the River on our side, and our minds were more excited than ever. Some said it was the Pawnees, and we should soon find ourselves in the midst of a great Indian Battle; others were of the opinion that they were another division of the Arapahoes, numerous enough with the others to wipe us out. Our hair stood squarely up on our heads; but the Chiefs assured Kirker (who understood their vernacular) that they were only Squaws and Children in charge of loose Horses and Cattle. The truth of this assertion was soon confirmed by the whole body coming up to the Camp.

This understood, we were ordered into the Corral with a man at each opening; then one man from each Mess was permitted to go over and trade with the Indians, who formed a line fifty yards away. They traded us moccasins, Buckskin coats, and other Indian handiwork for trinkets, looking-glasses, Tobacco, Whiskey, and toy Paints, and offered to trade their Horses and Steers for Arms and ammunition; but these things we would not trade.

When they had finished trading, they wanted to race Horses with us. We had no Horses with much speed, but ran a few races, which they won. They then wanted to run foot Races. We had with us a little bowlegged Illinois Blacksmith, very fleet of foot in a short Race, who offered to run against their best man on a bet of \$5.00. They had a hard time scraping up that much money, but raised it somewhere, and brought out a splendid-looking young Savage, whom the Blacksmith easily beat. They then brought another man, and bet a Buckskin coat against two shirts of the Blacksmith. This man was not so tall as the first, but more muscular; but the Blacksmith beat him almost as easily. Then one of the Chiefs tried and was beaten; and the leading men all patted the Blacksmith on the back and said "Bueno!" They asked the Captain to let them have him, expressing great admiration for him.

These Indians, both men and Women, had the most beautiful forms and faces I have met with anywhere among the Indian Tribes. The men were all tall and straight, their forms perfect, and their countenances positive and fierce, yet extremely animated and expressive of intelligence and jollity. The Squaws were tastily, even beautifully, dressed, in Buckskin tunics to

the knees, ornamented with beads, quills of various dyes, and other settings; tight Buckskin leggings, and shirts ornamented with beads. They wore necklaces of showy beads, ear-rings, and armlets; some had Gold bracelets on their ankles. They did not paint. Their whole rig (which I can not properly describe) was admired by all of us.

The Indians remained with us for several hours, and then, greatly to our relief, the whole Party set off at a gallop. Instead of being of service, Kirker had jeopardised our safety in consequence of the odium he bore among all the Indian Tribes; they would probably have dispatched him had we not been so strong. We doubled our Guard that night; but no harm came to us.

During the following week we moved on up the River toward the Rocky Mountains, over a dry dusty road, with hot trying weather, continuing to camp along the Arkansas from day to day. On Sunday we discovered an immense herd of Buffalo out on the Plains to the Northeast, and soon made up a Party of twenty Horsemen to pursue them. The Buffalo were feeding at the foot of a hill, or considerable roll in the Prairies. Eight of us were deputed to take a circuitous Route and get beyond the knoll in a direct line with them, while the other Party, as soon as they believed we had gained our position, were to start at a full gallop toward the Buffalo. There were from ten to fifteen thousand of these, and when started they formed in a solid body a quarter of a mile in depth and perhaps more than that in breadth, and came directly up the hill toward us. As the mass of Buffalo made their appearance at the brink of the hill, we found ourselves in range with the centre of their line. Our Horses began to rear and pitch,

and we could not control them. As the mass came fiercely down upon us, we saw no means of escape, and expected nothing but to be trodden to death under their feet; but we tried to stand fast, and suddenly, when they had come within a few hundred yards, they began to separate into two divisions, passing on either side. Immediately we found ourselves in the midst of this vast mass, our Horses rearing and snorting, crazy with terror. The idea of shooting a Buffalo never occurred to us; the preservation of our lives was the only thing that interested us just then.

As the rear of the herd came up, we found a number of stragglers, and headed off a couple of them which we turned away from the main body. We followed them up, shooting at them with Rifles and Pistols, which seemed to have no effect upon them except to make them switch their tails. The two soon took different directions, and we concentrated all our force upon one of them. The monster Animal moved with such rapidity that it took all the speed our Horses were master of to keep up with him. I shot away all the balls in my Pistol, and tried my Rifle; but my Indian Pony was very shy of him, and the rapid oscillation of that Rifle was astonishing. One of our Party, who had two good Navy Pistols and a manageable Horse, rode up within a few yards of the Buffalo and put a ball into his shoulder, bringing him down on three legs. The Animal then turned to give us battle, bellowing after the manner of a Bull, his eyes fiery red. I went as near as I thought prudent, and put a ball into his head which brought him to the ground. We then skinned him and cut him up, each taking as much meat as we could well carry. The air in this region is so pure that we preserved our

meat readily until it was all consumed. I fell heir to the hide, which we tanned, and which did me many good services afterwards. The other Party also secured a Buffalo.

I do not think that this herd was the same that we encountered at Cow Creek, for they ran a day's travel to the east, and we had been moving west from fifteen to twenty miles per day. I have no doubt that there were many such herds roving over the Plains at that time; and an account that I read a few days since in the Newspapers, saying that there are now only about eighty Buffalo left on all the vast American Plains, appears to me almost impossible. This great waste of animal life cannot be charged to the Indians, for they never killed more than they wanted to supply their need; but the White Hunters destroyed them and wasted their meat in order to secure the trifling price of their hides. And it is a question with me, whether the World is now better served with meat than it would have been if our Government had long since taken measures to secure the preservation of these valuable Animals, instead of allowing a few monster Cattle Kings to absorb the use of all the pasture of the great Plains.

From Monday the 11th to Thursday the 14th we pursued our way up the River without meeting with any unusual occurrence. On Thursday morning we reached Bent's Fort and camped there; but none of us were permitted to enter except Capt. Rogers and Lieut. Rankin. The Fort was surrounded by a wall about twenty-five feet high, with a heavy double Gate for Wagons, but no other entrance. The Soldiers obtained admittance by means of a ladder to the top of the wall, and thence by a narrow platform to a Building inside, which was fitted

with rifle holes, so that an Enemy could be reached without much exposure to the Soldiers. Both ladder and platform were taken up when the Soldiers were inside. The Soldiers were permitted to come out a few at a time and visit the Camp, and all enjoyed the interview. They wanted Tobacco, Segars, and Whiskey; but we had very little of these articles to spare, and our Mess none at all. I had been a constant Smoker since I was sixteen years of age, and had bought two boxes of Segars before starting on this trip; but with the aid of the other members of the Company they were all consumed. Although I felt a constant longing for them, I congratulated myself that the time had come when I could break myself of the pernicious habit.

On Saturday the sixteenth we travelled on twenty miles to the old Santa Fe Crossing, where we camped over Sunday. After our usual Sunday Service, the Boys amused themselves by telling Yarns. The question was asked what disposition we expected to make of our California Fortunes, and the answers were various and amusing. One Dutchman said he intended to return to Germany and erect a Castle, in which he would put a chimney flue connecting with an alcove in his Reception Room, with a Silver door fitted with flexible tubes, by means of which he and his Friends might enjoy their pipes without any smoke in the room. And the grand conceptions of others were quite as absurd.

On the nineteenth we had our first dim view of the Rocky Mountains and Pike's Peak, a view that filled us with new animation, as we had become very weary of the monotonous Scenery of the Plains. The country here had become a Desert, and we had to favor our Stock, finding little grass except a small patch of meadow

at the junction of the Huerfano with the Arkansas. By the 21st we had come to the Alkaline Plains, where the ground was saturated with Soda, and nothing appeared to be able to grow but dry bunch grass with no nourishment in it, and wild sage, which our Stock would not attempt to eat. The Mountains now began to loom up in every direction. On Saturday we found the Fat Man's Horse unable to rise, and we had to shoot the poor beast. This was a sad day for this man's three hundred pound bundle of flesh, for he was obliged for the first time to take the road on foot like the rest of us; and after twelve miles of sandy roads (on which the Company lost two Oxen) the poor suffering Fat Man was completely exhausted when we arrived in Camp. On these sandy Plains there was such insufficient grass that we allowed our Cattle to run late at night, and had a troublesome time gathering them together.

On Tuesday the 26th we came up with the Range of Foot Hills that formed the border of the large bottom lands along the Arkansas, gradually drawing together as we proceeded up the River. About three o'clock in the afternoon there came up a heavy Thunder Storm, beating in our faces. We wheeled our Stock around, and placing the Wagons side by side in close proximity, we waited for the Storm to abate. Here we rested twenty minutes, while the vivid Lightning flashing about us, and the dreadful Thunder, pealing throughout the Mountains, filled our Cattle with nervous terror. When the Rain ceased its downpouring a deathlike stillness came over the inspiring Scenery that now presented itself to our view. Before us lay Mountains piled upon Mountains, lifting their dark and barren Peaks far toward the Heavens. No great distance to the North ascended the

towering Pike's Peak, and to the South, among piles of lofty snow-clad Mountains, could be seen the three great Spanish Peaks. The grandeur of the Scenery inspired us with unspeakable awe, and there was something about the atmosphere that made us feel like ethereal Spirits floating in the air.

And now, while we were still fastened to the spot, lost in dreamy imagination as we viewed this enchanting Scene, in an instant, as if by Magic, all the Animals started simultaneously with a grand leap and flew down the River to the Plain, the men in front shouting and scrambling to escape the solid mass of Teams coming down upon them. Men could be seen dropping from the rear of the Wagons in all directions as they rumbled over the Sands; I myself slipped through a two-foot space between two Wagons going at lightning speed. Some of the Teams ran into a small Creek and could not extricate themselves; others stopped from sheer exhaustion; still others ran two or three miles and were halted by the owners of tied Horses that had not gotten away. Strange to say, no serious damage was done, except to the Wagon of two Germans, which turned over and was irreparably smashed, the owners barely escaping with their lives. This was our first experience of a genuine Stampede, not uncommon in the Mountain countries of the West.

CHAPTER XIV

PUEBLO TO SANTA FE

AFTER MUCH labor we had our Teams in line again, distributing the Goods of the two Germans among the other Wagons, and proceeded up the Valley to a place called Pueblo, which then consisted of three deserted Log Cabins¹ (erected by a Party of Mormons who had wintered there in 1846-47 on their way to Salt Lake) and now has a population of thirty thousand. This day the man who had shot himself in the Buffalo Hunt expired. As he had been a Mexican Soldier, we buried him the next day with the honors of War, firing a Military Salute over his Grave and setting up on it a small Flag.

As the long Travel over the dry hot Plains had shrunk our wheels, most of them had come loose; and we resolved to remain at this place until we could overhaul and repair the Wagons. We had with us two Blacksmiths, a Wheelwright, and several Carpenters, with all necessary tools. The Blacksmiths set up their Forge while others of us prepared a kiln of charcoal. The tires had all to be cut down and tightened, which work the Blacksmiths did for us free of charge. We were a kind of Mutual Aid Society, not only from desire but for protection, as disability of one member of the Company threw extra labor on the others: for according to the

¹ There had been a cabin here since 1821, built and occasionally occupied by hunters. The place was a favorite rendezvous. The women, children, and old or disabled men of Cooke's Mormon Battalion occupied the site in the winter mentioned.

beneficent Rules then in force, no Person could be abandoned. Benevolence and Charity are always to be found in abundance as long as all things run smoothly; but when Danger, Want, and Trials are at hand and we are called on to make real Sacrifices in order to assist our less fortunate Neighbor, then it is that the Hog may be seen developing in the Human; and we shall see hereafter now this animal Nature showed itself in some of our Party.

During the time the Wagons were being repaired, some of us were at work felling Pine Trees, making Canoes, and splitting planks preparatory to making a Raft to ferry us over the Arkansas. This Raft was constructed by placing three Canoes abreast about two feet apart, and nailing planks across.

About two o'clock in the morning on the second day after our arrival here, as we were fast asleep in our Tents, suddenly, as if some unseen hand had struck them all a furious blow at the same time, the Cattle made a sudden leap and came pouring out over the Wagon bodies and the elevated tongues and across each other's backs, with a rumbling and crashing noise in the darkness. Meanwhile the occupants of the Tents were up, and wild with terror, were desperately dodging the frenzied Cattle. Our Wagons were smashed, and our Tents and cooking utensils upset and broken. Away they went pellmell, and we could hear the sound of multitudes of hoofs much further than we could see them. Relieved of their dangerous presence and finding no one seriously hurt, we repaired our damaged Tents where we could, and took to our blankets until morning without attempting to follow them.

The next morning a large Party riding Horses and

Mules went out to hunt the lost Stock. They came upon five of them at a distance of six miles from Camp, and Smith, with a few others, came in with this lot toward evening of the same day. The balance of the men went on, led by Kirker, who was so expert that he could follow the trail at a gallop. They found one Ox that had been killed by a California Lion, which had mounted his back and gnawed his spine until he fell, and then sucked his blood. Near Sundown they found the rest of the Cattle on a small Stream about thirty miles from Camp. They remained with the Cattle all night, eating up the trifle of food they had with them, and set out the next morning; but they had not driven them two miles before they stampeded again, and ran back three miles along the Stream. About nine o'clock that evening, greatly to the relief of our anxiety, the poor Fellows arrived in Camp, half starved, bringing all the Cattle but two.

We prospected some of the Gulches in this region for Gold, and gathered about three dollars, but soon gave up the pursuit. While we were resting here two Messes, comprising eight Persons, became discouraged and resolved to return home. We endeavored to dissuade them from their rash resolution, but to no purpose: they were determined to go. The whole Camp was soon writing Letters to forward by them. I wrote one to my Brother Joseph which was published in one of our Philadelphia Papers.² This Party was murdered by Indians on the Plains, and our Letters were found scattered over the Wagons and ground by a Company of Soldiers, who forwarded them to their destination.

² The *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, Sept. 26, 1849. The letter published was written to his sister, Anna M. (Pancoast) Keyser, and dated July 8.

Choice Game was plentiful in the vicinity of our Camp, and several Parties went out hunting. We shot a number of Grouse, Pheasants, and Deer, and fared well for fresh meat. We had seen several Goats or Sheep moving on the top of a high Mountain in the neighborhood, and one day a Party of crazy-headed young Fellows started out early in the morning, intending to shoot a Goat and bring it in for Dinner. But they sadly miscalculated the distance they had to travel. They did not get to the top of the Mountain until four P.M., and after scouting for an hour or more and failing to bag a Goat, they shot a Grouse and roasted it for their Supper, as it was too dangerous to undertake to return to Camp so late. As they had no blankets and the air was very cold at their elevated position, they spent a very uncomfortable night, sitting on Rocks and watching for dangerous Wild Beasts. We were much worried about them (Myron being with them) but were somewhat relieved on seeing their fire. About three P.M. the next day they came into Camp, desperately hungry, having had nothing to eat since they started except one Grouse among ten of them. They brought Pheasants, Grouse, and a Goat, and reported having shot a Black Bear which had fallen into a deep Ravine where they were unable to reach him.

Our repairs being now completed, on the tenth day of July we commenced to cross the River. We drove all our Cattle and Mules some distance above the Camp, and after much whooping and howling got them all into the River, led by a Horseman who swam in advance, and all landed safely on the other side. The Riding Horses were then swum over by their owners, Smith and Myron riding with ours. One man would

not venture to swim his Horse across in that way, but put a rope halter on him, which he attached to the Raft. The Horse appeared to be a very awkward swimmer, and bore so heavily on the rope that he sank the corner of the Raft below the water, and the owner was compelled to let him go. The Horse then went down stream with the Current until his rope became fast in a Rock Heap, when he was pulled under and seen no more.

We spent most of the day in ferrying our Wagons and Goods across, and were comfortably camped by evening. That night we had a great scare. Our Sentinels came in and stealthily wakened the Camp, telling us that a band of Indians was crossing the River below. Listening closely, we could hear their Horses plunging in one after the other. We were soon put in martial order and marched down the River in the direction of the sound. After marching some distance we discovered that it came from a "Sawyer," or loose Snag, bobbing up and down in the Current, and marched back to Camp ashamed of our expedition.

The next day, with recuperated Teams, we marched off merrily to the Greenhorn River, where we found a Trading Post occupied by several white Hunters and a number of Indians of various Tribes, many of whom had Huts outside the Post. The Fort was packed with valuable furs, which the Hunters carried on Pack Mules and sold to the Santa Fe Traders.

While we were at Pueblo there had come into the Camp a Delaware Indian, who had proposed to the Mule Men to pilot them by a short Route to California in thirty days if they would give him fifty dollars and a good Horse. This Indian we now met again at Green-

horn, and he renewed his proposition. One of the Rocky Mountain Hunters at this Post professed to know the Route, and said it could easily be done if they had force enough to defend themselves against the Indians. Kirker and another Hunter advised against the undertaking; but these enthusiastic Gold Hunters had become Monomaniacs on the subject, and their minds were so inflated with the idea of the great Fortune awaiting them in the California Mines if they could only get there before the thousands now on their way arrived, that they resolved then and there to start immediately, with only this Indian for their Guide. To follow his Route involved the necessity of abandoning their Wagons and such Goods as they could not pack on their Mules; and two whole days were spent in unloading the Wagons and making up the Packs. They were obliged to abandon nearly all their conveniences and a large portion of their food. The Hunters gave them a trifle for some of their Goods, and they gave the rest to us; but as we had a Law that no man should put into his Wagon anything of which the Committee did not approve, the Hunters and Indians fell heir to nearly all of the abandoned Goods. One Wagon was secured by the two Germans, who went nearly mad because the Committee would allow them to put nothing into it but their own Goods and a very few necessary articles. As they had but two yoke of Oxen, the Rule was especially applicable to them.

On the third morning the Mule Party went off, after a hearty "Good-bye and God Speed" from us. Some of them realised the hazardous nature of their undertaking, and parted from us with much feeling and sad misgivings. I will here digress to give the Story of their fate, as

related by one of them to a man of our Company, who afterwards repeated it to Eugene Angel, from whom I received it. By this story it appears that their Indian Guide led them for twelve days almost directly west, through a rugged mountainous country where the barriers to their progress were almost insuperable. One morning, after pointing out their course for the day, their Guide left them under pretense of hunting a Deer, and was heard of no more. They resolved to go on without him, with nothing but a small Compass to guide them. Meeting with hostile Indians and fearful barriers, they drifted far to the south of Salt Lake, and came to a country which they supposed to be drained by the Colorado River. Here they quarrelled about the proper direction to pursue, and foolishly divided into two companies of about forty men each. Our Relator's Party then proceeded to the Colorado River, taking a southerly direction. Finding their provisions were likely to give out, they again disputed and divided into two Parties of twenty, one of which left the River, bearing north, while the Relator's Party followed the direction of the River south. This latter Party, after suffering innumerable hardships and living for ten days on acorns and small Birds, arrived in the San Joaquin Valley on the tenth day of October, 1849, barefooted, sore, and generally tattered. At the time of the relation of the story (to wit, October, 1851) none of the other Parties had ever been heard from.

One morning during our tarry at Greenhorn three fine-looking Indians, equipped for War, and one of them carrying a bloody arm in a sling, came riding into our Camp and enquired for a Doctor. Dr. Rogers examined the arm and found the bones broken and badly splin-

tered. The Fellow sat quietly on a box and submitted to the operation of taking out the splinters without showing the least evidence of pain; not even a grunt escaped him. The Doctor put some healing remedy on the arm and stayed it with improvised splints, and directed him how to dress it. They then gave ten dollars (all the money they had) to the Doctor, mounted their Horses with smiling faces, and went off on the gallop without informing us to what Tribe they belonged, whence they had come, or whither they were going.

On the thirteenth day of July we left this Camp of Greenhorn and travelled through a wooded country for sixteen miles to Apache Creek. The next day our way led through a Valley with high Mountains on either side. As we were moving quietly along, our Cattle suddenly stampeded with one simultaneous leap along the whole line, with the same uncontrollable fury as on the former occasions. They ran about two miles in the direction of the road and then halted of their own accord. No great damage was done, but the Cattle were nervous all day. We camped that night on the headwaters of the Huerfano River, with plenty of wood and grass. On the fifteenth our Route took us through a Valley between the Taos Mountains and another Range to a Camp on the Cucharo River. These Mountains were alive with Rattle Snakes, and the next morning we found that one of our Oxen had been bitten by one of them, and we were compelled to abandon him. Our Cattle became so fearful of the Snakes that an Ox in our Team, seeing one, leaped over the back of his mate and turned the yoke. It kept us constantly on the watch to prevent being struck by them in the high grass.

During the next few days we passed through the Sangre de Cristo Pass of the Taos Mountains, making our Camps on a branch of the Cuchara, on the Apishapa, and on a branch of the Purgatory. We found this camping ground very pleasant: "Purgatory" must have been further down. Sunday we lay over at Agua Calienti, and on the next day went through a Pass in the Raton Mountains and camped on Van Brinner's Run. In these Mountain Passes we found it difficult to make a Corral, and had to halter our Cattle at night. The two following days we made thirty-five miles, camping one night on Carriso Creek and the next on a branch of the Cimarron River. The third day we passed over a barren country and camped at a spot where there was very poor grass. As we sometimes did at such places, we permitted our Riding Horses to run all night to give them a better opportunity to feed; and next morning two Horses (including one of mine) were missing, stolen no doubt by the Ute Indians who ranged in this region. After spending several hours in hard climbing we had to give them up, and followed after the Train, overtaking it at night at Ute Creek.

On the 26th we crossed a Mountain Ridge and entered a beautiful Valley covered with fine grass, over which hundreds of Horses, Cattle, and Sheep were ranging; and about Sundown we had the pleasure of seeing a Spanish Rancho at the foot of a high Mountain. This was Riadjo,³ the Rancho of the famous Mountaineer Kit Carson, so long the Scout and Guide of General Fremont. The Ranch House could not be said to be stylish: it was a two-story log affair, surrounded by Adobe walls for purposes of fortification. Inside the

³ Rayado.

walls were several Adobe Houses, and outside a number more, as well as a large Corral and several Buildings used as Stables, Slaughter Houses, etc. Carson had about him a dozen or more Americans and Mexicans and about twenty Indians, beside a number of Squaws, all to be fed at his Table; and judging from the waste we saw around the place, his Table was of no mean order.

Kit himself was a superior representative of the genuine Rocky Mountain Hunter. His skin was dark and he wore his long black hair over his coat, giving him much the appearance of a Mexican.⁴ He dressed in first class Indian style in Buckskin coat and pants trimmed with leather dangles, and wore moccasins on his feet and a Mexican Sombrero on his head. His reception of us was cordial, and he distributed a clever piece of Beef to each of our Messes. At our first meeting he had little to say; but after supper he sat down by our Camp Fire, and we found him very garrulous, entertaining us until eleven o'clock with his numerous Indian adventures. He spoke of the difficulties he had experienced in maintaining the lonely position he occupied and in protecting his Stock from the Raids of the Utes and other Indians. He had called in the aid of the U. S. Soldiers, and being thoroughly acquainted with the haunts of the Indians, he had punished them so severely that they had found it their best Policy to make their Peace with him. He now enjoyed their Friendship, and often gave them meat; and they no longer molested his Stock, although they continued to

⁴ Kit Carson's hair is described by his biographers variously as "light," "sandy," and "brown." It probably grew darker with age and exposure. An officer in Kearny's army refers to his "keen hazel eyes."

steal that of others. However, he still kept a Guard on his Cattle by day and a Sentinel at night. He showed us several Arrow and Bullet Wounds on his person that he had received in his encounters with the Indians, in which he gloried as much as could the most distinguished General.

Bidding our Friend good-bye next day, we travelled to the Ocate River, where we camped for the night, and the following day moved to the entrance of Guadalupe Pass. Here we passed into a deep Ravine between two high Mountains, the descent to which was so steep that we had to lower our Wagons into it with ropes. We found some grass and camped, permitting our Cattle to run until dark, after which we haltered them to our Wagons. In the night there arose a severe Thunder Storm, and soon we were all alarmed by the roaring torrents dashing down the Creek. Notwithstanding the impenetrable darkness of the night, we managed to yoke up our Cattle and haul our Wagons further up the side of the Hill; and it was well we did so, for the water rose so high on the position we first occupied that it would have swept all our Wagons away. As it was, we could not get all of them high enough to clear the flood entirely, and some of them were nearly swamped before we could get them started. We had our washing done that night without any extra labor, and that was the principal Blessing that we realised from the Rain.

Although the next day was Sunday, we went on through the Pass, not deeming it safe to remain in the Ravine. We came out upon a Desert Plain, where we fancied we saw a Village in the distance; but as we came nearer we discovered that the "Houses" were occupied

by Prairie Dogs, who sat upon their Hillocks barking at us. Not approving of their impertinence, we shot a number of them, but captured few, as they always sat near their doorways and most of them managed to get inside after they were shot. We camped on Coyote Creek (a branch of the Canadian River) near the Dog Village, and as our Cattle were much run down from long travel over hot, rugged roads with insufficient food, we concluded to rest there.

I availed myself of this opportunity to visit the Dog Village, which covered perhaps two hundred acres of ground. The Hillocks or Houses were built two or three feet high of clay, with a landing and entrance on one side near the top, much after the manner of the Hillocks used by Farmers to bury their Potatoes in Winter. I was surprised to see an Owl fly out of one of the Houses near me, and further on I saw several Rattle Snakes running into the doorways. It was a puzzle to me to understand whether these vicious Creatures fraternised with the Dogs or preyed upon them. I shot one of the Dogs, and we did not find him bad Provender.

During our stay at this Camp there came that way a large Train of Gold Hunters from Louisiana, with Pack Mules and Horses. They were going to California over the road we had just passed, intending to follow up the eastern borders of the Rocky Mountains to the Platte River, and thence take the northern Route to California. But they did not influence us from our determination to go south, nor we them from pursuing their course to the North. We exchanged with them such news and information as we possessed in regard to Route, etc. We were the gainer as to news, for they

had started a month later than our Party. We learned by them that the California Mines were still producing Gold. The meeting was very interesting to us and we passed an enjoyable day with them, after being so long debarred from communication with the civilised World.

Both Parties were off the next day. Our road lay over a sandy Plain to an old Fort situated on a branch of the Canadian River. There were Spanish Settlements in the neighborhood, and here for the first time I saw an Irrigating Flume. In the next two days we moved about thirty-five miles, camping on the Cayota Creek the first night, and on the Pecos River the second. The Fat Man had bought another Horse of Kit Carson, which was stolen this night by Indians. The day following we travelled over hot sandy Plains, which so exhausted our Cattle that one fell dead. The poor Fat Man's sufferings were intense, and he came into Camp that night greatly worn out. He had already lost forty pounds of flesh.

We camped that night at San Miguel, a ruined Spanish Mission, which had been at one time a grand and extensive establishment. In this isolated place we found the Ruins of a large Church and of a dozen or more Adobe and Brick Dwellings and Out Houses, which had all been enclosed by a high wall. The Church had been built of Bricks and rough-casted with plaster. The Buildings had been burned, and the wall probably thrown down by Indians. The Church walls, however, were mostly still standing, as well as the Altar. Some of the Boys, after throwing a considerable amount of debris from the floor, found a trap door, beneath which

were Indian bones, beads, and other ornaments, which the Boys were so sacrilegious as to appropriate as Keepsakes. I do not know the history of these Buildings, but they left with me the impression that the structure had been built by early Spanish Missionaries, and abandoned to the Indians a hundred years before.⁵

Here we lost five Cattle from eating some poisonous plant which we were unable to detect. They swelled to enormous proportions and died in a few hours. One of them belonged to me, and one to the unfortunate Germans, who, having had but two yoke to start with, could now use but one yoke, and consequently were compelled to lighten their load by leaving several articles of convenience.

We left Santa Fe about fifteen miles to the west of us, and travelled through the Desert Plains of Ojo de Vaca until we arrived within a mile of the old Spanish Town of Galisteo, where we found Pine woods and a large Plain of grass. Many acres, planted with Corn and other Vegetables, and irrigated by waters from a branch of the Pecos, surrounded this little Adobe Village. On account of the starved condition of our Stock, we permitted them to run at large all night, and in consequence came near getting into trouble with the Law, as our Cattle got into these irrigated lands and destroyed some of the Corn; but we compromised with the owners by paying them a reasonable price for the damage, and promising to guard our Cattle in the future.

⁵ Probably the old Pecos Pueblo, a few miles from San Miguel del Bado. It was of Indian origin, but the Spanish had also a mission there.

CHAPTER XV

IN NEW MEXICO

DURING OUR last day's Travel we had lost another Ox; all our Stock were much impoverished from hard Travel and poor grass; so, not knowing what might still lie before us, we concluded to remain at Galisteo several days in order to recuperate them and to give Kirker and others an opportunity to visit Santa Fe.

The next morning a large party of us went up to Galisteo to have a good time, and were received very cordially by the inhabitants. In wandering around I fell into company with a very intelligent old Spanish Gentleman who could speak indifferent English, and who proved to be the Alcalde of the Town. As the Government of New Mexico had recently passed into the hands of the United States I am unable to say exactly what this man's official Authority was at that time; but as he was still exercising the power not only of committing for Trial by a higher Court, but also of convicting for small offences, I suppose he then found his Authority under the Mexican Law, by which the Alcaldes exercised large powers. He did not hesitate to condemn our Government for its injustice in robbing Mexico of its Territories without just cause or proper compensation.

He manifested his Hospitality by showing my Comrade and myself around the place and giving us all the information in his power. When we came to the Town

Jail he summoned the Keeper and said something to him in Spanish, upon which we were admitted under the surveillance of a heavily-armed Mexican Guard. The Building was a dismal, dark hole with little light or ventilation, full of filthy and offensive odors. There were about twenty Prisoners, several of whom were lying on their beds sick. I had just passed near a Young Man who appeared to be lying at the point of death, when to my great surprise I heard him call my name. I failed to recognise him; but he told me he had been a Hand on our Steam Boat on the Missouri. He had enlisted under General Price, and was captured by Mexicans and placed in that Prison, where he had been for two years, not allowed to communicate with his Friends. I appealed to the Alcalde, asking him why this man was kept in Prison. He replied that he was powerless to discharge him, as the Mexican Government exercised no Authority there, and the United States was responsible for permitting him to be detained. But my opinion is that the Mexicans were not wholly free from blame: they should have discharged him when Peace was declared. A Company of U. S. Soldiers had been camped there for a month, yet their Officers had not been informed of the confinement of this man. We promised the poor Fellow that we would have him out, and informed the Captain of the condition of the Prisoner. He assured me he would visit him and take immediate measures for his release. I presume he did so; but I never heard anything more of the man after we left that place.

We left the Alcalde and went to hunt the rest of the Boys, most of whom we found in an old adobe Tavern, having what they called "a good time." They had

but one thing to drink, a vile mixture of Turpentine, Muscat, and Whiskey that they called *Agua di Ente*.¹ As soon as I appeared they insisted that I should drink. My Comrade and Myron (who was already drunk) promised to go back to the Camp as soon as we took one more drink; but after striving in vain to get them out of the Tavern, and feeling that I was fast becoming drunk myself, I slipped away from them and took my way for the Camp. Just outside of Town I had to walk a plank across a Creek, which had been straight enough when we came in, but was now the crookedest plank I had ever seen. I managed to walk the devious turns successfully, and on the other side met our Preacher and his little Son, who spoke to me pleasantly and passed on. Turning to see how they would get over that crooked plank, I found the Boy looking at me grinning, and began to realise that I was staggering drunk. I wended my way along the edge of the Woods until I came to one of our Oxen, which had been hamstrung and gnawed by Wolves, but was still alive. Feeling very weak, and sympathising with the poor Animal, I lay down beside him, and knew nothing more until about four o'clock, when by a Providential accident some of the Boys discovered me. They shot the Ox, and placed me on a Horse, still so drunk I could not raise my eyelids. Soon there came up a Thunder Storm, which appeared to sober me at once, and I was able to take my Supper and to meet the jests of the Boys, returning them a Roland for an Oliver.

The next day a Party of us rode to Santa Fe, where Kirker and others had already gone. As soon as I arrived in this quaint old Frontier Town I hunted up

¹ Aguardiente, a strong Mexican brandy.



SANTA FL

my Friend John Doty,² the young tow-headed Fellow who had handed me the Pistols on the night of the unfortunate Ball in Warsaw, and who was himself wounded on that eventful occasion. I found him managing a large general Store for James White, who had been the heaviest Store Keeper in Warsaw when I was there, and whose Wife had danced with me at the Ball. John was rejoiced to see me and used his best endeavors to make me comfortable. He informed me that Mr. White was coming across the Plains with a Caravan, bringing his Wife and Child, and he was expecting them in every day. I bought of him a poor six-barreled Pistol and a few other articles; but I had come nearly to the bottom of my purse, and could not buy many things I needed. The next day we returned to Camp, having seen nothing of Kirker.

On the next afternoon a large party of us went to Galisteo to participate in a Fandango. We found all the Girls in Church, but about four o'clock they came out *en masse* and trailed over to the Ball Room, and in a short time the Dance commenced. Their dancing figures were very unique and interesting, some of the sets accompanied by a beautiful chant. I was delighted with the whole entertainment. One pretty, bright eyed, innocent-looking Spanish Girl who danced with me, enquired of me where I came from, and when I said "St. Louis," asked if I knew her Husband Joe, who had gone there on a visit six months before. She said he had been a U. S. Soldier when he married her, and pointed out a little two-year-old Girl in the room as their Child. She was expecting him to return soon, bringing her plenty of pretty Dresses and Jewelry. I

² Previously called John Nugent.

asked her if she thought he would ever return, and she answered confidently, "Yes." And I thought, "Alas, poor innocent Girl! I wonder how many more that have come within the border Soldiers' reach are living in this blissful ignorance, hoping for something never to be realised!"

Early in the evening a number of pretentious young *Hidalgos* came into the room, gaudily dressed in feathered caps, woven shawls called *Serapos*, and an abundance of lace and Navajo Silver, with Pistols, Stilettos, and Bowie Knives in their belts, which Weapons they removed and placed on a ledge. We had in our Company a Gambler from Jefferson City, whose name I think was Burke. He had started a Monte table at one end of the room, and this Game appeared to interest the Mexicans more than the Dance. His Patronage was so great that he soon had to call in the assistance of his Chum to help him handle the cards and money. About nine o'clock, as I was on the floor dancing, there was a great deal of noise and contention in Burke's end of the room, followed by the discharge of a Pistol. The Mexicans were all flying for their Weapons; the Ladies were screaming and running out of the doors; and many of our party were seeking safety outside in the darkness, not caring to risk our lives to save the hide of our Gambler, who (as we were satisfied) had swindled the Mexicans. Burke was shot, one of his ribs was broken, and he received a stab on the arm; his Chum was also wounded; but both escaped and ran to the Camp. Several shots were fired at us by the Mexicans, but no one was hurt but the two Gamblers. Dr. Rogers dressed their wounds, and after a few days they were considered well enough to do their share of Camp duty.

We had intended to move on the next day, but Kirker was still absent, and we concluded to wait another day for him. On this day we got up a Foot Race with the Mexicans, who had some fleet Young Men on whom they were willing to stake their Fortunes. They had not much money, but bet Cows, Sheep, Horses, Mules, Goats, and Burros. They brought out a splendid-looking muscular Fellow dressed in tights and moccasins, and bare from the waist upwards. I was pretty sure this Fellow would beat the Blacksmith, but the result proved the contrary, the latter coming out ten feet ahead. The Mexicans were wild, and brought out another splendid-looking man. Our man objected to running again, but the Boys made up a purse for him, and he beat the Mexican about two feet. Our Fat Man bet five dollars against a Horse, and won; and the Old Man Philipps won three Milch Goats. The Mexicans cheerfully delivered up their stakes and helped us drive the Animals to Camp.

While we were in Town that evening there came a Soldier from Santa Fe with the news that the Comanche Indians had attacked the Caravan of James White and massacred him and all his Teamsters and carried off his Wife and Child; that John Doty and a Company of Soldiers had gone in pursuit of the Indians; and that he had orders for the Company at Galisteo to follow immediately. Long afterwards in California we learned that the Soldiers came up with the Indians in their Camp and found Mrs. White butchered and weltering in her blood, and the Child missing, which was afterwards recovered alive.*

* Another version (probably correct) of this affair says that the crime was committed by Apache Indians. The soldiers, guided by Kit Carson, reached their camp, but the murderers of Mrs. White had escaped. The child was never found.

On the eighth of August, Kirker not having appeared, we decided to move on without him. Our Company had made a poor contract with him: they had paid him \$100 at the start, together with a good Horse and trappings; and I suppose the Old Rascal, having his doubts about getting the rest of his money, concluded to desert us here, where he was near his usual haunts and Friends.⁴

We left Galisteo regretfully, our Stock increased by several Horses, Cows, Burros, Sheep, and Goats. We tied our Goats behind the Wagon, but they rebelled at being led, and gave us much trouble, which was poorly repaid by the milk they gave. We had with us an Old Man by name of Roberts, who hailed from Pike County, Missouri. (In California Pike County men were considered especially mean, so much so that when Californians desired to cast an opprobrious name at a Party they called them "Pike County men;" and our man was no exception to this rule.) He bought of a Mexican here for \$250 five hundred Sheep, which he undertook to drive to California, and which proved to be a great nuisance to us, as they ate up the grass, and we were frequently delayed helping him to gather them in the mornings.

We passed through a flat farming country this day, where farming was done just as in the days of Abraham. The People were plowing with a stick of wood so fashioned as to cut and turn the earth, fastened to a strong wooden beam, and drawn by Oxen with yokes strapped to their heads. They harrowed with a bunch of brush, and ground their meal with a stone Muller. The wheels of their Wagons were sawed out of a log,

⁴ Kirker seems to have made his way eventually to California, for he is said to have died there in 1853.

and as goads they used poles with a sharp prod in the end, with which they cruelly prodded their poor Animals. Their milk was obtained from Goats and Asses, and their Sheep were herded by Shepherds, as they had no fences around their fields except in some instances Cactus hedges. They raised Corn, Wheat, Barley, Cocoa,⁵ Grapes, *Chile* pods (Red Peppers), Onions, and some other vegetables. The Houses were built of Adobe (mud held together with straw). These had inside ledges around the walls about two feet wide and two feet from the ground, which served as lounges as well as settees. There was seldom to be seen either chair, table, or bed. They ate on the earthen floor (for they never had a wooden one); there were no Water Closets, and little Modesty was observed between the Sexes. And this was the common condition of farming in all New Mexican Settlements.

We camped on a small Stream called Bajada, having made fifteen miles. The next day our course was westerly over a mountainous country (the straggling Foot Hills of the Rocky Mountains) toward the Rio Grande. We saw a herd of Wild Horses this day. I have omitted to mention that we had seen a number of these herds previously, and had on several occasions depended for fuel upon their manure, which they had the singular habit of depositing all in one pile, sometimes measuring several bushels. We camped at Pedro, near the foot of Ysidro Mountain, where, as the grass was scarce, we let our Stock run loose all night; and two of our Horses (one of them my last Horse) were stolen. As we were now in the Range of the Navajo Indians we

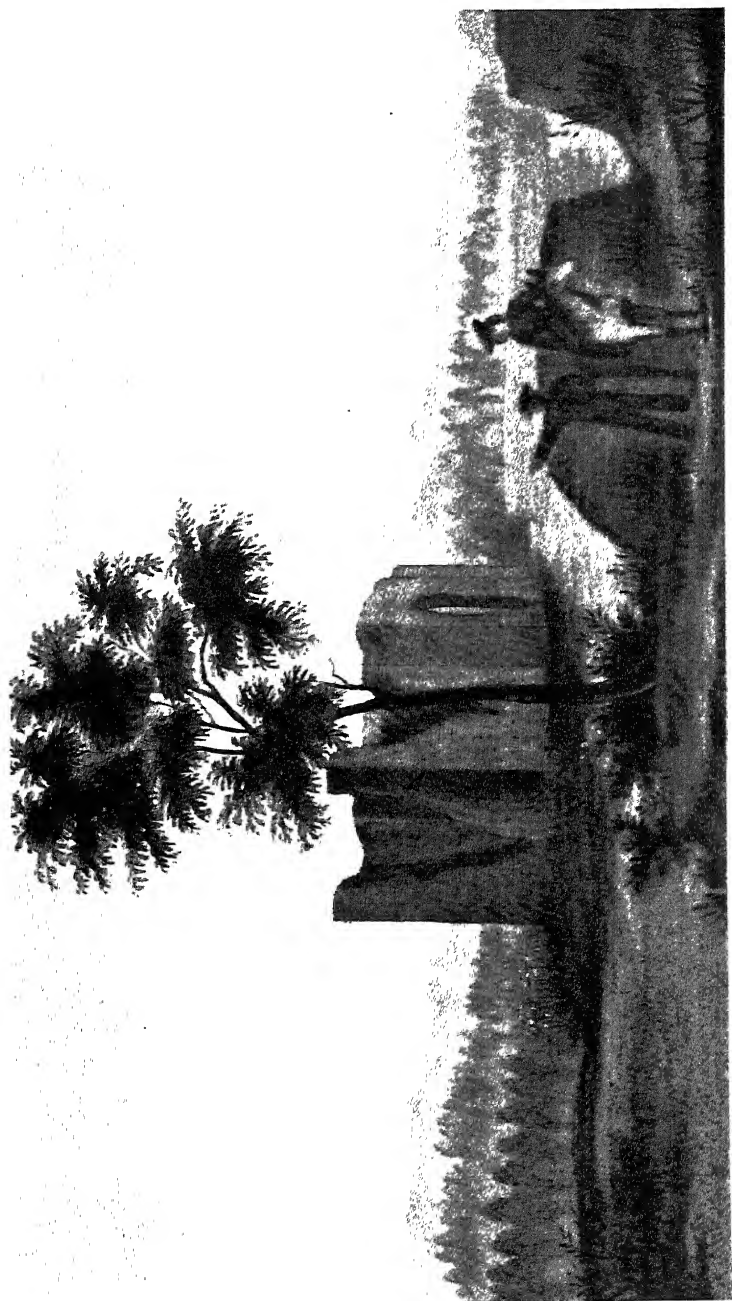
⁵ Pancoast has probably misunderstood the native name of some other plant. Cocoa is a tropical plant, and is not found in New Mexico.

laid the larceny at their door. In the morning some of our Fellows picked up three stray Sheep and tied them behind their Wagons, and in the afternoon a party of Navajos came galloping up and demanded their restoration. As we had no evidence but their word that the Sheep were theirs, and as we believed that these Indians had stolen our Horses, we were not disposed to give them up; but after consulting among ourselves we concluded it was best to let them have the Sheep.

We remained over Sunday at Sedillo, a branch of the Rio Grande. In this region we were much annoyed by Wolves, which cut the hamstrings of two Burros tied up not far from the Camp, and mangled them so terribly that we were obliged for Mercy's sake to kill them. We next travelled over desert Table Land about twenty miles to the east of Albuquerque, along the Mosca Mountains. We met there a party of Mexicans riding on Burros. The Senoritas all wore heavy white veils and had their faces painted over with the juice of some red berry, which had a glazy look, and was evidently put on, not for Style, but to protect their faces from the effects of the powerful Sun. We camped that evening at the Creek Punta de Agua, and two days later, after passing more broken Mountain spurs, we reached the Abo Ruins, a deserted Spanish Mission, now inhabited by Owls and Coyotes. Here our unfortunate Fat Man again had his Horse stolen; but the poor man now travelled with greater ease than at first, having lost about fifty pounds of his flesh.

We camped over the next Sunday at another old Mission called Sallado,⁶ where we lost several more of our

⁶ The position of these two ruins seems to be reversed here. By the route they took the party would have reached first the Cuará or Quarai ruins, and Abó afterward. Both were ancient pueblos, as well as Spanish missions. The name "Sallado" seems



RUINS OF ABO

Cattle from eating a poisonous plant which appeared to abound about these Missions. One of these poisoned Oxen belonged to the poor Dutchmen (leaving them but one yoke) and one to our Team. On Monday we went through Joya Pass to the Valley of the Rio Grande. Looking from the high land we could see the River about a mile to the west, and flattered ourselves that we should soon be able to camp on its banks; but we found our road led not toward the River, but parallel with it, and after travelling until ten o'clock at night we were compelled to camp without water. By gathering grass for fuel we managed to have a little Coffee, made with water from our kegs, and after eating a little raw ham we retired in an unhappy condition.

Next day we started again in search of the Rio Grande, and travelled until four o'clock, when we came to the Village of Joya, located on the River, where we found fuel, water, and grass, and soon made ourselves happy again with a plentiful Supper. Joya was a miserable Adobe Town of about a dozen Houses and a Church. The People appeared to enjoy perfect exemption from labor. They had a few Grapes and Cocoa plants; I cannot remember seeing anything else growing there. The *Senoritas* were the most delicious product of the place: they were smiling and hospitable, and offered us Cigarettes to smoke with them.

Two days later, after a very hot Journey which cost the life of an Ox, we came to Joyeta, which, although its name signifies "Little Joya," we found to be much larger than the parent Joya. Here we had to cross the River. We sounded and found that the Channel was over

to be an error; perhaps Pancoast confused it with "Salinas," the district in which the ruins were situated.

six feet deep. The nearest timber was three miles away over an almost impossible road; so we decided to raise the bodies of our Wagons to the top of the standards and pull them over with ropes. We purchased a lot of brushwood which the People had gathered for fuel, and nailed it across the standards to support the Wagon bodies. This was no small labor, as it involved the unloading and reloading of the Wagons as well as that of raising the bodies upon the cross pieces. This done, we dug down the banks to make a road, then carried the line over in a Canoe, and hitching a few yoke to the rope, pulled the Wagons over separately, wetting nothing but the running-gear. The whole tedious work took four days to accomplish.

I devoted the most of my spare time here to learning Spanish. One day while on Cattle Guard I learned a great many nouns from a Spanish Boy who could speak some English, and found the little I learned to be of much use thereafter. The Boys visited the Houses and smoked Cigarettes with the Senoritas, who in turn came over to the Camp and played cards. The *Caballeros* became quite jealous on account of these flirtations, and upon one occasion ordered their Ladies out of our Camp very unceremoniously.

A little incident that occurred at this place indicates the primitive manners of these People. Two Ladies with white veils and painted faces arrived on the opposite side of the River, riding in an Ox Cart. They were recognised by two Young Mexicans on our side, who instantly stripped themselves naked, swam across the River, and embraced the Ladies, both Parties appearing to be rejoiced at the meeting. After a short chat they returned, procured a Boat, and ferried the Ladies over.

On Saturday night we passed over the River in Canoes and spent Sunday on the other side. From here we travelled for a day or two down the River to Polvedera, from which point we gradually ascended to a vast Table Land five hundred feet above the level of the River, where two Oxen died from the excessive heat. I had read in one of Captain Marryat's Novels⁷ a story of a Monsieur——, who while riding on the American Plains comes to a bottomless Chasm, which his Horse clears with one desperate leap, saving his life from a fearful Prairie fire in his rear. I had always looked upon this story as pure Fiction, but here realised that it was based upon a possible fact: we came upon a similar Chasm about twenty feet wide, which appeared like a crack in the earth caused by some eruption of Nature. At the bottom we could see a faint appearance of running water, and endeavored to draw some by lowering a bucket; but we had no rope long enough to reach. We travelled along this Chasm all day and camped near it at night, hoping that we might succeed in getting some water from it; but we were unsuccessful, and had to retire without meat or drink, and set a close watch upon our Cattle to prevent them from falling into the Chasm in their efforts to procure water.

The next day we followed the banks of the Canyon gradually down from the Table Land until we again came to the level of the Rio Grande, where we found a beautiful Stream of water, about fifty feet wide and from four to ten inches deep, coming out of the Chasm. Although it was only two o'clock we concluded to rest here until morning. And now we saw another

⁷ *Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Senora, and Western Texas*, published 1843.

phenomenal sight. When we turned out our famished Cattle they all rushed into the Creek, and no sooner had they gotten fairly in than the water sank into the gravel bottom, leaving the astonished Animals with barely a sup. They followed up the Stream to a Rock at the mouth of the Canyon, but as fast as they followed it would disappear into the earth; and the only way we procured water for them was by catching it in buckets where it came over this Rock of Moses. The water appeared in small quantities in the evening, and in the morning there was more than when we first arrived.

At the jaundiced-looking Village of San Antonio we met an American who had come to the place with a train of Emigrants from Missouri, the first Train we had heard of taking this southern Route. They had come to this place by some Route other than the one we had followed, and were a few days in advance of us. This man wanted to go with us to California, offering to pay any Person who would carry his Goods. The Mexicans informed us that the Missourians had abandoned him on account of his having killed one of their Party. He acknowledged this to be a fact, but said he had done so in self-defense; but we declined to carry his Provisions or to permit him to follow us.

We moved on about fifteen miles and camped on the River at a place where there was good grass, remained over Sunday, and held our usual Service, which was attended by a number of Mexicans. On Monday we proceeded on down the River and camped opposite Val Verde in a patch of timber, where we concluded to remain for a day to recuperate our Stock, as we were now about to leave the Rio Grande permanently and did not know what kind of country we were going to enter.

About an hour after we had camped we saw the Missouri Homicide approaching with a large pack on his back. He camped by himself about a hundred yards from us, built a fire, and cooked his Supper. Some of our Party went over to him and warned him against following us, saying he would get no protection from us, and when his Provisions were gone he would have to starve. This did not intimidate him, and he boldly asserted his right to follow and camp near us. How great was the retribution of that Fellow's Crime!

CHAPTER XVI

OVER THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

THE REGION we are now about to traverse is difficult for me to describe or to follow, as in the recent maps the old landmarks are generally obliterated, and I cannot procure a map of this country made before 1849. There were then no fixed roads; we followed paths made by the Mexicans, Indians, and Hunters, and our only guide was a small Book written by Capt. Cook¹ describing his march through the region when on his way to join Stockton and Fremont in the California War. I will follow the Route we pursued as nearly as my memory will serve me, and use names of places found on modern maps to indicate the location of our Camps, etc., for many of these places had no names then known to us.

The first week of September we moved off from the River. The weather was very warm, and our Cattle becoming famished for water, we halted at a dry Creek which appeared to have had water in it recently, and dug a well twelve feet deep, but found no water. We then abandoned the undertaking and went on to the foot of Magdalena Mountain, where we found water, and camped. From this point we traversed a rolling country of pine woods, passing several dry Creeks. In this region our Goats (which had now become so much at home with us that they followed us like Dogs) disap-

¹ Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, leader of the Mormon Battalion of Kearny's army. Apparently it was his army report that was used as a guide, as Cooke's known books were published later.

peared, and after a long search we were compelled to give them up to augment the number of wild Goats in the Mountains, and to content ourselves to drink our Coffee without milk.

We camped on Friday night at Alimosa Creek, and spent the Sunday at a Creek called Cuchillo Negro, the Missouri Murderer camping near us. (These names are found on modern maps.) For the next three days we followed the Mimbres Mountains, where we found Copper Mines with good indications of Copper, which had once been worked; but I have never heard of their having been worked since that time.² On the next day we made the Mimbres River; and the day following our course led over a flat country with a hard clay soil to a place known as the "Water Holes." These Holes, although generally shallow, were numerous and extended over a wide expanse of land. How they came there I am unable to tell; the water was retained on account of the impervious nature of the soil, and was diminished only by evaporation. This seemed a wise Providence, making fertile a large extent of country that would otherwise have been barren. The water had a scum over it, and was far from tempting to us; but our Cattle appeared to enjoy it.

On Saturday we moved on through a Pass in the Mountains to Cow Springs, where we camped over Sunday. Here a sad accident occurred to one of our men. He went outside the Guard at night, and foolishly returned at a place where another Guard was stationed, who, taking him for an Indian, shot him, the ball grazing his head and breaking the skull bone. He

² These mines were exceedingly rich, and had made large fortunes for the proprietors, in spite of the difficulties and distance of transportation. They were abandoned in 1838 in consequence of Apache raids.

never fully recovered, and when we reached California his Friends put him in a Hospital at Stockton.

On Monday we travelled down a Stream between high Mountains to Sepas. This was a peculiar region, and I believe the Scenery has no parallel on the Continent. A large number of Mountains or Buttes, each several thousand feet high and one to two miles in diameter at the base, are set over a large extent of Plains. The level Valley at their base is covered with a beautiful Grass called Grama Grass, of which our Cattle were very fond. We travelled a zigzag course among these Buttes until we came to the Coyote Mountains, near which we found water, and camped.

A Stream came out of the Coyote Mountains and formed a series of Lakes on the Plains. Next day we followed this Stream down to a large Lake that appeared to have no outlet. Here we were disturbed in the night by a number of singular Fish or Animals that I had never seen before or read of in Natural History. It had a large mouth and two forelegs, but we could not discover any hind legs. The body sharpened toward the tail, which had a closing fin that was dragged as they ran. The skin was smooth, of a dark color on the back and light on the lower side. They came up out of the Lake and ran around the Camp and over our beds, picking up pieces of bread and other cast-off food. They ran very rapidly, and we did not succeed in capturing any; and by daylight they were all gone. I would call them a Water Lizard, and I presume these lonely Lakes, where few men ever visit, are a favorable place for their multiplying in large numbers.³

³ "A species of *cryptobranchus*, or salamander, known locally as 'mud puppy' or 'hellbender.' Their hind legs are very small, and would not have been seen in the dark."—H. L. Kent, Pres. New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

From these Lakes we made a long, wearisome, hot Travel over flat desert Plains to the Animas Mountains. I felt very much in accord with the sentiment of a Jack Tar in our Company, who, becoming greatly disgusted with continued wearisome travelling from day to day and arriving, as it were, nowhere every night, broke forth with the remark: "I can't see what God Almighty made so much land for!" And I could not see why Capt. Cook, or our own Capt. Rogers, took such a long circuitous Route to get to California; nor do I yet understand it.

On the Friday of this week we camped at the entrance of a Canyon that runs through the St. Louis Mountains at or near the meeting-point of New Mexico, Old Mexico, and Arizona. On Saturday we entered this Canyon (called Guadalupe Pass, or Pass de las Animas, we were at a loss to know which)⁴ and followed it for several miles, with Mountains rising thousands of feet almost perpendicularly on either side, and an old Crater on our right. At the end of the Pass we met with a Stream with a very steep, high bank, across which our road led. Our Animals were so weak that we were convinced that they could not climb the Hill with their loads; so after hunting without success for a better crossing, we drove eight or ten yoke of Oxen to the top of the Hill and drew the Wagons up one at a time by ropes at least a hundred feet long attached to their

⁴ "The Guadalupe Mountains where crossed by the boundary [between the United States and Mexico] are in reality but the broken, jagged edge of a terrace, marking the descent of about 1400 feet from the Animas Valley to the San Bernardino Valley. . . . Through these the old emigrant road makes its way by sudden turns and steep descents until it enters the Guadalupe Cañon. . . . This rough and difficult passage, called Guadalupe Pass, is the only route through the mountains within many miles north or south of the boundary." Report of Commission upon the Survey and Re-marking of the Boundary between the United States and Mexico west of the Rio Grande, 1898.

chains. It was a tedious operation, and risky for the Cattle at the tongue, which in spite of our care would sometimes fall; but no serious accident occurred, and we had the Wagons all up by night.

On the Plains near by we discovered the quaint and mysterious old Ruins of San Bernardino,⁵ where we remained over Sunday. The establishment had somewhat the appearance of other old Ruins we had visited, but was more substantial and extensive, covering five acres or more of ground. We found the remains of a large Building which might have been a Church, and a number of small Houses, all surrounded by a wall ten or fifteen feet high, built of stone strongly cemented together. Some of the enclosure walls were standing full height, but Time and Weather had crumbled most of them. The Ruins appeared to have been abandoned for hundreds of years, and were occupied only by Wolves, Owls, Scorpions, Centipedes, and Tarantulas, dangerous and troublesome Animals, of which we were most fearful of the Tarantulas, which lay around in unlooked-for places. So poisonous were they that one of our Dogs, bitten by them, swelled up and died in less than an hour.

We spent most of the Sabbath Day in examining the Ruins, theorising in regard to their origin, and securing trophies of Pottery, etc. On Monday we took our course through wooded country over springy ground, where it is said there is an underground passage of a Stream called the White River. A few days before we had passed a similar sunken River, and in Arizona there

⁵ An old *presidio*, or fortified place. According to tradition, there was an ancient mission here. Its history is obscure. The walls were of adobe, and the place had been abandoned about twenty years. It seems probable that Pancoast has confused these details in his memory with the Abó and Quarai ruins of New Mexico, which are of stone, and much more ancient. Otherwise the description is accurate.

are a number of Creeks and Rivers that appear to sink into underground passages for long distances, rising again before they join the main Stream.

The waters we had been passing empty into the Atlantic; hereafter the waters we encountered drain into the Pacific. On Tuesday we travelled twenty-four miles and camped at Presidio San Pedro, where we found water, wood, and grass. Soon after we camped there came over the Mountain a Company of Mexican Cavalry, armed with long Swords, wearing sugar-loaf caps of leather adorned with Crow or Rooster feathers or old Revolutionary cockades, blue coats with brass buttons (many of which were missing) and Pants too short for them, and riding miserable Broncho Horses: altogether bearing much resemblance to Don Quixote's Company. Not knowing that we were in the Mexican State, we at first took them to be a band of cut-throat Guerillas. They did not condescend to speak to us, but figured around for a time, and then galloped off down the mountainside.⁶

On Thursday we consumed half the day getting our Wagons up another steep ascent. When we had gained the summit we could look off into the beautiful Valley of Santa Cruz. We descended gradually over four or five miles of Table Land, after which we met with a steep descent of about fifty feet where we had to lower our Wagons with ropes. We camped near the beautifully located but scrawny Town of Santa Cruz, inhabited by about three hundred miserable-looking Mexicans commonly termed "Greasers." All of them appeared to be constitutionally tired, and to have an abundance of

⁶ From this point to Tucson the party diverged from Cooke's route, the latter following the San Pedro River northward for fifty miles before turning west.

time to rest. They raised Grapes, Cocoa, and some garden vegetables, but no grain.

The next day we moved on to San Rafael, a Village of half-civilised Indians, who had learned all the vile habits of the surrounding Mexicans, but none of their Virtues (if they had any). On Saturday we travelled to Ochea⁷ over an alkaline country where we found shallow lakes. (I am not sure my location of these Lakes is correct.) They were the resort of numerous Ducks, which the Indians were shooting with Arrows. One of our Party shot a Duck with his Rifle, which caused the others to fly away; this angered the Indians, and they expressed their ire with very emphatic jargon and gestures.

On Monday we went to Camp Buchanan (now so called) in the Aztec District, where there is a Settlement of peculiar Indians who claim to be descendants of the Aztecs. We found them numerous and friendly. Our course from here lay through a country of pine and hardwood, with occasional small openings made by old Indian Settlements. One afternoon we were surprised to hear the chime of pretty-sounding Bells, and congratulated ourselves that we were approaching a place where there was some Civilisation. We soon came upon an opening in the Wilderness, where we saw an old Spanish Missionary Church⁸ and a number of Huts. There were Indians walking about, who appeared to avoid us; but it is a habit with them, however friendly they may be, to show little interest in the presence of White Men, and never to come out to greet them. The Church was in a fair state of preservation, quite

⁷ Ochoa? A Mexican of the name owned a large ranch in this region.

⁸ This was undoubtedly the famous Mission of San Xavier del Bac, misplaced in Pancoast's memory. There was then a dense forest of mesquite in the vicinity.

elaborate and artistic, built of worked stone, cemented on the outside and plastered within, the walls and ceilings painted with Scriptural subjects. It had on it a Belfry with three very fine-toned Bells of different sizes, the largest weighing, say three hundred pounds. The Altar and Cross were still well-preserved, also the figures of Christ and some of the Apostles, to which the Indians had added several horrible-looking Images made of Pottery. What these represented I was unable to ascertain. The Church was in the keeping of two Indian Prophets. They had still on a pedestal a well-preserved Spanish Bible (open just as used by former Priests) which they considered sacred and would not permit us to touch.

I should judge that some of the Forefathers of these Indians had embraced the Christian Religion when the Missionaries were there, and that it had been imperfectly preserved and taught by their Prophets. It was a marvel to us how such a construction could ever have been erected in the Wilderness, and what had become of its Founders. Possibly they had been murdered by hostile Indians years ago. This Mission seemed so much the junior of other Missions we had seen that we thought it must be the work of other generations of People. On the walls of the Belfry we found inscribed the names of a number of American Military Officers, to which we added some of ours.

In the early part of October we travelled through a variegated country of good land on the Santa Cruz River, where, finding plenty of water, wood, and grass, we lay over in order to wash our clothes. Our Wash-day did not come very often, but when it did we had a busy day of it, notwithstanding that we dispensed with the

ironing. The Old Man Philipps superintended the wash of our Mess, and required his Assistants to do some lively scrubbing. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to take a badly needed bath, for with the Sun and the dirt it would have been hard for a Stranger to recognise our Nationality. This done, we decided to remain another day in order to repair our Wagons. Our own Wagon had required but few repairs; but it now needed some, which the Old Man (who was expert in handling tools) volunteered to make.

As a number of us had a leisure day, we made up a Party to go up on a high Mountain near us, a couple of men who had gone up the day before having reported that they could see the Pacific Ocean or the Gulf of California from the top. We started up a Ridge which we followed for several hours, when we entered a thick Fog. The thermometer had been ranging from 90° to 100° every day, but on this Ridge we found the trees covered with ice, and the Atmosphere exceedingly cold. A mile or two further we emerged from the cloud into bright Sunshine, and found we had still a long distance to go to reach the top. Here two of our men went after a Deer some distance to the left. We were then at a break at the top of the Ridge. After winding around the base of the second rise we started up the last Peak, and were soon out of sight of the Deer Hunters. When we gained the top we looked to the West for the Gulf, but could see nothing but a level sea of fog, presenting much the appearance of the Ocean.

After basking in the Sun a short time and seeing all that was presented within the limited scope of our view, we proceeded to descend. At the bottom of the Peak where we had left the Deer Hunters we shouted and

fired off our Rifles, but there was no response. After waiting for some time we concluded they must have gone down another Ridge, and set off on our way. The cloud had disappeared, and seeing the Valley below us down a Gulch, the distance appearing less than half that of the Ridge Route, I took a foolish notion to follow this Gulch instead of keeping with the rest of the Party on their long Travel down the Ridge. By this experiment I learned a Lesson that I will record for the benefit of others who may climb Mountains: Never undertake to go up or down a high Mountain by way of a Gulch, but always follow the Ridge! The first two or three hundred feet I readily made; but after this I found the banks of the Gulch giving out and the Mountains closing in on both sides. I now wished myself back on the Ridge, but my descent had been so precipitous that I felt I should not be able to climb back; so I went on. I took the better side of the Gulch, and had descended several hundred feet more at the risk of falling into the Chasm, when I came to a fall of forty feet, where the perpendicular Mountain on my side closed in to the water. My only course was to cross a shaky ledge of Shale to the opposite side, where there was some chance to pass along without falling over the Precipice. I ventured the crossing, steadying myself with points of Shale that protruded from a fall above. When within a few feet of the other side my hold gave way, and I only saved myself from going over the forty-foot fall by casting away my Rifle and leaping to the bank, where I managed to steady myself, although my nerve and breath left me for the moment. I then crawled along the bank on that side for some hundreds of feet until I came to a place where I was able to enter

the Gulch and go back for my Rifle, which I found at the foot of the fall with its stock broken. This was the worst place, and after a hard scramble I reached the Valley, only a few minutes in advance of the Boys.

The two Hunters had not returned, nor had they yet appeared at dark. We became very anxious about them, and in the morning a large Party started in search and scoured the Mountains all day, but returned at night with no news of them. They had, however, seen a Party of Indians, who avoided them, and they could not come near. We were sad all that night. The next morning we waited until ten o'clock, still thinking they might possibly come, and then proceeded to Saurie. We never heard of our Hunters afterwards.

We proceeded next over a beautiful grassy country with some woods, and camped near the Village of the Papalo⁹ Indians. We found them whooping and dancing around a pine-brush Arbor, all armed and painted for War, and in a great state of excitement. We did not understand their movements, and every man was ordered to hold his Weapons in readiness; but we had been halted but a few minutes before two important-looking Indians came to our Camp to inform us that they were friendly to us, but were fighting the Pigacho Indians over in the Starito Mountains.¹⁰ After we had eaten our Supper and shut up our Stock we went up to their Camp to see what the Racket was about. It was now after dark, but they had a large Bonfire, and were dancing and yelling around the Arbor. The first thing that attracted our attention was a number of bloody Scalps

⁹ Papago.

¹⁰ Santa Rita or Sierita. There was no "Pigacho" tribe of Indians. The term may have been applied to a group of Apaches inhabiting a mountain of that name. The correct spelling is probably *Picacho*, a common name for a sharp peak.

set up on Spears that had been driven into the ground. But what we found still more interesting was a captive Indian Girl, twelve or thirteen years of age, sitting on the ground in the Arbor. Notwithstanding her awful position with all those horrid painted Savages dancing, yelling, and posturing about her, with good reason to expect that at any moment her Scalp might be added to those of her Friends, she sat apparently unmoved, with no look or utterance expressive of the terrible emotions that must have prevailed within her. One of the Indians could speak a little Spanish, and our Interpreter (whom I have hitherto called our Gambler) asked if they intended to scalp or kill the little Girl, and he answered in the negative, but said they would make her work for them. The Indians wanted us to let them have our Pistols to shoot in order to make their Jubilee more impressive, but we thought it prudent to keep our Weapons in our own hands; we consented, however, to fire some off ourselves to help them make more noise. They kept up their howling all night, but did not otherwise molest us. In the morning we asked them to give us the little Girl, but they declined, nor would offers of various tempting Presents, or even a Horse, induce them to part with her; so we were obliged to leave her to her fate.

Fifteen miles further on we came to another Indian Village, called in our Guide Book "San Xavier."¹¹ Whether these were the same or another Tribe of Indians we did not ascertain, but although they also had their War Paint on and appeared much agitated, they were peaceably disposed towards us and we were not disturbed. All the Indians we met in Arizona professed

¹¹ See note on page 234.

Friendship for the White People, but all were treacherous and would steal, and we knew they would murder us if they thought they could do so safely. We had to keep a close watch on our Stock, which gave us much trouble, and curtailed the Animals' opportunities for feeding.

I will here digress a little in my Narrative in order to express a few thoughts in regard to the American Indians. It is the belief of many good People that the White Man is solely responsible for their decay and gradual extermination; but it appears to me that the White Man has been by no means the chief instrumentality in destroying these People. God has established universal Laws for the Government of all Mankind, making no exception in favor of Ignorance; and the Nation or Individual that violates His Laws shall surely die. God has given to these Indians the most beautiful portion of the Earth and all the necessary elements for its fructification, and commanded them as well as the rest of Mankind to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, to increase and multiply, and to develop the elements on the Earth for their use and to the Glory of God. All of these Laws the American Indians have ignored. They do not appear to recognise any right of Man even to his own life, and entertain the idea that it is their right and duty to exterminate any other portion of God's Creation that claims to share His fruits with them; consequently they cultivated no Virtue except Heroism (and that of the most barbarous kind) which is to them the crown of all Virtues. This worship of Heroism inevitably leads to perpetual Warfare, which has been constantly taking place among the Tribes for hundreds of years. What with these incessant Wars,

the beastly treatment of their Women (so that three Children to one Woman is more than an average), the impure air of their Dwellings, severe exposure, and irregular and unwholesome food, is it any wonder that these People are being gradually extinguished? But the White Men cannot clear their skirts of furthering their destruction;—not so much by Sword or Bullet (for where the White Man has destroyed one by these means the Indians themselves have destroyed a hundred), as by corrupting their Morals and furnishing them Whiskey, which has made of them a listless, shiftless, and debauched Race. This “Civilising” Policy was followed for years until General Grant became President, when (God bless him!) he gave it the first check by sending out as Government Agents the Quakers, who initiated the System of educating the Indian Youth. In a few generations these Students will become good Citizens, and perhaps the distinction between Indian and White Man will be obliterated. I have not said all that I should like on the subject of the Indian, but I have already prolonged my Narrative to double the length I intended, and must curtail it.

Our next Camp was near Tucson. As we approached this place we observed several Indians posted on top of a Butte that stood apart from the main chain of Mountains, and appeared to have been formed by Nature for an Observatory. These Indians also were looking out for an Enemy, keeping up a fire on their mountain Tower, and dancing all night. They had Horses and Burros, and we made some trades with them. I bought a Horse, for which I gave six brass buttons, a box of toy paints, and two small looking-glasses. It was a clever Indian Riding Pony, and I felt quite made up again. The

Indians informed us that several days before there had passed another Train of White Men, whom we recognised as the Missourians we had heard of at San Antonio. The poor Outcast of these People was still following us, but had been relieved of his heavy pack. We had in our Company six Brothers whose name was Armstrong, noble Fellows. They pitied the poor Missourian, and had been carrying his load for some time.

At this Camp we lay over Sunday. On Monday we passed an Indian Camp where there was a wretched Creature assuming the attitude of a Woman, but said to be an Hermaphrodite, who was showing her deformity for Presents. Some Indian Boys here pointed their Arrows at us, pretending they were going to shoot us. It was no doubt a piece of fun on their part, but their countenances were so stern and moody that we could not appreciate the joke, and some of our Boys raised their Rifles and fired toward them, which sent them scampering off in a hurry.

On Tuesday, while "Pap" Philipps was preparing Breakfast, I staked my newly acquired Horse in a patch of grass behind a small clump of bushes. After Breakfast Eugene went out to get him, but found the rope cut and the Horse gone; and although this took place within a few rods of more than a hundred People and in a comparatively open country, not one had seen the Horse taken. Angel and four others went in pursuit of the Thief, but lost his trail after a few miles and returned. I always believed the Rascal who sold the Horse to me had followed us and stolen him.

From this point it took us four days to reach the Gila River. Our road was over a barren sandy country where we saw nothing growing but Cactus and Wild

Sage, except hard Bunch Grass along the low marshy Streams, which nothing but extreme hunger would induce our Cattle to eat. During this Travel we came up with two Wagons, with a Party of five men and a Woman, who, having stopped here to rest on account of the Woman's health, had been abandoned by the Missouri Train. (As I said before, we were now coming to a Land of Trouble, where the bristles of the Hog began to show on the spine of Man.) They concluded to follow us, at the Woman's desire. On the fourth day we came to a long stretch of Marsh Land, now dry, but grown up with Reeds and Flags, and in the evening came out upon the shores of the Gila River. Here we made Camp, burning dry Reeds for fuel, while our Cattle fed on Flags.

This River, although much less in volume, bears some resemblance to the Missouri, in that it is spread out over much land, with numerous Channels and sandy Islands, and has a rapid Current of water mingled with mud and sand, which give it a yellow tint. We did not rest on the Sunday, but travelled on through the Wilderness of Reeds, and reached the Pimo Villages on Monday at Sundown. We had barely unyoked our Teams before a hundred or more Indians gathered around us, and a number of our tools (which we carried in straps outside of the Wagons) were stolen so adroitly that in not a single instance could we detect the Thief. We lost so many tools that we became alarmed, and learning that the Chief dwelt near by, we sent men to invite him over to the Camp. With the Messengers came the Chief, a noble specimen of Manhood, six feet four inches in height and built in proportion, with large, bright, expressive eyes, and an intelligent, benevolent counte-

nance.¹² He immediately mounted in front of a Wagon, with loud calls assembled the Indians, and made them a Speech, exhibiting all the address and eloquence of a first-class cultivated Orator. As soon as he had finished the Indians all departed and returned no more in numbers, but came next day a few at a time for the purpose of trading.

These Pimo Indians were more civilised than any we had met with since crossing the Missouri, and were perhaps the best type of Indian on the Continent. They were all settled in numerous Villages in a bend of the Gila River. Across this horseshoe bend runs a low Mountain, which appears to retain much moisture, and gently sheds it off to the lowlands. The Indians have dug a Canal for thirty miles, irrigating the whole plot of land. The men did most of the labor, and the Squaws bore an air of importance and independence not usually seen in other Tribes. The farming utensils were of the most primitive kind: a stick of wood for a Plow, brush for a Harrow, and a stone Muller for a Mill. They had enclosures made by so planting Cactus as to form a solid Hedge six feet through, so impenetrable that not even a Rabbit could get through it. They had some Shovels, Hoes, Hatchets, and Knives; although how they procured them was a mystery. They raised Horses, Burros, Cattle, and Goats, Corn, Potatoes, Yams, Beans, Tomatoes, and other vegetables. The Women wore cotton shirts, Buckskin leggings, and tunics made of long grass dyed in various colors and fastened with cross

¹² In all probability this was the chief Juan Antonio Llanas, or Banbutt in the Piman tongue, to whom Kearny entrusted a number of disabled animals and other property, all of which he faithfully delivered to Cooke, in spite of threats and attempted bribes of the Mexicans. All observers seem to have been impressed with his intelligence and nobility.

threads of the same grass, which had rather a pretty effect. The men wore nothing above their waists (except occasionally a Wolf skin) but had Breech Clouts of muslin or Buckskin that did not reach to their knees. They had little to sell except skins, but had a great desire to procure knives and tools.

Our Cattle were now so run down that we habitually let them run all night to feed. In the morning a yoke of our best Oxen was missing, and three of us paid a visit to the Chief in regard to the Theft. We found this Dignitary living in a House constructed of Buffalo skins on posts about three feet high. The ground was excavated about three steps down. The open door served for light, and a brush Arbor in front for shade. His Highness was sitting on a Bear skin. He courteously invited us into his House to smoke a pipe with him. Mr. Burke informed him in Spanish of the loss of our Oxen. He looked worried, and told us that if his People had stolen them he would get them for us. He immediately sent a Messenger for one of his chief men, and invited us to wait until he came. While we were sauntering around trying to talk to his Highness, a bright-eyed little Indian Girl stood near with a Watermelon under her arm. None of gave her any notice until the Chief called our attention to her and told us she wanted to sell the Melon, which we then bought. I mention this little incident to show the Chief's kindness of heart and the attention he gave his People. We were all charmed with him and had great faith in his Honor.

When we returned to the Camp we found a number of Indians there with melons and a variety of vegetables. "Pap" Philipps bought a peck of black-eyed Peas,

which proved to be a lasting luxury to us, as well as Green Corn and Beans. For these things we traded them brass buttons, paints, and looking-glasses. These Fellows were the most expert thieves I ever met with. I took out some paints, and five or six of them gathered around me to look at them and try them on their skins. I kept my eyes on them closely, yet when they handed them back four pieces were missing, and I could not tell where they had gone.

An amusing incident occurred with one of these Indians who had learned to talk Spanish. He assumed a great deal of importance, and gave us more of his company than we desired. With a pleased countenance he presented us with what he called his "Letter of Recommendation." Mr. Burke read it—and it read thus: "This Fellow is a d——d Rascal. Look out for him. Lt. Cook, U.S.A." We all exclaimed, "Mucha Bueno!" and he smiled all over his face.

In a short time the Chief came to our Camp dressed in a full Military Suit with the golden epaulettes of a U. S. General, and the regulation belt and Sword. His appearance, in the main imposing, was rendered a little ridiculous by the fact that his Pants were six or eight inches too short, exposing his naked ankles to his Moccasins. He brought with him his chief Lieutenant, a fine-looking Fellow, who informed us that they had information relative to our stolen Oxen, but they were a long distance away and it would take him three days to restore them. The Chief advised us to move our Camp five or six miles further down, where his People would not be tempted so much to steal from us. We took his advice and moved on to the Camp suggested, where we found wood, water, and grass, and devoted our waiting time to repairing our Wagons.

We did not, however, get entirely rid of the Indians, who were frequently coming into Camp with something to sell. One day a couple of young Bucks came in, both wearing blankets. They lay on the ground near a Saw that a Carpenter had laid down. I saw one of them cover the Saw with his blanket, and informed the Carpenter and others of what he had done. We agreed to wait and see what the Indian would do. Soon they both arose (the Saw with them), and mounted their Horses; but by the time the Thief was mounted, one man had the Horse by the head and another had the Indian by the leg. Several men jumped on him, tied him with a rope, and gave him a severe drubbing with a cart whip. We then let him go away, with a poor opinion of White People.

On Saturday morning the Chief's Lieutenant and two other Indians came in with our Oxen. We thanked them and made the Lieutenant presents of a Hatchet and a Hammer. The Cattle were so much exhausted that we lay over another day to recruit them. The next day we journeyed on, and soon found ourselves on vast sandy Plains, extending to the East as far as the eye could reach, and to the West for several miles to La Estrella Mountain, which occupies the Great Gila Bend. The whole face of the Earth was pure white Sand, with nothing to be seen on it but Cactus of various descriptions growing in bunches or pillars wide apart, some in bloom with divers colored Flowers. (It is a singular fact that a large portion of the vegetation that grows in these hot, dry, and barren countries should bear thorns and prickles.) We had found many varieties of Cactus in the places we had passed through, and had become fond of the Prickly Pear that grows on one

variety. But the most impressive of all was the Giant Cactus, which rose to the height of fifty feet in fluted pillars much resembling the pillars of Girard College¹³ and equal in diameter, of a beautiful green color. Some were single and straight; others had arms protruding from the main pillar and curving gracefully upwards, appearing like Chandeliers. The whole Landscape was sublime and picturesque; yet its effect upon the observer was mingled with the gloom that one experiences in a magnificent Graveyard full of stately Tombs, and it sent my thoughts back to that period of Creation before Vegetation had made its appearance in the newly created World.

We struggled on all day through this wearisome Sand, and failing to find either grass or water, had to lie down without food or drink for ourselves or Stock. The next day we experienced another period of suffering, losing a number of our Oxen, one of which belonged to the Dutchmen, who, having now but one Ox, had to abandon their Wagon and depend upon the Charity of others to carry their Provisions. About three o'clock we came to the southern heel of the Great Bend, where we found wood and grass, and in the evening reached the River, with thankful hearts to the Lord for His continued Blessings.

¹³ The main building of Girard College, in Philadelphia, is in the form of a Greek temple with Corinthian columns.

CHAPTER XVII

THE AMERICAN DESERT

AS OUR Cattle were now mere Skeletons, and we had to traverse a road of nearly three hundred miles reputed to be without a spear of grass, we decided to build two large Rafts after the fashion of our Arkansas River Ferry Boats, and in the morning we were casting about for materials. A number of our Party who had better Teams than the rest were opposed to building the Rafts; and in the afternoon a Wagon was driven out about a quarter of a mile on the Plain, and a large Tent erected. Some of us, not in the secret and anxious to solve the mystery, went out to the Tent; but a Sentinel at the door informed them that it was a Masonic Meeting, and requested them to depart. The secret was solved when on the following day twelve of our best-equipped Teams (including that of our Leader, Capt. Rogers) started down the River with no explanation to us (followed by the Missouri Murderer), leaving us all the "Crippled Ducks" to take care of. Our Comrades Myron and Eugene Angel, overcome with the spirit of haste, resolved to follow on foot, and immediately made up their packs of eighty pounds each to carry to San Diego (a distance of five hundred miles) where they expected to get water conveyance to San Francisco. It was a crazy, and proved to be a sorry project for them.

We elected James Rankin our Captain in place of Capt. Rogers, and proceeded with the construction of our Rafts. Our new Associate, the Husband of the Missouri Woman,

was most zealous and active, and proved the most skillful man among us in fashioning the Boats. The Dutchmen's Wagon and the side-boards of a number of other Wagons were utilised for the double purpose of constructing the Boats and lightening the loads. We stripped our own Wagon of one board from the bottom and two from the sides, shortening the coupling, and discarding about three hundred pounds of Provisions (including what we put on the Rafts) and several articles of convenience that had theretofore appeared to be indispensable, which made us about nine hundred pounds lighter than at the commencement of our Journey.

In five days our Rafts were ready, provided with oars, ropes, and stone anchors. On one of them a shed was erected for the use of the Missourian's Wife. We put on them such portions of our loading as we could best spare (no one being allowed more than two hundred pounds), put four men and the Woman in charge of them, and on the fifth day of November Boats and Teams moved off simultaneously. The Crew told us afterwards that they found the River shallow and full of Bars, and the Current very rapid; they frequently found themselves aground and had much difficulty in getting off. No event happened worth mentioning, except that on the third day out the Woman was taken with Labor Pains. The Boats were landed at a point where there was a sandy soil and a Willow Thicket, into which the Husband took blankets and pillows, and there performed the office of Midwife, while the men remained in waiting on the Boats. In the evening they helped the Husband carry his Wife and Baby on the Boat; the next morning they went on; and on the second day the Lady prepared their meals, and continued to do so to the

end of the Voyage. They arrived at Yuma six days before us. When we came in we all insisted that the Baby (which was a Girl) should be named "Gila," and the Parents assented. I would go a long way to see that Gila Baby if I knew she were now living.¹

I will not tire the Reader with reciting the Story of our long, monotonous, suffering Travel down the Gila, on which our Tribulations exceeded anything we had before experienced. As we had been informed, we found the whole line of the River from this point (which we named "Camp Destruction") to the mouth at Yuma, devoid of grass, and the only food our Cattle could find was Willow leaves and Flags, and once or twice a little bunch grass. Our trials were incessant. We were compelled to let our Stock run loose at night, and the poor Animals would wander such long distances in search of food that sometimes we would have to spend the greater part of the day in hunting them, making only two to twelve miles headway. Before we finished the Journey they became so weak that when we came to a difficult place we were compelled to pull the Wagons over ourselves with ropes. It may well be imagined that our losses were great. We lost about twenty head of Cattle, including two of my best Oxen. Occasionally on the Journey we found abandoned Wagons and Oxen of Dr. Rogers' Train, and adopted the Policy of exchanging our poorest Animals for their best, which had been rested and somewhat recruited. Their Wagons we burned as fuel, and fed such Provisions as they had left to our Stock. At one point we found Eugene's heavy boots, which Smith appropriated to his own use.

¹ This was probably the first American child born in Arizona. The family name is said to have been Howard.

Among our many annoyances we were much pestered with Old Roberts and his Sheep. He had with him his Slave, Green, as well as two men and a Boy whom he was taking for their services; and they had to guard the Animals night and day, until they were so worn out with their incessant labor that we frequently assisted them out of pity.

The weather was hot, and the surrounding Scoriae and Sand made the heat intolerable; our sufferings were almost as great as those of our Stock. A considerable portion of our Route lay over a volcanic country; in some places the crust of the Earth, formed of Scoriae, would sound under our Wagons as though we were passing over the shell of some great Cavity. In this desolate region we found a number of specimens of broken glazed Pottery ornamented with Indian designs, which seemed to us evidence that all this section of the country had at one time been populated by a People much more advanced in the civilised Arts than those we found there in 1849.

On the west side of the River is almost a continuous range of Mountains, their Foot Hills terminating at the borders of the vast Marshes that line the River on that side. On the east the Mountains were low until we came to the Mohawk and Coronation Mountains near the mouth. When we came opposite to Eagle Tail Mountain we noticed something like steam issuing from its foot, and while the Boys were out hunting the Cattle a number of us forded the River and made our way through Flags and Reeds until we came to a Marsh Stream where we saw much evidence of Beaver, and for the first time I saw one of these Animals hauling a load of mud on his tail. At the foot of the Mountain we

found a boiling Spring, which issued with a rumbling noise that made the Boys think Purgatory must be located thereabouts. The water in the Spring was hot enough to cook an egg, and several hundred yards further down we found it still unpleasantly warm.

The country in all this region was so barren of nourishing vegetation that Animals avoided it, and the only Creatures beside the Beaver that we saw in the whole two hundred and fifty miles or more were Tarantulas, Scorpions, and one poor starved-looking Deer. Not even Mosquitoes would abide there.

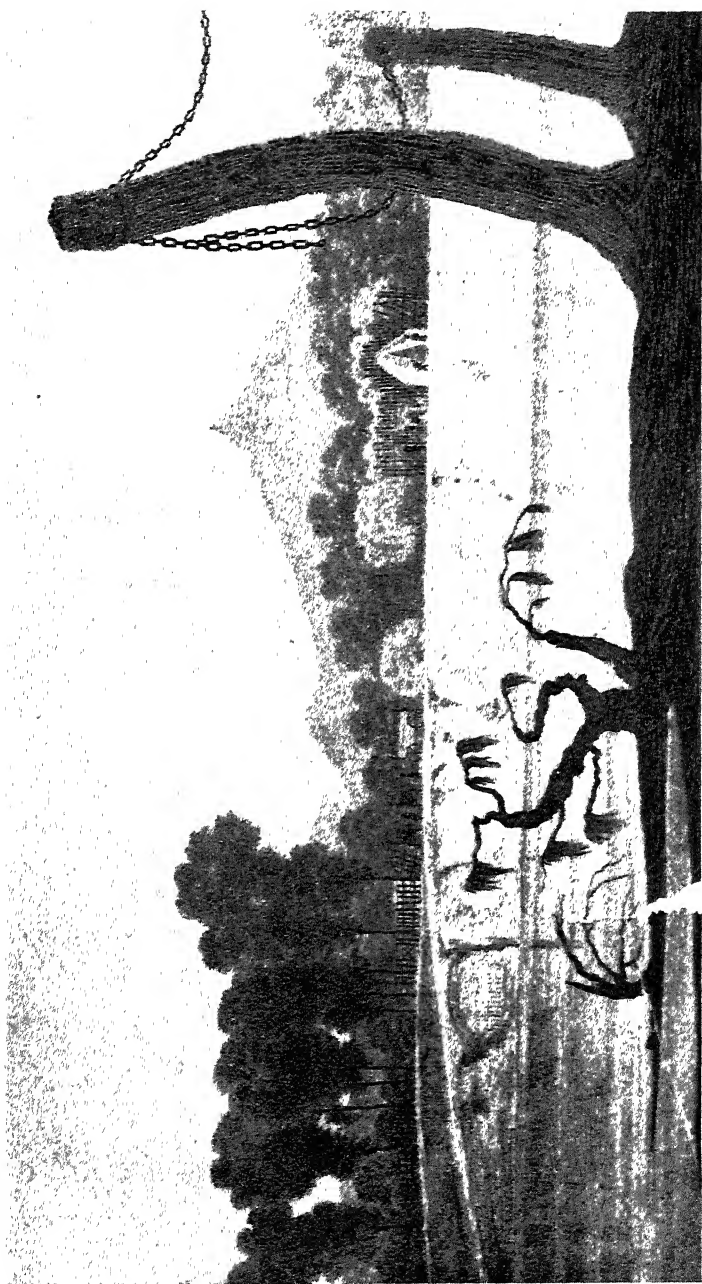
We kept a sharp lookout for the Maricopa Indians who ranged in this district, and who were reported to be unfriendly. We frequently discovered signs of their recent presence, but aside from stealing one Horse they did not molest us. At one place we found two fresh Graves, with initials carved on the headboards which the Missourians recognised as those of two of their Party whom they had left well, and whom they supposed to have been killed by Indians.

One day we saw a hundred or more Indians approaching us, wearing a curious headgear resembling a light blue Turban, which puzzled us extremely. They proved to be a stupid harmless set called by the Mexicans "Tontos," and their Turbans were composed of blue Potters' Clay covering their hair. (We learned afterwards of the Soldiers at Yuma that they did not always wear this mud turban, but used it occasionally as a substitute for fine-toothed combs.) The men were naked, and the Women wore only a grass tunic similar to that of the Pimo Women. We tried to get some information from them relative to the Parties ahead, but could elicit nothing.

After a terrible march of twenty-one days, well worn out with hardships and trials, we arrived at Fort Yuma, near the mouth of the Gila. On the opposite side of the Colorado we found our Boat Party waiting, and also a Company of Soldiers, who had here provided a Rope Ferry for the use of themselves and the Emigrants. They offered to ferry our Wagons over for fifty cents apiece, and our Cattle for ten cents. Although we had Boats of our own we thought it advisable to pay the Soldiers for conveying the Wagons, as the Colorado was wide and the Current swift; but the Cattle we swam over without losing an Ox. We expected to have a hard time with the Sheep, but Green, Roberts' Slave, tied the Bell Wether with a rope to his Saddle and swam his Horse across while the rest of us hustled the Sheep into the water; and they all followed Green and the Wether, swimming the River without loss.

On the west side of the Colorado there was a Grove of hundreds of acres of Mesquit Trees full of beans, many bushels of which lay on the ground. These beans were reputed to be excellent feed for Cattle; but to our astonishment and dismay (for there was little grass here) our poor starved Creatures would not touch them that night. In the morning, however, we were gratified to find them swelled out almost ready to burst from eating the beans.

The next day we moved our Camp about a quarter of a mile away to a Spring, where we determined to rest several days and to load our Wagons with beans. After Breakfast Lawyer John Rankin, Mr. Armstrong, and myself paid a visit to the Colonel, and were surprised and disgusted with the remarks of this model Guardian of the United States in that locality. We had not talked



YUMA

with him long before he suggested that the interests of the People of the Pacific Coast required that they should separate themselves from the United States and erect a Government to be known as the "United Pacific States of America," urging us strongly to advocate this Policy on our Travels, and suggesting to our ambitious Lawyer in what manner he could be benefited by taking hold of the project. The next day I was up there again when a Company of Mexicans, coming home from the California Mines, came up for the purpose of crossing the River. The Model Guardian (whose name I am sorry I cannot recall, for it should be known to every Citizen of the United States) informed them that Congress had passed a Law laying a Tax of ten per cent on all Gold going out of the United States, threatening that if any of them attempted to conceal his Gold it would be forfeited to the Government. One of them did try to hide his Gold, and they took from him \$1000. This we all believed to be a Dick Turpin escapade, but we could not prove that such a Law had not been passed since we left home. We saw him rob another Party of Mexicans in the same way. This Rascal must have made a Fortune robbing the Mexicans and levying his Ferry charges on the Emigrants; for in a few months he resigned from the Army and bought a valuable Rancho. He afterwards became a Politician and a close Friend of Dr. Gwin and Judge Terry.² This is the second instance I have recorded of the peculiar methods of Officers of the United States Army that came under my direct knowledge, and I heard of many more equally

² Dr. Wm. M. Gwin was chosen U. S. Senator when California became a state. He was for a number of years political "boss" of the state. David S. Terry, a judge of the State Supreme Court and an associate of Gwin, gained notoriety by killing a political opponent in a duel.

disgraceful acts. There is no doubt that there was a vast amount of corruption and mismanagement in the Army before the War of the Rebellion, and it sadly needed renovating. I hope it is controlled by better and purer methods now, but I will not vouch for it.

I have often seen pictures representing a Party of Indians with drawn bows, chasing a White Man or another Indian fleeing for his life. On the third day after coming to Yuma we were treated to a real scene of this kind. We heard a great shouting and whooping in the Grove, and looking in the direction of the noise saw an Indian urging his Horse to the full extent of his speed, and three or four hundred yards behind him three other Indians, whooping and yelling and shooting with arrows at the terrified object of their pursuit, a Maricopa, who had (according to his story) come over on the Yuma range to hunt. He passed by our Camp, and ran at full speed to the Soldiers for protection, upon which his Pursuers turned and made off. The Soldiers put him across the River into his own territory and thus saved the poor Indian's life.

These Yuma Indians had a bad feeling toward the White People, and their hostility had lately been increased in consequence of the act of a Party of Texas Emigrants, who, being too indolent to gather the Mesquit beans from the Trees, had broken open the Indian Caches where they had stored their winter supply and loaded their Wagons with the best beans. We did not do this, but picked up two hundred bushels or more from under the Trees, our Cattle eating as much more, which did not please the Indians, as it helped to diminish their supply. The Soldiers had some of the bread made by the Indians from these beans. It looked like

nice corn bread, or rich cake made from the yolks of eggs. I ate a little of it, and found it sweet and palatable, having, however, a little of the astringent twang of the Acorn.

The Soldiers warned us to beware of these Indians, to keep a close Guard on our Stock, and not to wander alone far from Camp, telling us they had already killed three Emigrants that Fall. But in spite of our Guard they managed to steal a yoke of my best Oxen. As we were now about to enter on the trying and difficult undertaking of crossing the Great American Desert, we were much worried about this, to us, serious loss. So great was my anxiety that I started out alone in pursuit of the Cattle, thinking they might have strayed off. After passing through the Mesquit Orchard I crossed a broad dry Gulch into bushy land, and had not wandered more than half a mile when two brawny Indians suddenly appeared in the path ahead. One of them was very tall, and had a large Knife in his hand (having no clothes to carry it in) and the other wore a ring in his nose as large as a harness-ring. I halted, and they stood still for a moment. I liked neither their sinister movements, their glaring eyes, nor their big Knife. I turned and ran, and with a whoop they started after me, the one flourishing his big Carving Knife. I was pretty fleet of foot in those days, and I think I made better time than I had ever done before; but I did not mark it, so I cannot tell my record. The Indians chased me and I think gained on me; but after crossing the dry Gulch I was in open sight of our Camp, and on looking back I found they had disappeared.

The next day a Party of us set out, well armed, and scoured the whole country around, but could find neither

Indians nor Oxen. On the afternoon before the day we had appointed to leave, there came into Camp a very old Indian leaning on a staff, who sat down to rest, and asked for food, which we gave him. He could speak neither Spanish nor English, but by signs I made him understand that I had lost two Oxen (a fact which he probably knew more about than I did) and offered him a Hatchet, Knife, Trinkets, and Paints if he would bring them in. He departed immediately, and had the Oxen there before Sundown. We gave him the articles promised, much rejoiced at receiving our Cattle.

After a week at this place our Animals had gained strength so fast that with the beans we had in our Wagons we felt warranted in making our start across the Desert. And on Monday the third day of December we started down the Colorado, making about fifteen miles over a fairly good road, and camped at an old Spanish Ford. There we found an Officer and a Company of Soldiers who had passed us on the way. We had been camped but a little time when a large Mexican Mule Train came in, and the Officer demanded the ten per cent. Tax on their Gold. The Mexicans remonstrated, angrily claiming that they were on Mexican soil (which was the fact) and that our Soldiers had no right there; but the Officer made them pay the Tax notwithstanding.

On Tuesday the fourth we were off soon after Day-break, travelling southwest over a dreary sandy Plain where nothing grew but an occasional acre of Wild Sage. There was no road, except sometimes some evidence of the Mexican Mule tracks, and we had to travel by compass, as we had frequently done before. After a few miles we encountered the Skeletons of five yoke

of Oxen, lying in pairs with their faces toward Yuma, as if they had been attached to a Wagon; and in digging around we found the Skeleton of a man a few inches under the Sand. About ten o'clock the Boys cried out, "A River!" Our Dogs had already discovered it and were running far in advance of us. I could plainly see a long line of water a few miles ahead, and even thought I saw Ducks swimming on it. We travelled on hour after hour, the River in sight all the time, until four o'clock, when it disappeared and we could see it no more, as it was the effect of a Mirage. Twice before on our Travels we had witnessed this deceptive view.

We travelled about twenty-five miles through the wearying Sand, having frequently to rest our Cattle, and about Sundown came to a small round Lake not an eighth of a mile in diameter. There was no grass, and we fed our Stock with beans. On Wednesday the road was more tiresome than ever. About ten A.M. we again discovered our visionary River, and our poor Dogs were again off in search of the water. As before, it remained in sight until afternoon and then disappeared. Our Cattle began to weaken, and it was only by constant yelling and whipping, and resting them every fifteen minutes, that we could get them along at all. Several Oxen gave out altogether and had to be abandoned. At dark we gave them a feed of beans and traveled on anew, beating and yelling at the poor Creatures until near midnight, when they all began to throw up their noses and snuffle. They now moved on without urging and soon these dead-and-alive Cattle were on the full run through the Sand, so that we were trying to check their speed. Our advance men on horseback

shouted and hallooed, but to no purpose; on they went pell mell until they reached the New River, pushing each other into the water. After they had filled themselves with water, our next problem was to get them out, as the banks were very miry. A few had strength enough to get out themselves, but most of them had to be unyoked in the River and the Wagons pulled out with ropes.

This "New River" (then recently discovered) was more like a Lake than a River, as it had no Current.³ It headed near our Camp, and ran further through the Desert than we explored. As there was some poor grass here, we concluded to remain for a day. On this day there came a great Blow on the Desert which blew the Sand all over the Plains, making it exceedingly unpleasant. If we put up obstructions to the Wind the Sand soon piled over them; as it was our Wagon wheels became half buried.

On Friday we moved on around the head of the River, meeting with the same terrible sandy Desert. We toiled on all day and camped after dark without wood or water. Here we fed our last beans to our Cattle, ate a little cold food that we had prepared before leaving Yuma, and boiled Coffee over a Sage fire. Several Oxen fell during the day; I lost one, reducing our Team to two yoke and one loose Ox.

As we had no fire to cook Breakfast, we took an early start the next morning. This was perhaps the most trying day we experienced on all our Travel. Our Cattle commenced to fall before ten o'clock, and not less than twenty gave out during the day. I lost two. During

³ This so-called "river" was merely a long gully filled with the overflow of the Colorado in a flood. It afterward dried up.

the fore part of the day the road was as sandy as before, but toward evening it became gravelly, and had the appearance of a River bed. Here we picked up many Agate and Onyx stones; all of us together must have gathered a peck of them. Toward night we rose to a vast sandy Plain covered with Wild Sage, and travelled until we came to the Mountains. Here we found an abrupt descent into a Valley, with sharp-cut banks fifty feet high. It was a weird-looking place in the night; but as we went on the Valley gradually opened into a great sandy Basin surrounded by Mountains. We travelled until about twelve o'clock at night, when we came to what was called "Valle Cita," where we found some puddles of swamp water, and were obliged to let our famished Creatures rush into them without stopping to unhitch, which made us some trouble; but no serious accidents came of it.

On Sunday the ninth our Train moved on; but as our Team was now reduced to one yoke of twelve-year-old Oxen (which we had expected to be the first to give out, the others all being young) and one loose Ox, we resolved to remain and go back five miles where our best Ox had given out, and try to drive him in. We found him standing quietly on the Plain and drove him to Camp, then yoked up and went on five miles, where we found grass, wood, and water, but not our Companions. Their boasted fellow-feeling had so given place to self-protection and greedy haste for Gold that they were willing to leave us in this lonely land surrounded by treacherous Indians, rather than sacrifice a few hours of their time.

Our Cattle were feeding near us when we retired; but on Monday morning we were unable to find them, and

we felt sure the Indians had stolen them. This was a sad blow for us. When we had eaten a hasty Breakfast Smith and I armed ourselves and went on the hunt. We passed over a low Mountain into a sandy Basin, where I discovered a number of tracks of loose Oxen following the road of our Comrades in advance. Thinking these might be ours I followed the tracks, while Smith took a northeasterly course to the Mountains. When I had gone about two miles I found the tracks passing through a dry Canyon with almost perpendicular banks thousands of feet in height, and so narrow that the men in advance had had to cut away a rock to allow the Wagons to pass;⁴ the Sun was so obscured in this place that it was quite dark. In the middle of this Canyon I found a dead Ox left by our Comrades. I hurried on through about two miles, and then emerged into another much larger Basin covered with fine grass, the first I had seen for a month. The road became less sandy, and I travelled on rapidly until about four P.M., when I came up with our Friends in Camp. They gave me a warm greeting, and invited me to take Supper with them; but I was almost crushed when they told me our Cattle were not there. I asked them to wait a day for us, but this they would not promise to do. Anxious about our Stock, and knowing the Philipps would be worried about me, as soon as I had finished my Supper I started on my return. It was midnight when I came to the mouth of the dismal Canyon. Although it was a beautiful moonlight night, it was as dark as Erebus there. I had not proceeded far when I recognised the well-known yelping and howling of what

⁴ Cooke describes a canyon at this point, so narrow that he was obliged to cut away much rock in order to get his wagons through.

appeared to me like a hundred Wolves, and I knew there must be a Convocation of them about the body of the dead Ox. I hesitated as to my best course, but determined to go on. As I came nearer I found that they were fighting with each other, the echoes of the deep Canyon magnifying the howling terribly. I had picked up a clever stick for a cane and for self-protection, and when I came within a hundred yards of the Wolves I fired my Pistol, raised a great howl of my own, and rapped on the Rocks with my stick. This silenced them, but I kept up my beating and yelling, and when I drew near the place where I judged the Ox to be I fired again. I went on pounding and yelling to the end of the Canyon, but saw no Wolf until I emerged on the Plain, where I saw several at a distance. I then turned down the Basin toward our Camp, and was surprised to see a Wagon there, with Oxen haltered to it. My Soul was rejoicing, when a man bounced from under the Wagon with a levelled Rifle, crying "Who comes there?" It was the frightened Old Man Philipps, who had taken me for an Indian.

Smith informed me that he had struck the trail of our Cattle soon after leaving me and with them the trail of two Indians. He followed the trail over a Mountain, and came into another great Basin where there were a number of Cattle. He ventured down, found ours, and drove them out. Not a Human Being could be seen until, as he was coming down the Mountain on our side, he discovered three Indians far above, watching his movements. They had their Bows and Arrows, but either did not dare or did not care to shoot at him.

On Tuesday we pastured our Cattle until near noon, and then yoked up and put off for better quarters.

Toward Sundown, just as we were through the Canyon, one of our Oxen fell and could go no further. We had left in our Wagon about a bushel and a half of corn meal, as well as fifty pounds of wheat flour and some pork and beans. I proposed to feed the meal to the Oxen, and Smith was of my opinion. This the Old Man opposed, and became very angry, arguing that it was better that the Cattle should be lost than that we should starve. We had actually to overcome him by main strength and tear the bag away before we could get it out of the Wagon and feed it to the Cattle. It acted like a Charm. In about two hours they were all lively, the fallen Ox on his feet looking as sprightly as the rest. We then moved on about five miles, and camped where there was some poor grass, but no water.

About noon of the twelfth we came to the Camp where I had left our Friends two days before. As we arrived the Ox that had fallen the night before, fell dead. Three Indians who saw him fall came up to us and offered us \$5.00 Mexican Silver for the Carcase. The bargain was soon closed, and before night about twenty Indians appeared with nets, sacks, and baskets, cut up the dead Ox, and carried away all parts of him.

We found here excellent grass, wood, and water—the first living Camp we had had for over a month. As we had now only one yoke of Cattle that we could use, and one extra Ox (and that one not of our original Stock) we remained for two days to recuperate them. We found another abandoned Wagon here: there were not more than three or four of the original Wagons, beside our own, that ever got to the Mines. A number of Indians came around us, but we kept a close watch on our Cattle and tied them to the Wagon at night.

On the fourteenth we proceeded over good roads to an Indian Village called San Felipe. These Indians were "Diegos," half civilised, but much debauched by their contact with the Spanish Californians. They wanted to trade us anything they had, even their Squaws. One of them entirely outwitted us in a trade. We had a few Hickory Axe handles, for which this Fellow offered a dollar apiece. We thought this a good price, and sold him two; but when we arrived at the Mines we had to pay \$2.00 for brash Oak handles. I sold my old Spanish wrapper, that I had worn for ten years, for \$10.00; but the Indian could only raise \$8.00, so I let him have it for that amount.

On the sixteenth we camped on a small River. Here there came up to us an Indian Boy about twelve years of age, wearing an old dirty blanket, speaking a little English and more Spanish, and asked to go with us to the Mines. We agreed to take him along for his services. The wind had been blowing for several days; this day was cloudy and threatening; and on the seventeenth it rained all day. Near night we passed a poor-looking Rancho, and camped a short distance beyond, near a small Lake alive with Ducks and Geese. We visited the adobe House, and found it occupied by a Spanish Californian who was dressing a Beef. For twenty-five cents he gave us nine pounds of good rump steak, which we devoured for Supper and Breakfast. He informed us that a member of our Masonic Party had been badly wounded at the Lake while shooting Geese.

We lay over a day and devoted our time to gunning. Although we had nothing but Rifles to use, we bagged three Ducks and two Geese. Our Indian Boy swam out after our game, delighted with the service. We were now in the Land of the Living, and felt like Princes.

When we next moved on our course lay along a beautiful Valley, then unsettled, between the San Jacinto and the Santa Ana Mountains. On the 20th we passed a Rancho, in the vicinity of which was a flock of thousands of black and white Geese, resembling the domestic Geese. Supposing them to belong to the Rancho, Smith went to a man working near by to enquire about them, and was told that we could have all we could shoot. They were so tame that they allowed us to approach within fifty yards. We shot two; the rest flew away. California at that time was alive with Geese of several varieties, also Brant, Swans, and Sand Hill Cranes, which last were fine eating.

On this road of over a hundred miles from the Desert to Los Angeles there were only five or six Land Owners, some of them having Ranches ten leagues square. Thousands of Cattle ranged over the Hills and Plains, as wild as Deer. The Houses were very indifferent affairs, built of adobe with tile roofs. All had a projection around the walls for a settee, and chairs and tables were seldom seen. A number of Horses were always about, ready for instant use. The Proprietors and their Sons dressed in a very showy manner, generally in a *Serapo* woven with threads of Gold or Silver, a cocked hat with Ostrich feathers, and velvet pants open down the side, the spaces filled in with fine puffed silk or Linen. They wore monstrous spurs with Silver rollers, and their Horses were exquisitely caparisoned. There were often twenty or thirty Bucheros⁵ and half-civilised Indians lounging about, dressing beef, or trying tallow. These "Bucheros" or "Greasers" were

⁵ The Mexican cowboys were usually known as *vagueros*. *Buchero* was a colloquial term, corresponding to the modern American "roughneck."

rather poorly clad, but had splendid rigs for their Horses. They were generally daring cut-throat Fellows, whose Intelligence was lower than that of some Indians. But we were happy to be again in a land where even this inferior kind of Civilisation prevailed; where the Inhabitants provided for their necessities beyond the current day; and where we and our Teams were no longer in danger of Starvation.

CHAPTER XVIII

CALIFORNIA AND GOLD

IT HAD now been raining for several days, and Snow was to be seen on the Mountains. On the twentieth we were well soaked, and found great difficulty in making a fire at night; but by means of our Tent and an odd piece of Canvas we managed to protect ourselves and our fire. The Stream upon which we camped was so swollen with Rain that it was impossible to ford it, and we had no remedy but to remain until the waters subsided. We were not much disconcerted, as our Cattle had good pasture, we could get all the beef we wanted for two cents a pound, and Geese and Ducks were plentiful. The Rain continued to fall for several days, but at last it ceased, and we went out to hunt our Oxen. After a long search we found them running with a herd of Wild Cattle, and but for the cunning of our Indian Boy we should have had to employ a Buchero to lariat them. As it was, we got them yoked by three P.M. and crossed the Stream. The Current was still running so rapidly that I was swept away; but the Lord was with us, and we came out of our peril with little damage, except that one leg of my pants was split to the hip with the force of the water.

On the twenty-seventh we moved on nearly twenty miles through pouring Rain, and camped near Williams' Rancho. This man Williams¹ owned ten leagues square of land, and claimed to have 30,000 Cattle and a hun-

¹ Isaac Williams, a former Santa Fe trader, had settled on this ranch before the American occupation of California.

dred Horses. He had immense Drying-sheds partly full of hides, and five cemented Vaults about fifteen by forty feet in extent and ten in depth, all but one full of tallow. This supply was the result of six months' slaughter. He was loading a Vessel at San Pedro, and expected a Ship from Liverpool in a few days. His bone pile was twenty feet high, and covered near half an acre. Some of the fresh meat was used to feed his Family and Laborers; the balance was dried without salt and sold in eastern and European markets; but it was poor stuff and was considered of little value. Many Bucheros were employed in branding Calves, looking after the Cattle, and lassoing them for slaughter. They had a large domesticated Ox to which they made fast the Wild Steers they had lassoed, and which they had trained to lead the victims to the Slaughter Pen. This Ox they called the "*Toro del Morte*," and his office was certainly an inexpressibly mean one; but he seemed to enjoy his expert labor.

With all this vast amount of land, these Rancheros did not cultivate sufficient vegetables for their own use, and when we asked to purchase these of Mr. Williams he let us have only Grapes, which he gave us free of charge. The Mexicans would not do garden work, and Mr. Williams entrusted his Garden to the care of indolent Indians. He gave his Superintendent orders to let us have all the meat we wanted, and the best of it. We remained at the Rancho two days, during which time there came in an Emigrant Train composed of men, Women, and Children from Iowa and Missouri, by way of the Cajon Pass in the San Bernardino Mountains.

We continued on our way on the twenty-ninth, and on the thirtieth reached the Los Angeles River. It was

so swollen that we did not venture to ford; but after Supper, Smith and I concluded that we could not wait until morning to visit the Town of Los Angeles. We did not mind getting wet, as we were already soaked; so we went into the River, and forded with some trouble. We did not see much, for the Streets were not lighted, and it was very dark. Everything seemed to bear an enormous price, so we bought nothing at the Store but a pound of nails, for which we paid fifty cents. We then went into a Wine and Confectionery House kept by a Spanish Woman, and bought a grape pie and some cakes, which we soon devoured. After drinking two glasses of California Wine, we began to feel rich, and bought a bottle of Wine, a large pie, and some cakes, so that the Old Man might participate in our enjoyment. When we came to the River we pitched in without hesitation; but either the River had risen or we missed the correct Ford, for we soon found ourselves off our feet; away went bottle, pie, cakes, and nails, and we were doing our best paddling for the Shore. The poor Old Man had to retire that night without his refreshments.

The next day Smith and I crossed the River again for the purpose of inspecting the place. We found it a dreamy old Spanish Town, more animated than some others on account of the presence of numerous Emigrants. Its Location, Climate, and Surroundings are the most enchanting I ever witnessed. It is situated on high land at the head of a beautiful Valley that gradually opens out to the Ocean (a few miles away but in plain sight) and is surrounded by low grassy Mountains. The Climate was so buoyant and inspiring that I could not imagine how any Person could be indolent there;

yet the place appeared to be decaying with inertia, and what work they did perform was done in a most primitive and slovenly manner. I did not see a Wagon in the Town, except those brought by American Emigrants, and the light Carriages of the wealthy Rancheros. Wood was dragged in by Jack Asses attached to the bundles by rawhide thongs.

We found there an old Catholic Church, a few Stores, several Wine Houses, and a dozen *Haciendas* with large and beautiful enclosed Gardens filled with Figs, Pomegranates, Apricots, Oranges, Lemons, Almonds, Grapes, and other fruits, with a Watch Tower in the centre, on the platform of which constantly marched a Guard with Rifle and Bayonet. The Town was owned and governed according to the Mexican Policy of concentrating the ownership in the hands of a few, thus raising up a powerful Aristocracy whose Loyalty could be relied upon. In pursuance of this vicious Policy, all the lands in the Valleys of San Jacinto and San Bernardino (perhaps 250,000 acres of the best land in California) had been granted to about eight Proprietors; and all this vast extent of land maintained only the Families of these Nabobs and about eight hundred miserable Peons and half civilised Indians, low in Intelligence and Morality, and skilled only in the Equestrian Arts, but possessing a vast amount of dangerous untrained Heroism. The City of Los Angeles was owned in the main by about twenty Persons, occupants of the splendid *Haciendas*, some of them also owners of large Ranchos in the Country. A number of Houses were built to rent to poor People, Merchants, Doctors, etc.; but except for a few City lots no land was for sale. The consequence was that although this Town was said to be two hundred

years old, possessed a most salubrious Climate, and was surrounded by some of the most beautiful and fertile land on the Globe, it had only grown to be a Town of five hundred Inhabitants.² Thousands of Emigrants, disappointed in finding the Gold they expected, boldly squatted on the lands, built Houses, and made extensive improvements, in defiance of the Law and the Mexican owners. Endless Lawsuits grew out of this circumstance, and the original Proprietors were compelled to compromise with the Squatters, either paying for the improvements or selling the land at \$2.50 per acre. I will not attempt to justify the action of these Squatters; but it has resulted in permanent good to a great number of People, which could never have been attained under the Mexican Policy. The Lord did not intend that this vast range of land should remain always in the possession of a few Nabobs as a range for Wild Beasts alone.

The People were courteous and clever, but, like all these Spaniards, never in a hurry, except on horseback. All the Spanish Grandees were expert riders. I will relate an example of their skill that we witnessed. A Horse drawing a light Carriage became frightened, and ran through the Town at a furious speed. Instead of running out to head him off, as we do, these Mexicans quickly threw a Lariat over the frightened Animal's neck and foot, bringing him to a stand so gently that neither the vehicle nor its occupants were injured.

We found in the Town a number of our old Comrades, both of the Masonic and Capt. Rankin's Parties, including Dr. Rogers, the Rankins, and the Armstrong

² Los Angeles was founded in 1781, and was therefore only sixty-eight years old in 1849. Its population, according to the census of 1850, was 1,610; but this doubtless included a great number of American emigrants.

Brothers, most of them in a very dilapidated condition; there were also a number of the Missouri Party in advance of us, as well as the Train from Iowa and Missouri. Our Comrades were endeavoring to renew their Teams and replenish their Provisions. Some of them had already refitted and gone on; others had gone, with packs on their backs or on Jack Asses, to San Diego or San Pedro. We renewed some of our purchases of the day before, and succeeded in getting them to Camp and cheering the Spirits of the Old Man.

On the first of January, 1850, we passed over the River with our Team and raised our Tent about a quarter of a mile from the Town. We all went into Town that afternoon, and while loitering about near an Emigrant Wagon, witnessed a Romantic incident. A Spanish Hidalgo (as he appeared), richly attired, rode up the Street on a fine Horse. As he came opposite, a Woman of the Emigrant Wagon made a sudden leap, crying, "Joseph! Joseph! my long-lost Husband!"—catching his shawl and almost pulling him off his Horse. He immediately alighted and hugged and kissed her excessively. They were so demonstrative that a number of People gathered about. While this was transpiring, one of the men in the Wagon (the Woman's second Husband and the Father of her Child) stood aghast viewing the scene. The Wife introduced the second Husband to the first, saying that he was the best of Husbands, and reproved Joseph for neglecting to inform her that he was living. Joseph excused himself by saying that he had often written, but getting no answer gave her up for dead. It appeared from what we afterwards learned that at the end of the Mexican War he had been discharged from the Army in California, where he determined to remain. He had

become a Cattle Dealer, and having a good field for his operations, had accumulated a considerable Fortune. He was willing to renew his marital relations with his Wife, and at her solicitation to take her Baby also. To this last Husband No. 2 objected: she might go and take all else that belonged to her, but he must keep the Child. But we heard he afterwards consented to part with it. This was hard for the poor man, after all his labors to bring his Wife and Child to California, to lose them both at the threshold.

Shortly after our arrival at the Mines we witnessed another incident showing the demand for Women in California, and the Frailty of Women. With the Missouri Train came a man and his Wife and two Daughters of fifteen and seventeen years of age. The Father had not finished putting up his Tent before several young Miners were hanging around the Girls and making love to them. Before they had been there three days a Young Fellow ran away with the youngest Daughter and married her, and a few days later the other Daughter ran away with another Fellow. The Father, having poor luck at finding Gold in that locality, went off with a prospecting Party to a distant location, and when he came home found his Wife had also eloped with a gay Suitor. Thus in less than two weeks from the time of his arrival, the poor Old Man found the whole Family that he had suffered so much to bring to California snatched from his presence, and his hope of a happy future in the bosom of an interesting Family blasted forever.

We remained in Los Angeles a few days, during which time there was a Catholic Holiday. The Boys and Girls, in fancy dresses representing Devils, Clowns, etc., cut all manner of pranks. But what surprised me

more than anything else was to see two Priests (or other Persons) dealing Monte against the walls of the Church. I have no doubt that their winnings were for the benefit of the Lord's Service, but it seemed to me a queer way to get them.

On the sixth of January, as our Friends were not ready to start, and as we did not feel very well toward them on account of the heartless way they had deserted us when in trouble, we started on without them. On the seventh we went through an easy Pass of the Sierra Ventura and found ourselves in the lovely Valley of Buena Ventura. Here we found growing an abundance of Wild Mustard, which we cooked for greens and found very enjoyable, and what we needed; for we had been eating pork so long that there were symptoms of Scurvy in our Systems.

On the eighth we camped on the Santa Clara River, where we found a Rancho and thousands of Cattle owned by one Jose (pronounced "Hosea"). I asked this Caballero for what price he would deliver us one of his Wild Steers, and he answered that he would lasso one and tie it to a Tree near by for half a pound of Powder. As we had used but little of the keg of powder with which we started, I made the bargain. In the afternoon Jose and two Bucheros came to our Camp and requested me to point out the Steer I wanted. I selected a splendid-looking black Fellow with his head and tail up, and the three of them galloped after him. He ran up the mountainside, but a Buchero got above him and drove him down into the Valley again, where the other men cast a Lasso over his neck. This made him more furious than before; but soon the men had a rope over his hind foot, and both Bucheros played him fast and

loose, while Jose directed his course toward our Camp. He made a few furious plunges, pitching into the fire, and levelling the wash boiler and everything else around; but they finally brought him up against a Tree, bellowing and frothing at the mouth, his eyes red as blood. They fastened him with one of our halters, and after a few more fantastical capers he exhausted himself and became comparatively quiet.

The Spaniard Jose said we were crazy to think of breaking such an Animal, and the Old Man said Smith and I were fools, and proposed to kill the Steer and cut him up for beef; but we were determined to try our hands. In the morning I untied one of his ropes, upon which he made a furious lunge at me. I ran around the Tree, the Steer after me, until he wound himself so close to the Tree that his horns straddled it. I then took the other rope around in the opposite direction, so that he could not move his head either way. We brought up our odd Ox, yoked them and plaited their tails together. We concluded to let the Wild Steer remain with the other Ox until next morning, so that they might become familiar with each other.

In the afternoon Jose and his Bucheros brought in another Wild Ox to butcher for us, and laughed heartily when we explained how we proposed to work the first one. Jose next morning brought over a yoke of his working Cattle, and waited to see the fun. We chained the three yoke together with Jose's Oxen in the lead, loosed the Wild Fellow from the Tree, and started them off dragging a log. The Wild Ox did some ground and lofty tumbling at first, but soon became calm, and in the course of an hour's training moved along almost as well as his Partner. Both Jose and the Old Man were

astonished at our success. We kept the Ox yoked to his mate for about ten days, and thereafter we could work him as readily as the others.

We bought also Jose's Working Oxen. These were monstrous Cattle that would measure six feet from tip to tip of their horns, and would probably weigh twelve hundred pounds each. They were accustomed to wear their yokes across their foreheads in the Mexican style, and we found it a serious task to get them yoked; as I had to stand in front of them in order to adjust the yoke, one of them gave me a sideswipe with his horn that knocked me over and nearly broke my ribs. We finally became disgusted, and used the American yoke. They were at first exceedingly awkward with it, and would not pull; they gradually became accustomed to it, but it made their shoulders sore, and they were of little use to us. The Mexicans give as a reason for yoking their Oxen as they do, that they thereby gain all the strength in the head, which is lost by our method.

While Smith and I were breaking our Ox, the Old Man was busy with his washing. We had lately found our clothes infested with peculiar small Lice that could hardly be detected with the naked eye. Upon examining the blanket of our Indian Boy we found it alive with them. Considering that this was a good place to renovate, we put our boiler on the fire, and boiled our clothes and the Indian's blanket all day. The next day we "jerked" our beef—that is, cut it up in thin slices and hung it out on ropes to dry. The air was so pure that it dried without tainting, and no salt was required. While we were at these occupations, a number of Emigrants, including Dr. Rogers, the Rankins, and the Armstrong Brothers, came up and passed us.

On the fourteenth we started on, a happy trio, with three yoke of Oxen and replenished Provisions. The next day we came to the shores of the Pacific at a place called Pasa Gorda in the Foot Hills of Montarita. Here we had a beautiful view, with the Ocean on one side, Mountains covered with verdure on the other, and behind us an enchanting Valley. We could see Whales spouting in the Sea, and at our Camp the Coast was strewn with monster bones, one of which we used as a back log for our fire.

For the next two days we moved on over a terrible road, or rather no road at all, for as the Natives had no Wagons they had no use for anything but Horse Paths. It was up one steep Spur and down another all day long, and so sidling that we had to "chuck" our wheels and stand on the upper one to prevent an upset. In one place we had to lower our Wagon with ropes, and several times we were forced to drive through the surf.

On the eighteenth we arrived at Santa Barbara, which we found a sleepy old adobe Town, much like other Mexican Villages. The Inhabitants had captured a Whale, and many of them were engaged in securing the Blubber. We did not tarry there long, but passed around the head of the Bay and up the Valley until we found a Camp ground. On the nineteenth we travelled through the Rain to the Santa Ynez River. This River, which was narrow and deep, had been bridged with split logs by some Persons in advance; but it had since overflowed, and floated away some of the flooring. We found some of the logs in an overflowed Swamp, and set to work to rebuild the Bridge. We worked in the water all the next day getting up these logs, but found some still missing; so the following day we cut

down and split some Trees. After we had finished this work, some of the logs on the Bridge were still floating, and we were afraid to drive over; but just at this time three Wagons of the Iowa and Missouri Train drove up, and with the help of these Emigrants we got all our Wagons safely over. We camped at the Santa Ynez Mission. Here we found a dozen Spaniards (including the Priests) and about fifty Indians. They had a Church and a number of Out Buildings, a Garden of vegetables, and some Cattle. Our next Camp was on the Santa Maria River, from which place we travelled northeast over a beautiful country with occasional Ranches, where thousands of Wild Cattle roamed over the Hills.

On the twenty-third we went through a curious Pass, not much more than the width of the Wagon, with ascending turns so short and sharp that we could use but one yoke of Oxen, and they stalled and we had to use a Lever to help them. After a serious struggle we reached a Table Land covered with timber, about three hundred feet above the level of the Valley. As we passed through these Woods two Indians on horseback came up behind us, called our Indian Boy aside, and talked to him while we drove on. He did not turn up that night, and we concluded that he had run away with the other Indians, but felt uneasy lest he bring them upon us in the night. About noon of the next day he appeared in the road like a Spirit, but we could get no satisfaction out of him as to where he had been. At noon of the day following he was missing again, and we never saw him more.

On the twenty-sixth we drove into the Village of San Luis Obispo, an old Catholic Mission. Outside of

the Church the Priests dressed in Sack cloth and Ashes. I approached one of them on the Street, and asked him as a favor to sell me some vegetables. He was very affable; he took me to their Store House, and asked the Butler if there was anything he could spare. He let us have turnips, radishes, and beans, which were a Godsend to us. These secured, the Priest politely bowed us out.

We now took our course nearly due east through a beautiful Prairie Country which looked as if it abounded in Springs and Streams. The Sun shone brightly for the first time in many days, and it became very warm. We had neglected to fill our kegs or even to get a drink at the Mission, and became almost famished for water. We travelled until long after dark, but were finally obliged to camp with neither Coffee nor "Grub." In the middle of the night two Spanish Caballeros hailed us and asked where we were trying to go; they said we might have taken a better and shorter road, and on this one we should have to travel twenty-five miles further before we came to water. We passed a restless night, dreaming continually of water. On the twenty-seventh we were off by daylight in a heavy fog, and travelled until afternoon, when our Cattle began to move tardily, showing symptoms of intense thirst. We saw a line of Trees in the distance, and pushed them on. At Sundown the Trees seemed as far off as ever; but we pounded the poor Creatures on through the darkness, and by ten o'clock arrived at the longsought water, of which I had never before so truly appreciated the value.

As we approached the Mountains next day, near the Pass to the Tulare Valley, we saw an Emigrant Train coming toward us. It proved to be made up partly of

our old Comrades, and partly of the two Missouri Trains. With this Party was the Fat Man, who had now lost about ninety pounds of his weight and was the hardiest man among us. Old Roberts was there also with his Sheep—more than when he started, counting Lambs born along the way. I will say here a few more words in regard to this man. In coming up the Coast, Green, his Slave, found a couple of working Oxen, evidently belonging to some Ranchero, and brought them into Camp. Roberts, aware of the fact that Green was liable to arrest for stealing them, said that he might drive them along, but it must be at his own risk. After Green had driven them two hundred miles to the Mines, Roberts bought them of him for \$16.00, and butchered them, realising \$400.00 for the meat and hides. His Sheep, for which he had paid fifty cents each, he sold for \$15.00 and \$16.00, making a small Fortune from them. Having found out that he could no longer control Green and that he was virtually free, he gave him leave to go and dig Gold for himself. Like all Colored People at the Mines, he had luck, and soon accumulated \$1500. Roberts then told him that for this sum he would make him a free man, and the thick-headed Fellow gave him the money, Roberts giving him a Paper he called an "Emancipation." After about a year Roberts returned home and induced Green (who had a Wife and Child in Missouri that he was anxious to see) to go with him. I heard long afterwards from a Friend in Missouri that Green's "Emancipation Paper" proved to be worthless, and that Roberts was still holding him as a Slave.

On the twenty-ninth we reached a Mountain from which we could look down into the great Tulare Valley,

which was filled with blue fog, and looked like a great Lake at our feet. In the course of an hour we were in the Valley, and travelled across it until nearly dark, when we came to a Stream running up the Valley, and apparently up hill. Dr. Rogers, who was versed in Spanish pronunciation, said this must be the "San Joaquin;" upon which an old Missourian, who had consulted his map, said, "If this is the 'San Waukeen,' then where the Devil is the San *Joe Quinn*?" And so we gave it up.

While travelling along this River, we were permitted to see an extraordinary sight. At the same time, and at no great distance from us, we saw a flock of three hundred or more Antelope, a flock of Elk, and a herd of Wild Horses.

We reached the Tulare Lake on the thirty-first, and travelled along it all the next day. The day following, some of our Wisecracks, discovering that Fremont had crossed the Lake near this point and found the bottom dry with only a small Stream through the centre, and not taking into consideration the season when he had done it (these Tulare bottoms being dry in Summer), decided to attempt the crossing. Unfortunately for us, it was now the wet season, and the whole bottom covered with water. It was a crazy undertaking, and I was opposed to it; but I deemed that the majority must be wiser than I, and so we fell into line. Our Horsemen rode ahead and reported the bottom hard and the water only about a foot deep; so we all drove into the Lake, and at once experienced much difficulty in breaking down the tall Reeds. We drove on through water from one to three feet deep for about seven miles, when we came to a Stream with a rapid Current, about thirty

feet wide. A Horseman attempted to ford it, but had to swim. While our Wise Men held a consultation, I mounted the Wagon, and could see that we were not yet half way across. Although I was in the middle of the Train, I brought the Team around, and without consulting anyone took the lead in returning, and the others all followed. On our road back we found the water deeper and the Current stronger, and in one place about a mile from the shore the Cattle had to swim ten feet. Had we been a few hours later we should all have been swallowed up by the waters; but the Lord preserved us in spite of our folly.

The next day we went on up the Valley, and on the 4th camped on King's River, which runs southward into the Lake. Soon after starting the next morning, we saw a number of Wild Horses, chased by Mexicans, running toward our Train. As they came near, a Horse was lassoed, and we halted to see the sport. The Mexicans managed to hold him while they put on him a saddle and a bridle with one of their murderous Spanish bits; they then brought up one of their own Horses and plaited his halter rope into the tail of the Wild Horse, giving him about eight feet play. This done, a young Mexican took the reins. The Horse's legs were then untied, and he made a spring; but the Mexican remained in the saddle. He then changed his tactics, and made desperate efforts to bite the legs of his Rider. Failing in this, he tried rearing and kicking; but when he reared he was pulled down by the lariat about his neck, and when he attempted to kick, the Horse behind dodged and pulled him down. He next threw himself, his most dangerous trick; but the Mexican still kept on. He kept up the struggle for some time, but his Rider's agility

and cunning were too much for him, and when he had exhausted himself he surrendered and went on, the old Horse still tied to his tail and the Mexican on his back.

These Mexicans accompanied us all day, and gave us directions to get to the Mariposa Mines. At night we camped on the headwaters of the San Joaquin River, the Mexicans camping about a quarter of a mile away. When we woke in the morning we found the Mexicans gone, and also our Horses and Mules, eleven in all, including a four-mule Team belonging to a Missourian. Our view extended over the level land of the Valley as far as the eye could reach; but not a man nor a Horse could be seen. It was a sad blow to the Missourians, who were obliged to abandon their Wagon and much of their Goods. We decided not to follow the Mexicans, which proved a fortunate decision. It is said that "Where Ignorance is Bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" and there is little doubt that our Ignorance (and our Poverty) saved our lives that night. When we related this event a few days later in the Mines, we were apprised that these Mexicans were members of the notorious Joaquin band³ of Guerillas, who had been robbing and murdering many Miners. Two different expeditions had been sent out after them; but they had killed a Sheriff and several Deputies and made their escape. Upon our report the Sheriff of Stockton made up a Party of a hundred men and set out to capture them. They killed and wounded several of his men, and escaped into the Mountains. The United States Soldiers were then brought into requisition; they too were surprised and so many slaughtered that they were obliged

³ A band of desperadoes led by Joaquin Murieta, who terrorized California for several years.

to retreat. The Soldiers hunted the band for a year, during all of which time they were still robbing and murdering Miners and Chinamen. The Soldiers finally surprised them and killed both Joaquin and his Lieutenant, "Three-fingered Jack," as well as many of their band. Joaquin's head and the mangled hand of Three-fingered Jack were cut off and taken to San Francisco, where I afterwards saw them, preserved in Alcohol.

From this Camp we moved on up the River, and on the ninth determined to cross. We cut a road two hundred yards long through the brambles, and then, finding the River five feet deep in a Channel twenty feet wide, we raised our Wagon bodies and made the crossing. As there was a narrow Channel where the Oxen had to swim, our ingenuity was taxed to surmount this difficulty. We accomplished it by chaining ten yoke to a Wagon, so that while some were swimming others would have a good foothold. After a laborious day we got all the Wagons across, and camped.

But our troubles were not yet over. We met two Mexicans who informed us that the nice-looking country we were about to traverse was a Quagmire; they thought we might get to the Mines by the first of April by that Route. Next day we struck out for the Cottonwood River, twelve miles away, and soon discovered that the Mexicans had told the truth. Our Wagons would often sink to the hubs, compelling us to double our Teams and pull each other out, a process we kept up all day. Scattering in search of firmer ground, we found ourselves stuck in the mud all around. A few Teams got in; but we stuck fast a mile away, turned out our Team and lay in the Wagon without Dinner, Supper, or Breakfast. On the eleventh those who had arrived at the River

came out with their Teams to assist us; but it was three o'clock P.M. before all got in.

We found the soil ahead as spongy and miry as that we had just passed; the Mountain at the head of the Stream was too rugged to climb; so we turned and went directly out of our course down the River, where the banks were dry and firm, back to the San Joaquin, and thence to another River,⁴ up which we moved. We reached the Mountains on the thirteenth, and arrived at the Mariposa Mines on the fifteenth day of February, 1850, in a Snow Storm.

Thus ended my trying Journey of nine months and seventeen days; and I doubt if any other Party can relate a more terrible experience during the wonderful Exodus over the Plains during the Gold Rush of 1849 and 1850.

⁴ The Chowchilla?

CHAPTER XIX

PROSPECTING AND DIGGING

ON THE first night of our arrival at Mariposa the Snow covered the ground a foot deep, and was so wet and heavy that our Tent broke down upon us in the middle of the night.

In the morning we found our Cattle had wandered off in search of grass so far we could not find them. Smith and others who had lost their Cattle volunteered to go in search, while I went up to the Trading Post with some of the Armstrong Brothers, who were in a sad condition, their money and Provisions both exhausted. I had but fifty cents left, and as there was nothing in the Store that I could buy with that except a pipe and Tobacco, I invested in them, renewing my long-abandoned habit of smoking. The Armstrongs asked the Store Keeper (a Prussian named Max) to credit them with some Provisions, stating their circumstances and location, but telling him that they had no Diggings as yet and did not know where they might be in another week. He informed them without further question that they might have anything they might want, and sent them away with \$300 worth of Provisions on their backs.

As I returned I walked down the Arroya, where I perceived the holes of the Miners full of water, rusty picks and shovels lying about in the Snow, nasty muddy clay everywhere, and the whole aspect so repulsive and dismal that I returned to Camp sick at heart with the prospect of the new enterprise in which I was about to engage.

The next day Smith and I went out prospecting. We explored the Diggings for a long distance around, but as we were ignorant of the manner of prospecting and no one would give us any information, we spent the day with little success. When we returned we found the Old Man had sold our Team (which was in better condition than any of the others that came in with us) for \$800. He offered me one-third of the money, which I refused to take as my share, as he and Smith had contributed only \$15.00 and the cooking utensils towards our outfit, while I had put in over \$600. I appealed to their Peoria Friends to persuade them to give me what justly belonged to me; but they refused to interfere, and I had to submit to the wrong. One man could not work in the Mines alone, and as I had no other Friends I had no alternative (at least for the present) but to work with the Philipps.

Next day we went to work to build a Rocker, as we could not buy one for less than fifty dollars. We could procure no boards; so we cut down a Tree and hollowed it out, putting cleats on the end. We made a Cradle, and also split out pieces and made a box for the Hopper. This required a sieve, made from a piece of sheet iron perforated with half-inch holes, to separate the stones from the dirt. Under this sieve was a canvas apron tacked loosely to a frame that sat on cleats attached to the sides of the rocker, with an incline toward the foot. Two cleats across the rocker, one at the end and the other a few inches back of it, completed the machine. Mr. Max charged me \$5.00 for a pound of nails, \$5.00 for a paper of tacks, and \$5.00 for the perforated sheet iron. We had the machine in order that day. Being made of green wood it was a heavy, clumsy affair, and we found it a man-killer to carry around the Mountains.

The three of us worked next day on a Creek near the Camp and made in all \$4.50. We then worked on a Flat where there were a number of Miners, making \$8.00 the first day; but after three days the Diggings gave out, and we dug around among the broken quartz at the foot of the Fremont Vein, picking up the value of \$40.00 in two days. Then we heard of a big strike a Colored Man had made on Mariposa Flat, and took up a Claim next to his. We found great difficulty in working these Claims on account of water; but we got out about \$25.00 a day, and the Colored Man \$100.

A few days afterwards there came to the Flat a Train of "Pike County Men," who secured Claims of thirty feet front on the Creek (the Miners' Law giving a Claim of thirty feet to each man who discovers Gold and occupies the Claim). They found the same trouble with the water that we did, and proposed that we should join them in damming and turning the Creek, which proposition we accepted, and soon had the water turned, to the satisfaction of all. The next morning after the work was completed, they asked us to join them in drawing for Claims. We told them we had our Claims staked and did not propose to have anything to do with any drawing; but they insisted that as we had joined the Canal Company we must take our chances with the rest. They made the drawing in spite of our refusal, and both the Colored Man and ourselves were drawn out of our Claims. They permitted us to work there that day; but next morning we found men working on our Claims and our tools carried down below.

We were advised that about two miles up the Creek there were many Miners, who had elected an Alcalde with jurisdiction over the whole Creek. We paid a visit

to this Alcalde, whom we found to be a six-foot resolute Kentuckian. He came down with us and talked to the Missourians in a reasonable way, telling them that they must deliver up our Claims. They impertinently asked him "who the H—l he was," and gave him to understand that they did not regard him any more than they did us or the Nigger. The Alcalde then invited us to return with him. He called his Miners together that evening, and they all eagerly agreed to go down and rout out the Pike County men.

In the morning the Alcalde marched down in command of ninety armed men, and the Pike County Fellows appeared much more respectful than they had been the day before. The Miners did not wait for orders, but told us to put our tools back on our Claims, jumping into the Diggings themselves and throwing the tools of the Pike County men as far as they could. Not satisfied with this, they insisted that these Fellows should leave the Diggings, threatening otherwise to destroy their Goods and Teams. The Alcalde tried to mollify them, but found his Volunteers hard to control. However, the Pike County men deemed it best to move, and yoked up their Teams and drove away, leaving us with their Claims and their Curses.

We continued working on our Claims for about two weeks, and took out about \$500. The Colored Man had the best of it; he found one lump worth \$100, and took out of his Claim about \$3000 altogether.

One evening while we were working there came to this Flat about fifty People, with Wagons, Pack Mules, and a Machine for crushing quartz. Among them were Store Keepers, Mechanics, Gamblers, Miners, a Restaurant Man and a Surveyor. They immediately surveyed

the Flat and laid it out in Streets. According to the Gold Diggers' Law, our thirty-foot Claim ran back across the Flat to the Mountain; but they disputed our right, and erected their Tents on our Claims. General Fremont owned the land; but they claimed a preemption right, and held the ground on that pretense. As our Claims would no longer pay for working, we came to the conclusion that our Title was not worth fighting for, and moved our Camp a short distance up the Creek.

We then went out prospecting toward Mt. Ophir, and reached a point where we could see the Yosemite Valley; but as it was reputed to have no Gold in it we did not regard it as worthy of our attention. We had no luck the first day; but as we were returning I found an abandoned Claim with a good show of Gold, and the next day we carried our clumsy heavy rocker up a high Mountain to these Diggings. We left our Tent where it was and climbed this Mountain every day, averaging \$12.00 to \$16.00 each per day. In front of our Tent was a small Boulder that we were in the habit of using as a seat. One Sunday a young Miner who was making us a friendly visit remarked, "This stone has Gold in it; I see a speck." He washed off the dirt, and we could see another speck or two. He asked if he might have the stone, and we answered in the affirmative. He then went up to a speculative Store Keeper on the Flat and brought him down to look at it. The Store Keeper gave him \$200 for it, broke it up, and obtained \$3000 worth of Gold—a prize we lost from our ignorance.

In the few weeks we remained at Mariposa it became a Town of importance; Miners, Packers, and Teamsters were coming in constantly. One Sunday as I was

loitering in the Town, a Young Man, sprightly in appearance, light in build, and lithe in his movements, came down the Street. As he came near, a large man carrying a double-barrelled gun came out of a Tavern door and called on the Young Man to defend himself; but before he had an opportunity to do so, the large man discharged the contents of one barrel into his side. The Young Man turned, whereupon the Brute discharged the remaining barrel into his other side. He then walked deliberately away, while the bystanders were endeavoring to assist the victim. When we waked up to the fact that the Murderer had gone up the Mountain, a number of us went in pursuit; but he escaped, and so far as my knowledge goes, was never heard of afterwards. The murdered man (whose name I think was Morehead) had been engaged in packing. The large man had said in the Tavern that Morehead had robbed him when they were in business together.

We were now out of Diggings, and spent considerable time in prospecting, but without success. Having been advised to go to the Stanislaus River, we hired a Team in concert with the Rankins and Armstrongs, and travelled in the direction of the Tuolumne. On our Travel Elisha Douglas (one of the Rankins' Party) discovered a place where some Miners had dug a trench to turn the water in a Gulch. The dam was down and this Canal dry. We tried the dirt in the Gulch, but found no Gold; after which I suggested to Douglas that the dirt the Miners had thrown out of the trench looked like Gold Dirt. We tried it and found it rich, and we began to work together with the Rankin Party, while the Armstrongs worked further down. During our first day's work, as Elisha was digging in the

trench, all at once he threw up his hat with a "Hurrah!" Thinking he had been hurt, we ran to him, and found he had uncovered a piece of solid Gold about the size and much the shape of a Land Turtle. This Nugget weighed nine pounds nine ounces. Before night we turned out another Nugget weighing three and a half pounds, and several pieces of two ounces or less. Our day's product was over three thousand dollars. We worked there five days, when the Gold suddenly gave out altogether, and we went on to the Stanislaus, where (as we had heard) a Company had turned the River and struck a Fortune.

On arriving at this River we met with a smart Yankee, who told us he had prospected the River at a point he indicated and found Gold there. Without further investigation we took the Yankee and three of his Friends into our Company (making sixteen in all) and determined to turn the River. This was no small undertaking, as the River was a hundred yards wide from bank to bank, and thirty or more in the Channel, where the water ran with a strong Current. We decided to dig a Canal sixteen feet wide, four feet deep, and a quarter of a mile long, through a stony Bar covered with Boulders, some weighing several tons. These obstacles did not discourage our enthusiastic Gold Hunters. I (being, I suppose, more indolent than the rest) looked upon the scheme as visionary, but fell in line, not knowing what better to do. We commenced digging at the outlet of the Canal, where we could roll our heavy Boulders into the deep water. After two days of this I measured the length of our work and the length of the Canal as proposed, and found by calculation that it would take us two years to finish it with the forces at

hand. I called this fact to the attention of Carr Armstrong, who went over the ground with me, and was convinced of the correctness of my observations. When we showed the others our calculations, they saw at once that the work would not pay, and gave up the undertaking.

About a quarter of a mile below there was another Bar, with apparently few large Boulders. We resolved to turn the River here, and immediately set to work. We made unexpected progress on the first two days, but found many large stones, and soon had to erect a Derrick to lift them. This, with all the tackling, cost us dear. The Dam, which was a hundred yards long and in some places eight feet deep, proved more difficult than the Canal. Dirt, stones, and brush were convenient, but we had to buy a number of wheel-barrows at a large cost, and to hire some men at \$8.00 per day.

During the time we were operating here I became afflicted with Scurvy, and sores of a very vicious character broke out all over me. The long-continued use of salt meat without vegetables caused many Miners to become so afflicted, and the only remedy known to us was to bury the Patients in the earth with their faces uncovered, and allow them to remain in that position from seven to nine days. I did not fancy this remedy; so I went to the Trading Post above us to consult with our Dr. Rogers, who had located there. He gave me a box of Quinine Pills and directed me to procure potatoes, slice them up in vinegar, and eat them plentifully as a salad three times a day, at the same time abstaining from salt meat. In consideration of my membership in his Company, he charged me only \$50.00 with two boxes of Quinine Pills thrown in; but this was cheaper than



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being buried. I procured potatoes at a dollar per pound, followed the Doctor's directions, and in six weeks was cured.

We worked at our Dam and Canal for four months. The day we turned the water in, as I was not needed, I took my Rifle and went to the other side of the River to hunt Deer. When I returned I found the River dry and the water pouring through the Canal. I tried to call the Boys, but could not make them hear; so I threw my Gun across and plunged in. I was immediately taken off my feet and carried down the Canal, grabbing at everything I could reach, but to no purpose; and in less time than it takes to write this I found myself in deep water in the middle of the River. I swam ashore and returned to Camp; but to the excitement and to sitting all evening in wet clothes I attributed an illness that I had shortly afterwards.

When we had succeeded in drying the bottom of the River, we all went to work at prospecting and working the dirt. The aggregate of our labor in two days amounted to \$16.00 in Gold, and we abandoned the undertaking. We were all now thoroughly disheartened, and resolved to disband; but before we did so we decided to have a day of rest and jollification. Several of us were posted off to the Trading Post to procure Pack Mules, with orders to invest our *Sixteen Dollars* in refreshments. We did not get much: Whiskey, lemons, sugar, and ginger cakes were all our sixteen dollars would buy. The next morning the Boys devoted their time to packing their Goods, drinking Whiskey Punch, etc.; but I did not come in for the jollification, as I was taken that day with a severe Dysentery and was miserable all day and night.

The day following the Pack Train was on hand, and we were soon off. John and James Rankin and the Yankees were bound for San Francisco. I had been for a long time encumbered by a large Valise, in which were my home clothes and a number of (to me) valuable specimens of Gold Quartz, Plants, Arts of the Indians, Minerals, Precious Stones, etc. Mr. James Rankin agreed to take this Valise to San Francisco for me, and I was glad to be rid of it, for I had no use for fine clothes. After about eight miles of Travel we came to the Stockton road, where we parted with the Rankins. We halted at a Road House here. It was to me a curious circumstance that wherever Man located, however remote from Civilisation, in a short time he would find himself annoyed by thousands of House Flies and Fleas. When we came to the Bar on the Stanislaus there was neither Fly nor Flea to be seen; but in a short time both were plentiful, and when we left thousands of Flies swarmed around the Mules. After leaving this Road House all disappeared.

I grew worse all day; a bloody Flux appeared, and it was with great difficulty that I could follow the Trail over the Mountains and Plains. Some of my Companions helped me along until we came to the foot of the last Mountain, which was half a mile in perpendicular height, and three or four miles by the tortuous path we had to follow. Here I could go no further, and Elisha Douglas (a large-hearted Irishman) took the pack off his Mule, set me on him, and held me there, as I became unconscious before we reached the top. Here I was taken off and laid on a Buffalo robe. It was then raining, and I became very wet before they raised the Tent; but I think the Rain refreshed me, for my Fever sub-

sided, and my Senses were restored before morning; but my Flux continued, and I had barely strength to rise out of bed. We had no medicine, and Carr Armstrong and Elisha volunteered to go for some. These noble Fellows travelled fifteen miles over the Mountains to a Camp, but returned at night with neither Doctor nor medicine, Nothing daunted, the next morning they were off again and travelled as far in another direction, where they found a Store and succeeded in getting a lump of Camphor and some Opium. Such a noble sacrifice is seldom made for a transient Friend. I used these Medicines with good effect, and in ten days was able to go to work; but I believe I had worked but one day when the Boys pronounced these Diggings (known as the "Sonora") non-paying.

We tried Chinese Diggings, but remained only one day, and then moved on to Moccasin Creek Diggings, so called because of the vast numbers of Moccasin Snakes to be found there. Here we remained about a month, making from \$8.00 to \$16.00 per day each, whereby I replenished my purse, greatly depleted from our River speculations, which had cost us \$1000 each beside our living expenses.

Failing to find any more paying Placers at Moccasin, we concluded to emigrate towards the Tuolumne. While we were waiting for our Mules I observed on a Sapling and on the ground near by a dozen or more of the Moccasin Snakes, said to be more poisonous than Rattle Snakes. We made war upon them and killed several, but most of them escaped. We then proceeded on our Journey, travelling all day over Mountains, and halted at night at Big Oak Flat. As I unfolded my blankets, out scampered a big Moccasin, which I had

no doubt been carrying all day long, and which lay under my head when I used my blankets as a pillow at my noonday rest.

Big Oak Flat (perhaps five thousand feet above the level of the Ocean) received its name from the celebrated large Oaks, specimen cuts of which have been brought east for exhibition. I will not attempt to describe these Trees, but will refer to one of them as a sample. This Tree had rotted at the heart near the root, and had been cut off at about fifteen feet above the ground, leaving the rotten Stump. An old Norwegian Woman had taken possession of this Stump and hollowed it out, put in door and windows, roofed it over, and opened a Boarding House in it. The inside made a room twenty feet across. The Old Lady made a small Fortune serving meals to the Miners and Visitors. She charged one dollar for a meal of pork and beans, dried apples, and bread. She had a little Girl with her, whose chief employment was to watch a Milch Cow. From this Cow she obtained no less than eight quarts of Milk a day, which she sold at a dollar per quart, and never had any left over.

We had been there only a few days when one night a band of Mountain Indians made a raid on some of the Miners on the Flat and robbed them of a Horse and other valuables, killing one Miner and wounding another with their Arrows. The Miners followed the Indians for twenty-five miles up into the Mountains, where they found their Settlement, and killed Old Men, Squaws, and Children, the Bucks having fled. I am thankful that I did not join them, as their acts were more foul than the Indians'. Only one of our men, L. Armstrong, was with them, and he protested against their actions,

and not only refused to participate in the Massacre, but aided the Squaws and Boys to escape.

We did not succeed very well on this Flat, and moved over to the Tuolumne River, where we discovered a large Bar with Gold in it so fine that we could not catch it with the ordinary Rocker; so we sent over to Stockton to buy two Quicksilver Machines, which we were all to work in Partnership. These we erected on the River at a cost of over two hundred and fifty dollars. These Machines were constructed on the principle of the ordinary Rocker, except that Quicksilver was put into the sag of the apron. When our day's work was done the Quicksilver had gathered all the Gold; we then squeezed it through a wet Buckskin, leaving the Gold in a lump, which we put into an iron ladle and heated over a fire, driving off the adhering Quicksilver in fumes and leaving the pure Gold free.

We worked this Bar all out, making about \$200 per day at the most for four weeks. We then stored our costly Rockers and took our Travel towards the Merced River. On the way we struck a region that appeared to have Gold everywhere. As it was now Winter and the weather disagreeable, we concluded to build a House. We built a Log Cabin with a chimney of stones laid in clay, a roof of Pine shingles, a door, and a window, erecting the whole House without using spike or nail. It was substantial and secure, and the chimney had a good draught. The Armstrongs had another near by.

We spent much of our time during the Winter in throwing up dirt out of the Gulches, preparatory to washing further on in the season when the Rains should come on. This dirt was so rich that each of us could

carry home a bag worth a dollar; and during the Winter we threw out Gold Dirt that would yield a thousand dollars for each of us when washed.

We spent the Winter merrily in our extemporised homes, which were located in a Valley under the lee of a high Table Mountain with a beautiful little Stream at the foot. One morning about daybreak I took my Rifle and went up on this Mountain in search of Elk (for this was the best time to find them). I soon discovered two, and succeeded in getting near enough to kill one, which gave us all fresh meat for a long time. On this Table Land I discovered a curious freak of Nature, caused perhaps by an Earthquake. The Earth was split, and a Chasm formed from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and so deep that no bottom could be seen. We explored this Chasm for several miles, but did not find the end. The split did not extend into the Valley, but no doubt formed the source of the little Stream on which we camped.

There was a Trading Post about two miles from us where we sometimes procured Provisions. On one occasion one of the Armstrongs and I went over there after Supper, and found there a neighboring Miner by name of Collingswood (a clever Missourian, but illiterate and ignorant of the ways of the World) playing at a Pharo table with the Dealer, a sharp Mississippi Gambler. When we came in he had an ivory check lying on his bag of Gold indicating a debt of \$100. I felt interested in this simple man, and endeavored to persuade him to let the money he had lost go, and come home with us; but he thought he could beat the Gambler at his own game. The latter kept treating him with Whiskey, but he was by no means drunk; yet he refused

to go. We remained with him until twelve o'clock, constantly entreating him to go to his Tent; after which the Gambler ordered me out of his Tent for interfering with his Business. The next day I saw the Gambler and asked him how he came out with Collingswood. He said he cleaned him out of \$8000, and gave him back \$100; but he insisted on playing again, so he opened his bank to give the Fellow a chance, soon won the \$100, and sent him off flat broke. I presume this foolish man was never possessed of \$8000 again. Similar scenes to this could be seen in these Gambling Dens every night.

CHAPTER XX

A NORTHWARD JOURNEY

NO RAIN came, and it was growing too late to expect it. About this time there was a great deal of excitement about some rich Gold discoveries on the Trinity River, a thousand miles away. I resolved to go there, and made an agreement with Douglas and the Philippses that in case the Rains should come and they washed the Gold that we had thrown out of the dry Gulches, I should have half the product of my share. This was a bad move on my part; but I was then a Fortune Hunter, susceptible of being led away by wild rumors of quick Fortunes. The Rains did come after I left, but I have never received any of the product of these Gulches. I had positive information of the Philippses being afterwards in Marysville, and wrote them several letters, but received no reply.

I engaged a Teamster at the Trading Post to carry my Goods, and took my leave of the Boys, I presume forever, as I have never met with any of them since; and possibly ere this writing all of them are deceased. After two days of Travel we arrived at Stockton, then a place of about a thousand Inhabitants, full of the bustle of business. Teams and Pack Trains crowded the Streets, and Boats were plying to and fro on the River in rapid succession. The next morning I took a Steamer, on which I met our old Comrade of the Plains, the suffering Fat Man. He informed me that he was Pilot for the Boat, receiving \$400 per month for his services, and that

he was in good Health and Spirits notwithstanding his loss of flesh.

Arrived in San Francisco I put up at a Hotel in Main Street, then, I think, called Long Wharf. The Houses and Stores were temporary structures, mostly built on sunken Boats along the Wharves for foundations; many of the party-walls were studdings covered with canvas. Some of the Stores were built of fluted Iron brought from the East for that purpose. I hunted up James Rankin, and found him doing well in the Commission Business in a Street near the Bay.

Next morning I made enquiries in regard to the Trinity Mines, and was informed that I should take a Boat for Trinidad in northern California, from which place there were Pack Trains to the Mines, 150 miles inland. I was also instructed that I should have to pay two dollars per pound for packing from Trinidad to the Mines; so I concluded that I would buy some Mules and go into the packing business myself, as one load would more than pay for the Mule. I sought a Vessel bound for Trinidad, and found a small Schooner, the Captain of which informed me that he would carry me and my Mules for thirty dollars each, which must be paid before we sailed. I bought six Mules for \$125 to \$150 each, and they were slung by rope and tackle into the hold. A pole had been placed longitudinally through the center of the Boat with boxes attached for mangers, and in this place were packed sixty Mules and two Jack Asses.

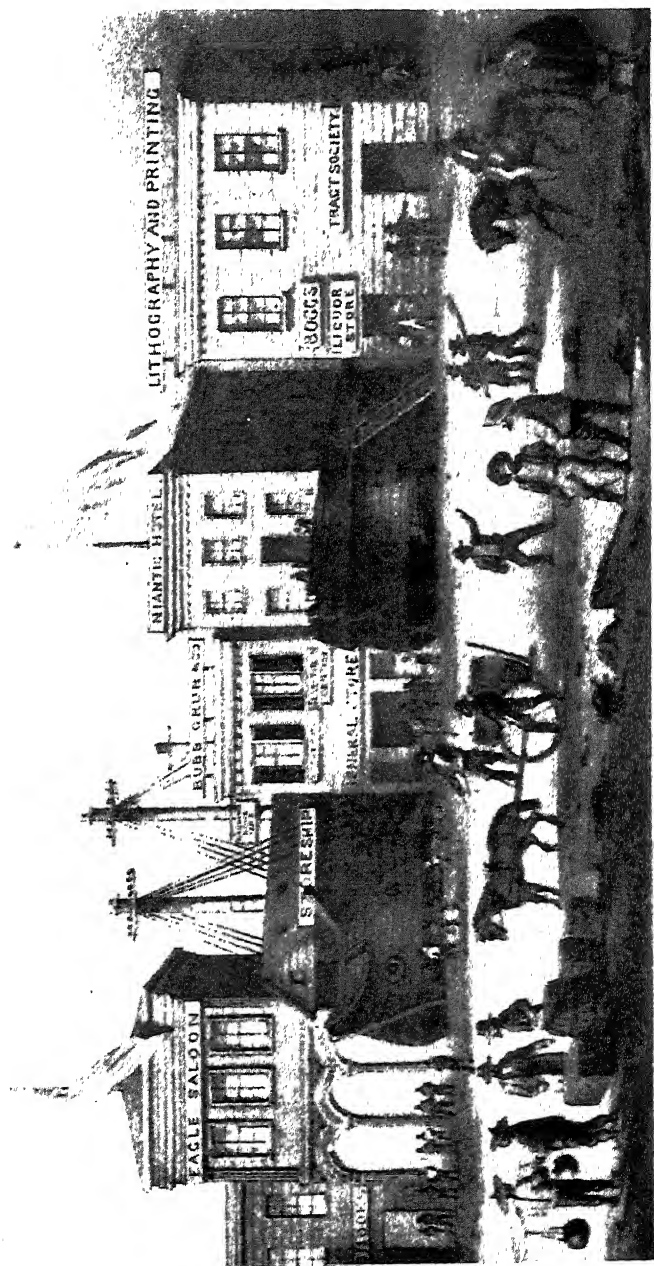
In two days we were ready to depart, and sailed out of the Golden Gate with fifty or sixty Passengers. When we passed out of the Harbor the wind was blowing fiercely, and continued to blow all day and all night. The waves rolled mountain-high, and the

Captain and Crew bustled around and appeared to be alarmed. The Vessel would lie on her side, and it took great efforts to right her up. The Mules tumbled around in the hold, squealing with pain and fright. I was deathly sick, and did not care whether the Boat sank or swam; and nearly all the Passengers were in the same condition.

In the morning the wind was blowing harder than ever, and the Rain coming down in torrents. I found the Crew hoisting dead Mules from the hold and throwing them overboard. The string-piece in the hold had broken down, and the Mules pitched over each other with great force at each roll of the Boat. Men were trying to get down to preserve their Animals; but the Captain refused them admittance. A Sailor would be sent down at the risk of his life with a rope, and whenever he could get it on a Mule it was cast overboard, dead or alive.

I lay in my berth nearly all the time, sick unto death. I could look out of the Cabin door and see the waves running as high as a House, and expected every moment that we would be submerged. Our main-topsail and two mainsails were torn to atoms, and the boom hung broken and useless. We lay to all night with the sails down, and the awful whistling through the naked shrouds made a doleful sound that sickened me at heart, and I was reminded that there was nothing between me and Eternity but a few planks that were liable to be crushed at any moment; but the great Pilot of the Universe saw fit in His goodness to preserve our lives.

The Storm continued until the morning of the eighth day, when it abated somewhat, although the wind was still blowing and the waves running high. The



STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO

Captain informed us that instead of making headway we had fallen back, and were now twenty miles below San Francisco. He presented us with a Petition to sign, requesting him to return to San Francisco for repairs, and releasing him from all damages on account of loss of time and property. The Passengers who had lost no property signed the Petition immediately under the influence of their fears; and the Captain swore he would remain at sea while there was a plank left, if every Passenger did not sign. Thus he frightened them all into signing but myself and an Ohio man who had lost twenty Mules.

After beating around another day and night, and finding he could not frighten us into signing his paper, the Captain headed his Boat for the Farallone Islands, and before night we were at the Wharf in San Francisco. He announced that he would have to make extensive repairs and would not be ready to sail for sixteen days; in the meantime we should have to procure board in the City.

On the next morning we all left the Boat but one Englishman, and met in the second story of a Restaurant on Main Street. There we agreed to make up a purse for the purpose of procuring an Attorney in a Suit for damages. The Ohio man and myself were appointed a Committee to attend to the business. The former said to me that he was acquainted with an eminent Attorney of San Francisco who had formerly been a Member of Congress from his State. We visited this Gentleman, who thought he could recover our losses; but he wanted a retaining fee of \$100, and said the Case could not be tried until the June term of Court, three months off. My Fellow Committeeman wanted to pay the \$100 at

once; but this I refused to do without the approval of the Contributors.

In the evening we met the Passengers, and the Ohio man made a long and eloquent Speech, urging them to prosecute the rascally Captain. When he had finished, they called on me to express my views. I called their attention to the impracticability of prosecuting the Case, as none of us could afford to remain until it came up; and there would be few or no Witnesses, as by that time we should be scattered and our addresses unknown. A Vote was taken, and the Ohio man gave the only Vote in favor of prosecution. That ended the matter, except with the Ohio man, who went on with the Suit on his own account; but I never learned the result.

There was then in port an old Massachusetts Steamer (I think her name was the *General Barrington*) that had raised a sign for Trinidad. Most of the Passengers of the Schooner came together and made a Pool in order to get reduction of Passage. The Steamer's price was \$30.00, but the Clerk agreed to take thirty or more for \$25.00 each; but he said we must pay the \$30.00, as he would not have it appear that he took Passengers for less, and he would give us an order for a drawback.

My loss of \$1600 in the turning of the Stanislaus; the high cost of living without production on the Merced; and now the loss of my Mules, with other expenses, had so reduced my Capital that after paying my Passage I had now about ten dollars. My continued Misfortunes and the prospect before me were enough to crush the Spirits of almost any man; but Youth, Health, Spunk, Energy, and Perseverance are not readily subdued. I considered

If golden Fortune be your goal,
Take off your coat, your sleeves uproll;
Though Fortune is a fickle Dame
She smiles upon the brave of Soul.
But if she frown, still hoe your row,
Pursue her, no surrender make,
The favors she will not bestow
Upon you, you by force may take.
Life's prizes are by Labor got,
They come to those who toil and spin;
Strike, strike the Iron while 'tis hot,
Go in and win!

So I embarked on this old rattletrap Steamer, again to try my fortunes on the Ocean. We started out late one afternoon in a Storm, passed the Golden Gate, and went a few miles out; but the wind was blowing a Hurricane, and the Captain (an inexperienced Adventurer) put his Boat about and came into port again. The next morning we were off again. It was still raining and blowing, although not quite so hard as before; but as we passed up the Coast the Storm increased, and we had to take down all our sails. Even some Sailors among the Passengers on board became alarmed.

One night as I lay in my berth a terrible Squall struck the Boat, and I could hear every timber apparently crashing. I was tumbled out of my berth, and a Gamblers' table in the Cabin near by was upset, spilling their money on the floor. The Sailor Passengers flew to the Deck to assist the Crew. Many men were on their knees praying; but one of the Gamblers was walking up and down the Cabin cursing God Almighty and Jesus Christ with the most foul oaths I have ever heard uttered by Man. This Fellow's profanity at such a time shocked me beyond measure, and frightened the prayer-

ful People out of their propriety, for fear the Good Lord would sink us all for his iniquity.

We had a dreadful time of it that night; and the Storm continued until we came in sight of Trinidad. This Town had a miserable Harbor, formed by a rocky Island in front of a very small Bay. We could see several Vessels rolling in the surf, and two of them cast high upon the Shore. None of the Crew was familiar with the Harbor, not even the Pilot; and our Captain would not attempt to enter, but headed his Boat out to sea, and beat around all day.

Next morning we found ourselves abreast of Humboldt Bay, many miles below Trinidad. The Sun was shining brightly, and there was less wind than at any time since we started; but the waves were as high as ever. About ten o'clock we came in plain sight of the entrance to the Bay, and saw enormous waves breaking over the Bar. The Captain determined to make the attempt to enter, and ordered all hands below and the hatches fastened down. I did not like the idea of being shut up below, and took to the shrouds, where I saw the Sailors and a couple of Passengers. I had climbed about fifteen feet, when the Mate said to me roughly that if I was going up there I must go much higher. I then went up thirty feet or more.

The next thing I observed was the Mate tying the Wheelsman with a rope made fast to either side of the Ship. All things in readiness, the Steamer was headed for the Breakers at the mouth of the Bay. As we neared the first one the Engineer increased his Steam, and in a few moments an immense wave, as high as a three-story House, reared over the stern of our Vessel, burying the Wheelsman out of sight, and splashing me on my high

perch. In another instant there came another Breaker that burst over the Boat in the same manner, and then a third. The Ship righted instantly, but the force of the waves had thrown her out of her course, and the headway could not safely be checked, for lesser Breakers were still spending their force upon her. While she was still under the influence of these secondary waves, we struck the Bar, the force of the waves driving us broad side on.

Between us and the Shore was a space where the eddy of the Ship made the water comparatively smooth. The Boats were lowered, and the Passengers and their Baggage landed on a sandy Bar, from which we were taken in small Boats to Eureka, a Town on the opposite side of the Bay. The next morning the Steamer was badly broken up, and before we left nothing could be seen of her but some iron work.

After getting safely into Eureka I endeavored to obtain employment in a Saw Mill, as I needed money, not only for present support, but to pay for Provisions and Transportation to the Mines; but there was nothing there for me to do. Having been informed that there was a prosperous new place called Uniontown¹ about six miles up the Bay, four of us hired an English Sailor to convey us thither. He undertook to sail, but there was little wind, and that contrary. Before we came to the head of the Bay it was dark, and the Sailor, being a Stranger there himself (he came up on our Steamer) could not find the mouth of the little River that led to Uniontown. It was low water, and the shores so deep in mud that we could not land; so the Sailor thrust an oar into the mud and made fast to it, and we lay down

¹ Now Arcata.

in the Boat without Supper. We all slept soundly. When we awakened, we found ourselves drifting out to sea near the sunken Steamer. We hustled up our Pilot, and emptied a little of our wrath upon him; we then took the oars, and he put up his sails; but the wind was directly ahead, and it was noon before we came opposite Eureka. We did not land, but sailed on for Uniontown, almost starved. Our Englishman produced from his bag a box of Sardines, and began to eat them. We wanted him to share them, but he replied that he had not as much as he wanted himself. We felt his bag, and found he had another box; but he snatched it away and put it in his pocket. We had become soured at the Fellow, and threatened to throw him overboard if he did not produce the box. Our demonstrations frightened him, and he reluctantly surrendered the Sardines, which stayed our stomachs a little until five o'clock, when we reached Uniontown.

This pretty little Town was situated on a Plain at the head of the Bay, at the foot of a Hill covered with a dense growth of Redwood and Fir Trees, the most beautiful timber I ever beheld. The Redwoods were from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter, and some were three hundred feet high; the Fir Trees were generally two hundred feet in height and from two to five in diameter. The size of these Trees is not exaggerated: I paced off the length of a fallen Tree that was equalled by many others, and found it to be over three hundred feet; and I paced closely around the butt of another that was ninety feet in circumference. The first limbs of the Fir Trees were from forty to fifty feet above the ground. The timber stood close, and in time so many Trees had fallen (which appeared never to decay) that the mon-

strous branches made it almost impossible for a man to get through the Woods, and a Wagon, or even a Horse, could not be got through at all, except by a road that had been sawed out to Mad River, ten or twelve miles away.

The next day we visited a young Jew who was the Proprietor of a Pack Train, and made enquiries in regard to packing to the Mines. He told us that his price was a dollar per pound, but as there was still a great deal of Snow on the Mountains he did not expect to start for two or three weeks. This information placed me in an extremely unpleasant position. I had but five dollars in my pocket; Provisions were from fifty cents to a dollar per pound; I had three weeks to provide food for myself, beside my Provisions and Transportation to the Mines; there was no employment to be had, and no prospect of any. A Stranger on his way to the Mines with us with whom I had become familiar on the Steamer, by name of Henry Clark, from Belfast, Maine, volunteered (God bless him!) to furnish me with everything I needed until I could get to the Mines, and invited me to mess with him. I was compelled to accept of his generosity, although it was the bitterest dose I ever took.

After I had been in Uniontown a few days, and had become very restless about imposing upon my large-hearted Friend, the little Jew Owner of the Pack Train came into our Camp and asked if he could employ any of us to erect a fence around his Garden. I asked him what he would pay, and he said he would give me a dollar a panel to split out the rails, posts, and pales, and erect them. He had good Cedar Trees cut down and sawed the proper lengths, and would furnish a

Team for hauling. I knew nothing about such work, but my desperate condition induced me to take the Contract. When Mr. Clark (who was a Carpenter) came into Camp, I informed him of what I had done, and asked him to join me in the work. He said I could not make my salt; but I persuaded him to try it, saying that it was better to work for a small compensation than to loaf around doing nothing.

We went to the Woods next morning, and found that the Cedar split so easily that we got out five hundred pales that day. We could knock off a pale by a single stroke of a maul on a frow, as straight as if it had been sawed. In two weeks we had put up a hundred panels of fence. The Jew then told us he intended to start for the Mines on the Monday following, and I had my Goods weighed. My Tools and Provisions weighed forty-seven pounds, not including my blankets, cooking utensils, and ten pounds more of Provisions, which I carried on my back. How I should ever have been able to leave this place but for the Generosity of my Friend Clark, God only knows.

Before leaving Uniontown, I must relate a little incident, showing that Political Sharps were early on the carpet in California. About the time we were leaving, an Election for Sheriff was held, and one of the Candidates (a very clever Fellow) informed us that as we had been Residents there for a couple of weeks, we were Citizens of the County and had a perfect right to vote. He marched to the Polls a hundred or more of that kind of "Citizens," and they all voted without being questioned. I don't believe the other Fellow could beat that.

It was now April, 1851. We moved off on the ap-

pointed Monday over the sawed-out road, and camped on a meadow on the opposite side of Mad River, which we had to wade up to our waists in water. However, we had plenty of wood, so we built up a rousing fire and soon dried our clothes. About nine o'clock that evening, when all the rest of the Party were sound asleep, I heard the Mules running rapidly around the meadow, and a small Dog barking by the fire near my bed. Directly I saw two gleaming eyes out in the darkness beyond the fire, that seemed to be stealthily approaching the Dog. I levelled my Rifle and fired, and an Animal bounded off in the darkness. In an instant the whole Camp was up, but too late to get a shot. It was a California Lion, and his object was to pounce upon the Dog, as an easier prey than the Mules.

The next day we had a toilsome Travel over steep Mountains. At one point our path wound so closely around projecting rocks that two Mules were precipitated down the mountainside, rolling over and over with their packs for several hundred feet. The Bucheros went after them, and brought them in at night the worse for wear.

The day following we pursued our Route over a very high and rough Mountain path. We camped early, in a Valley clear of timber except a narrow line of brush along the Creek. As we were taking our Supper we observed a Horse that was feeding along the Stream make several leaps and fall down. Running to him, we found the feather of an Indian Arrow protruding from his body in the region of the heart. We ran with our rifles up and down the Creek, but none of us could get our eyes upon an Indian. It seems to be a quality peculiar to Indians to hide themselves effectively where

there appears to be no place for hiding. Their object in killing the Horse was to procure his meat after we left; but the Jew and his men were so angry that they gathered a large pile of wood and cremated him, so that the Indians should not have him.

Our course next day was over rugged Mountains. We kept rising all day, and came to Snow two feet deep on the last Ridge, making our Travel difficult. We camped in a Mountain Valley where the air was very cold, and I could not get warm enough to sleep. Journeying twenty-five or thirty miles a day and climbing Mountains with my pack on my back, I found the Travel exceedingly exhausting; my strength and endurance were almost expended. Still there was more of it to be overcome, and I endeavored to bring my resolution up to the work.

The next day our course was still upwards over a Mountain many thousand feet high, where we found Snow eight feet deep and so compact that the Mules did not sink deeply, and a man could walk on the surface with little difficulty. Seeing Elk, Mr. Clark and I went off through the Woods to get a shot at them, keeping parallel with our Train and in hearing of the Bell Mule. While in the Woods we were surprised to hear another bell in the opposite direction, and presently a Pack Train appeared, coming from the Mines. The Proprietor informed us that he had been lost in these snow-clad Mountains for two days. He had plenty of Provisions, but no matches, and they had been unable to cook. I offered him a few, and told him I thought he could get plenty from our Train; but he wanted to buy my box, and offered me five dollars for it. I could not sell my box, but let him have half of it

at this price (giving the money immediately to Mr. Clark on my debt), and he made his way to our Trail and camped.

That night we camped on the Ridge, melting Snow for ourselves and the Mules; but the poor Beasts had to go without feed, and we feared they would freeze before morning. We ourselves were unable to keep warm with our fire and blankets. From this point our course led gradually downward, and in two days more we reached the North or Trinity River, travelling down it a short distance to a Flat where the Jew intended to open a Trading Post, and which I supposed to be the termination of our journey.

Being extremely anxious to earn some money in order to repay my Friend Clark for his favors, I immediately took my tools and set out by myself on a prospecting expedition. I was gone all day, finding no Miners about, and very little Gold. At night when I returned I found to my surprise that the Pack Train had gone, and all hands with it, except a Swede whom the Jew had left alone with a Tent of Merchandise. The Swede said they had gone to Weaversville, thirty miles above, and Mr. Clark had left word that he would return in a few days, or would send me word where he had located. He did send a short letter, saying that he would write again; but I never heard of him afterwards. I took means to find him in California, sent letters to his home in Belfast, and advertised for him there; but there was no response, and I have no doubt he is long since dead. I have been more concerned to pay that noble man my debt of Gratitude than I have ever been to collect ten times the amount owing to me.

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE TRINITY RIVER

WHEN I found my Friends all gone, my "Grub" nearly exhausted, and only two dollars in my pocket, I was again in a quandary. But the generous Swede told me to give myself no uneasiness: he would be happy to share his Tent with me, and as the Indians were dangerous thereabouts I might be some protection to him; as to Provisions, he would credit me with all I wanted.

The first day I brought home about a dollar in my pan. Finding a place near the Tent that I thought might pay, I took my Rocker down there, and came home the next night with about four dollars. The Swede said to me that that was "no Good," and told me not to worry about my "Grub," but to take plenty of time to prospect. I started again next day and climbed a difficult Mountain, where I found an elevated Sand Flat, sloping toward the River, on which a Party of four were working. They gave me no information, except that there was very little Gold to be found; but I prospected along a little Run that came down from the Mountain, and after washing ten pans of dirt I had Gold to the value of three dollars.

It may be interesting to know how we could ascertain by prospecting what the dirt would yield per day. It was an invariable fact that the dirt that produced fine Gold yielded best nearest the Stream, and that the Gold was equally distributed all through it. We counted the digging and washing of one hundred buckets

of dirt a day's work; so by washing out several pans we could ascertain what the whole yield would be. Two men could wash out two hundred buckets more easily than one man could wash a hundred alone.

I said to my Swedish Friend that I should have to leave him, and spent the next day in moving my tools and getting everything in working order. The day following I climbed the Mountain with my blankets, pans, and fifty dollars' worth of Provisions (and no very great load either) and was at work by nine o'clock. That day I gathered two ounces (\$32.00) of Gold.

In the evening there came up a brisk Rain. I put my Provisions and tools under a ledge of Rock, but could find no shelter for myself; so I went to the Tent of the four Miners before spoken of, who granted me permission to lie on the outside of them. These Fellows were a motley Crew. One, whose name was Burr, was from New York; another was a Sailor from Maine, but by birth an Englishman; the third was a Scotchman, and the fourth an Irishman. The Rain ceased in the morning, and I went to my Diggings and commenced work. About nine o'clock all four of these Fellows came over and accused me of stealing the Irishman's purse, containing \$800 in Gold Dust, from under his pillow. The Sailor was the most prominent in making this accusation, threatening that if I did not instantly restore the purse they would hang me like a Dog on the limb of a Tree. I tried to reason with them, but the rascally Sailor would not listen to anything I could say, and approached me for the purpose of seizing me, exclaiming, "Hang him! Hang the Rascal!"

I raised my pick and threatened to split the head of any of them that attempted to lay a hand upon me; and

I meant it, for I felt that I had to fight for my life. Finally Mr. Burr (the only man of good common sense among them) spoke up and called upon them to desist, saying that he believed I did not take the purse and that it would yet be found. I have reason to be thankful to Divine Providence that in all my numerous Trials and Dangers the Lord has always raised up to me a good Friend that lent me an assisting hand.

The next morning there came to the Bar a Party of seven Frenchmen with a Pack Mule. One of them, who was a Hunchback (a second Marat in appearance), and whose name was Dupont, wanted to to into partnership with me. I had a good thing, and did not care to share it with a Stranger; but upon reflection I concluded it was best to take him in, as in case of any further difficulty with the Burr Party I could rely upon the Frenchmen for protection; so I made the Contract with him. He appeared to be an intelligent Fellow, and could speak some English and Spanish. I could speak a little French and Spanish, and understood more than I could speak; and by mingling our knowledge of these Languages we managed to understand each other. The others could speak nothing but low French.

Dupont put up his Tent, and then staked off another Claim and put a tool in it, which gave possession for five days according to the Miners' Law. The other Frenchmen found Diggings about a quarter of a mile below us, and camped there.

That night Dupont staked out his Mule about fifty yards from the Tent. In the morning he found nothing left of it but the bones and intestines, the Indians having silently shot it in the night and carried away the meat. Poor Dupont tore his hair, and became almost distracted over his loss.

We had worked a few days, making from \$20.00 to \$30.00 each per day, when one morning the Burr Party came over and located themselves on our Claims. We ordered them off, but they refused to go, and showed fight. Dupont ran down after his Comrades, and soon returned with an infuriated gang armed with Pistols, Blunderbusses, and Picks. The Burr Party took to their heels, and it was all I could do to keep the furious Frenchmen from following and killing them.

The next morning as I was working my Rocker I found that the little Rivulet that we used to wash our Gold Dirt had suddenly ceased to run. Dupont exclaimed, "*Sacré nom de Dieu!*" and ran up the Mountain. In a few minutes he returned, saying "*Le mal Marin,*" and flew for his Comrades, whose numbers had been augmented by the arrival of a French Count. I went up the Mountain and found the rascally Jack Tar working there. He had dug a ditch leading to their Diggings and thrown the water over into it. This was a serious matter to us, as our works were seventy-five yards from the River and twenty feet above it, and to carry our dirt there would reduce our profits at least one half.

While I was jarring with the Sailor the whole pack of "Johnny Crapauds,"¹ including the Count, came up, full of fire and fury. I advised the Sailor to get out of the way before they killed him, and he took my advice and fled. The Johnnys destroyed the Dam and filled up the Ditch, and then wanted to drive the Burr Party from the Mines; but this I opposed, and was seconded by the Count.² These *Patois* Frenchmen were an ignorant set, and I was pleased that the Count had come, for he could

¹ Johnny Crapaud (Frog) a derisive name for a Frenchman.

² Several French noblemen came to California during the gold rush.

speaking English and had a wiser head than they, although he proved to be a drunken Vagabond. He was a member of the Orleans Family, a profligate, good-hearted Fellow, and good Company when sober.

The second Sunday after my arrival the Burr Party made up a purse of \$200 to buy Provisions, and the Sailor volunteered to bring them up on his back. He did not return that night. The next morning they went to the Trading Post, where the Swede informed them that he had not seen the Sailor; and they never heard of him afterwards. They were now convinced that he had stolen the purse. The Irishman came to me and apologised for their abuse, and we had no more trouble with the Party.

One evening after we had been at the Bar about two weeks there came up to our Tent the Englishman who would not leave the Schooner at San Francisco after our severe Voyage. He informed me that he stuck to the Boat for ten days, demanding his meals, until the Captain (having no intention of resuming his Trinidad trip) returned him his Passage money to get rid of him.

I warned the Englishman to be careful of his Mule, and related Dupont's experience; but he was a conceited, stubborn Fellow, and replied arrogantly that he had no fear of Indians, and they could not steal his Mule. When he lay down at night he attached his long Lariat to the Mule's neck and fastened the other end to his wrist, placed his Pistol within reach, and covered himself with a fancy blanket. He was tired, and slept very soundly. When he awoke in the morning the Lariat was still fast to his arm; but his Pistol and blanket were gone, and all that was left of the Mule was the bones and intestines. The poor Englishman was dum-

founded, and so crushed in spirit that he shed tears like a Child. He took his Provisions on his back and went on to his destination down the River.

One night about midnight I heard the dishes rattling at our fireplace. Thinking that a Coyote or a Marten was prowling about after our Provisions, as they often did, I turned over and resumed my sleep. In what appeared to me only a few minutes afterwards Dupont jumped up with a dreadful scream, exclaiming, "*Sacré nom de Dieu! La Flèche!*"—at the same time displaying an Arrow. Investigation was dangerous, but we seized our Weapons and went up on the Mountain; but the night was very dark, and we could see or hear nothing that appeared like Indians. In the morning we found two rents in our Tent and a hole through our blankets between us, where the feather end of an Arrow protruded from the Sand. The other Arrow had fortunately struck a steel piece in Dupont's pocket that he used for striking fire, glancing off and cutting his thigh, but not severely.

This event alarmed us seriously, and we were much worried to know what to do. We did not like the idea of being driven from our Claims; so I suggested to Dupont that he should get his Friends to come up and camp near us: we could make a Dummy and set him up at night with a Rifle, and the Indians would not dare to come near enough to see what it was. This arrangement was adopted, and succeeded very well, saving us the weary service of standing guard every night after a hard day's work.

Dupont and I continued to work on our Claim, but it became constantly poorer until about the first of October, when it was paying only eight dollars per day.

I proposed to Dupont that he should work on in Partnership, while I went on a prospecting Tour. To this he consented, and brought me the oldest "Crapaud" among them, who wanted to accompany me. Next morning we were off with tools and Provisions, and prospected many places down the River until about four o'clock; when we came to Bluffs that prevented us from following the River further. We scrambled up the Mountain until (no summit appearing) the old Frenchman became tired and put off on a winding course. I determined to pursue the direct course, and after a long struggle succeeded in gaining the top of the Mountain about twilight. I whooped and hallooed and fired off a Rifle, but there was no reply from the Frenchman. I then concluded to cook some supper, but found that he had the matches and cooking utensils, while I had the Provisions; so we both had to lie down with nothing to eat. During the night I could hear the screech of the California Lion and the howls of other Animals, and I enjoyed very little sleep.

I was off early in the morning, and came directly to a dry Arroya about fifteen feet wide, the bottom of which was covered with small broken stone, debris from rotten Rock above. I jumped off a four-foot bank into the Arroya, and the whole mass of small stones began to move downwards. I thought my end had come; but after about fifty feet the movement ceased, and I conceived it my duty to leave that Arroya. I then took to the Ridge, and after some distance I could see a small Valley where there were a number of Miners' Tents. To a man with my appetite this was a magnificent view, made more lovely by the smoke ascending from their Campfires. About eleven o'clock I arrived at the Camp,

where I found the Miners a little excited in consequence of a California Lion's having come into their Camp the night before and carried off a favorite Dog. The boldness of the Animal had somewhat alarmed them.

I cooked my Dinner, and about one o'clock the Frenchman came in. After he had eaten we started to prospect around those Diggings, but could find nothing that would pay over five or six dollars per day; nor had we elsewhere found anything better.

We camped with the Miners that night, and in the morning started for our own Camp, crossing the River to escape the high Mountain, and arrived about four o'clock at the Frenchmen's Camp, where I found Dupont asleep in a Tent. He informed me that he had abandoned the Claim, as it would not pay, and the Frenchmen were then working it, the Mining Law permitting any Person to take possession of an abandoned Claim. I saw that I was the Victim of Treachery, let out a little spleen upon Dupont and ended my dealings with him forever.

I then looked around and found a good Claim in the vicinity of the old one. In a few days thereafter there came to the Bar a very intelligent Prussian of the name of Richter, who wanted to work with me. He had a Mule, a Tent, and a very respectable Outfit, except for Provisions. I informed him of the fate of the Englishman's and Dupont's Mules, and after making arrangements for Copartnership he rode his Animal to the Trading Post and sold him to the Jew Packer.

By this time there were many Miners in the neighborhood. Among others there came to the Bar an old Oregon Hunter named Rock, with an Indian Wife and a halfbreed Boy about ten years of age. That Indian

Wife was a Jewel. Every day she would plunge into the River with a large hoop net and come up with a Salmon. Sometimes she would swim over with her Son to a large Boulder in the middle of the River, where the Salmon seemed to quarter, and would then shoot under the water like a Seal, bringing up a Salmon every time and handing it to her Son on the Rock. I have seen her catch four in two or three minutes' time. It was wonderful how she could do it, for the movement of the Salmon in the water is as swift as lightning.

One day there came to the River about a quarter of a mile below the Camp an Indian with a Horse, which he was trying to swim across. Old Rock seized his Rifle and ran down through the bushes. When the Indian was in the middle of the River, we heard a report. The Indian disappeared, and soon Old Rock came into Camp with a fine American Horse. The Indian had no doubt stolen the Horse from some Miner, but the owner was never found.

Although familiar with the life of the Indians, Old Rock appeared to fear them more than any of us, and was continually springing out of bed at night shouting "Guard, ho!" and alarming the whole Camp, when none of us could see or hear anything unusual. His training of his Child was characteristic. One day he gave the Boy a bag and ordered him to go over the Mountain to the Swede's Store to buy Provisions. The Boy commenced to cry, saying he was afraid of the Indians. "Never," said his Father angrily, "shall it be said that the blood of Old Rock is afraid of an Indian!" And pointing his Rifle at the Child, he told him that if he did not at once cease crying and put off on his errand he would shoot him; whereupon the poor Boy went tremblingly away.

As the Winter was now approaching, my Partner and I had built a Log Cabin in a very simple way about a quarter of a mile from our Diggings, using the canvas of the Tent for a roof, and making the chimney of stones plastered with clay. One day while we were at dinner there came to the House a poor lone Indian, a Young Man of fine stature, but emaciated and infirm, coughing constantly, and suffering the last stages of Consumption. (I had been under the impression that Indians were never afflicted with Pulmonary Consumption; but I discovered that they are subject to all the Diseases of White People, beside suffering some almost unknown to the latter. Neither are they more alike in appearance and disposition than we are. We saw one in southern California with a red head. Perhaps he was not of pure Indian blood, but he was with a Tribe.) We pitied the poor Consumptive, and gave him his Dinner. He loitered around and lay down in the Sun; but as there were a number of Tents around and men working not a hundred yards away, we closed the door and went to our work. When we returned the Indian was gone, and with him all our blankets and my Buffalo robe. This was a serious loss to us, for no blankets could be procured in that region. We ordered four of the Swede at sixteen dollars each, and an oilcloth at eight dollars; meantime, we had to lie on the ground without other covering than our wearing apparel, and my Prussian Partner suffered badly from Rheumatism, while I became stiffened with cold.

By this time I had become so much exercised over the bad treatment we had received from the Indians that I had come to think, like others, that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." A few days after this, as

I was walking up the shady path beside the River, I discerned three Indians sitting in the bushes on the opposite side. I raised my Rifle to shoot at them, when the thought came to me that I should be taking the life of a Human Being without necessity or adding to my own security, and I should perhaps regret the Murder. I dropped my aim, and I have ever since rejoiced that I did not pull the trigger of my Rifle that day.

We worked on at our Claim until the middle of the Winter; but there was much Snow, which made the work disagreeable, and the yield was poor. We sometimes went hunting, and shot two Deer and a black Bear. We had a feast of fresh meat for a long while, beside giving some of the meat away, and also secured a good Bearskin to sleep upon.

I was now very sick of mining. I was never muscular, and had done very little Manual Labor since I was thirteen years of age; and after a day's labor I would be so much exhausted that I would throw myself down on the ground and fall sound asleep, while other Miners who had accomplished a much greater task, would be full of Life and Jollity, dancing and cracking their heels together as if they had been resting all day. This circumstance led me to think that I could better compete with the World in a business where more brain and less manual labor was required. The Swede had now moved his Store to the Bar, and toward Spring the Jew Packer came with the remnants of a load of Goods, which he proposed to sell to me at one dollar per pound for pork, and seventy-five cents for other Provisions. As Provisions were still selling at \$2.00 per pound, I considered this a liberal offer, and bought him out.

Here again the Demon of Misfortune pursued me. I had scarcely got my Store arranged for business before there came a report of wonderful finds of Gold on a branch of the Klamath River sixty miles to the north, and a fever sprang up at once among the Trinity Miners to emigrate to the new Diggings. The Packers (who, as I suspect, raised the report) came about in numbers, offering to carry the Miners' Goods for two dollars per pound, and in a few days nearly all were gone. I could not afford to remove; so I made arrangements with Mr. Richter to take charge of the Store, while I went to see what could be done in the new Mines.

I joined several Miners who were going over. We travelled all day up an immense Mountain, and camped before reaching the top. Early the next morning we gained the topmost Ridge, where we saw a Rock of thousands of tons' weight resting on the edge of a Precipice, so evenly balanced that it appeared as if it could be pushed over by the strength of a man. We had the curiosity to try to topple it over. Procuring some strong levers, we soon upset it, and away it went down the mountainside, sweeping down Trees as if they had been cornstalks. It was soon out of our sight, but we could hear its thundering roar far below.

We travelled all day on the Ridge and camped in the Snow, where, strange to say, we found a Spring of water. The next day we took a downward course, and arrived near evening at the famous Golden River. I lost faith in it as a deposit for Gold as soon as I set eyes upon it: it ran wildly through a deep cut in the Rocks, somewhat resembling Niagara River below the Falls.

We crossed next morning by raft, some distance below the Diggings, and I prospected around for ten days

without finding anything that would pay over four dollars per day. All the Miners were disappointed and disgusted, but had spent so much to get there that they hesitated about returning. The trip cost me about \$100, and I procured about thirty.

Finding a Train returning, I came back to our old Diggings. I found my phlegmatic Partner taking his ease. He had sold very few Goods, but such as he had sold he accounted for faithfully. We worked in the vicinity at poor-paying Placers until about the middle of April, 1852, eating up the Goods in the Store and selling a little to the few remaining Miners. I then sent out word that I would sell out at cost, and a number of Miners came in and bought me out. I sold my tools to my Partner, and gave him my interest in the Bearskin. He had some money to pay to me, and we both went to dig up our purses. We had buried them without the knowledge of each other fifty yards from the Cabin, and, curiously, found them two feet apart.

I then bade him Good-bye, and started for Weaversville with my blankets on my back, thus ending my Miner's Life.

CHAPTER XXII

THE RANCHO OF THE ANGELS

Now I was again afloat, without a rudder or a Boat. "Man never is, but always to be blessed."

At Weaverville I made enquiries concerning my valued Friend, Mr. Clark, but no one knew anything about him. I met there my old Fellow Traveller of the Plains, Burke the Gambler, who was keeping a Hotel, and insisted on my staying all night as his Guest. The next day I proceeded on without meeting a Soul until about four o'clock, when I discovered a crowd of men in advance. They had a poor suppliant Fellow that they were hanging to the limb of a Tree with a slip noose around his neck. They informed me that the Culprit had stolen a purse containing several hundred dollars' worth of Gold Dust, and had brought these men here to show them where he had buried it; but neither he nor his Tormentors could find the purse. Believing him to be lying, they hauled him up to the limb again and again until he was near dead, the poor Fellow still insisting that he had buried the purse there, and if they would give him time he would find it. When they had strung him up the last time one of the Searchers cried out, "I have it!" and handed it over to the Owner. They let the Thief down, and after giving him a little breathing spell, formed a double line with the Fellow at the head. Giving him a kick, they told him to run for his life. As he ran the Gauntlet everyone gave him a kick or a cuff. He did not stop to say Good-bye,

but kept straight on and was soon out of sight. This was Common Justice in California at that time.

I joined these men and went on to a Road House, where I slept on the floor with about forty men and Women. The generous Host charged three dollars for his magnificent entertainment, including pork and beans, coffee without sugar or milk, and corn donicks without butter. The next day I made my way down into Shasta Valley, past "One Horse Town" and "Whiskeyville," neither of which was attractive enough to induce me to halt, notwithstanding that it rained hard all day, and my blankets became soaked and heavy. I walked thirty miles that day, and was badly used up when I arrived at Shasta City. This was a Town of five hundred Inhabitants, including a number of Ladies, a rare sight to me. The Hotel was a very respectable one, and it had been a long time since I had had such comfortable quarters, with something good to eat.

That evening there came to the Hotel a very young man with a Team of four Mules and a load of Merchandise. His clothes were wet, and he was sick. He sat by the fire all evening, complaining of a pain in his head. The Landlord put me in the same room with him. He complained woefully all night, and I arose and tried to comfort him. The Landlord had no medicine but Spirits of Camphor, with which we bathed his head, but it brought no relief. I sat up with him all night, and at daybreak went for the Doctor. As I came out from my Breakfast I met the Physician coming down the stairs, and asked him how his Patient was. He replied that he was dead, his Disease being Erysipelas of the head. No Person knew who he was, nor to whom his Team and load belonged.

I remained in Shasta City that day, and bought a splendid Riding Mule, with saddle, bridle, and fittings. The next morning I proudly mounted my Mule and took my course down the Sacramento River. *Une Cause drôle*, how a little Property will augment a Fellow's Vanity. Here was I, who had not worn a coat or shaved for two years, assuming the Rôle of a Travelling Gentleman. I had my doubts whether I should be recognised as such; but I perceive no reason why a man should depreciate his Dignity because others can not appreciate it.

I travelled on down the River, putting up at Road Houses all of the same mould, with Omnibus Sleeping rooms and Pike County meals. I seemed to be launched into a new World, meeting numerous Wagons, Pack Trains, and Foot Passengers. On the fifth day, as I was passing along thinking what I should do (for I had no definite design except to go to Sacramento City) I saw a man camped by the roadside, eating his Breakfast. Desiring some information in regard to the road, I rode up to him, and recognised him as Myron Angel, my old Messmate of the Plains. We had both undergone a great transformation since we had last met, two and a half years previously, and it was with difficulty that he recognised me. He was overjoyed at the meeting, and insisted that I must go back twenty-five miles where I should find his Brother Eugene, informing me that they had squatted a Land Claim up there and were farming and raising Stock. He was teaming on the road to bring in some money while their crops were growing.

I tarried with Myron an hour or more, and he related to me his experience since we parted. As I have stated

before, they left us at the Great Bend of the Gila, bearing eighty pounds each on their backs, with a prospect of footing it eight hundred miles. None of the men in the Wagons would give them any assistance, as they had a life-and-death struggle to preserve themselves. They travelled along with the Masonic Company until all but two Parties had lost their Teams; and their Burthens along the barren Gila and over the Desert made them so weary that they felt they could never travel to the end.

After passing the Desert they made their way to San Diego, where they arrived with swollen limbs, bare-footed and ragged, out of money and Provisions, and in a most deplorable condition. They found there a number of other Emigrants in much the same condition, and there was no employment whereby they might gain a livelihood. The Angels applied for aid to the United States Commander stationed there, and this Officer, becoming interested in the unfortunate condition of the Emigrants, chartered a small Vessel to convey them to San Francisco. After a stormy Voyage they arrived one rainy evening, and were ordered ashore at once. The Angels, having no money, failed to procure lodgings, and after wandering around in the Streets in the Rain until a late hour, they sauntered into a large open Gambling House, so common in San Francisco at that time. They were not there long until a disturbance took place: Pistols were fired all round, one man was killed and several wounded; and they, preferring the Water to the Fire, took to the Street again, where they spent the rest of the night.

In the morning, weary, wet, and hungry, they went in search of employment, and found a Street Contractor

willing to give them \$3.00 per day each. They engaged with him to work, the one with a wheel barrow, the other with a pick and shovel. After a week Myron's Soldier blood could no longer endure the insolence of his Irish Boss, and he quit. Eugene then had to care for both of them with the product of his Labor; but he finally managed to conciliate Myron, and the latter set to work again. When they had saved sixty dollars they bought a Yawl, designing to fit themselves out with tools and Provisions and row the Boat to Marysville; but two days later the Yawl was stolen. They finally found a Mule Drover who agreed to take them to Marysville for their services. From Marysville they found their way into the Yuba Mines, where I will leave them and take them up again here on the Sacramento.

I parted with Myron and proceeded to Colusa, where I bought a suit of clothes and a white shirt for Sunday use. I then started back up the River, and came up with Myron next morning. In the course of two or three hours we came to Pratt's Landing, where there was a Ferry that led to the road to the Angels' Rancho. Here the Ferryman set me and my Mule across the River, and Myron went on to Shasta City. After travelling about half a mile I came to the House (a small Log Cabin with a canvas roof) but found it deserted—neither Man nor Beast was to be seen about the premises.

The House was pleasantly located on high ground at the margin of a beautiful grove of Oaks, near the head of a little Lake about four hundred yards wide and half a mile long, fed by a small Stream to the north. At the south end the Lake was emptied by a Stream that ran at right angles; thus the piece of land that lay between

the Lake and the River was almost enclosed by water, and we afterward built a fence across, giving us a large area of fenced land. A few hundred yards away was a Hillock containing eight or ten acres; beyond lay a Plain of fifteen miles, dotted with Antelope and Wild Horses, open to the Sierra Nevada. Fifteen miles to the west could be seen the Coast Range; far away to the north was Shasta Peak, ever snow-clad, and to the south the Sutter Buttes stood out on the Plains. The land was rich; grass and wild oats grew luxuriantly. The whole Panorama was exceedingly romantic and attractive, and a delusive desire came over my dreams to make my home there.

Dinner time came and passed, but no Angel appeared. I went into the House, where, finding an abundance of Provender (such as it was) I cooked and ate a Dinner, and then lay down on a bunk and went to sleep. About four o'clock I was awakened by a voice outside crying "Whoa!" I went out and there found Eugene. He was startled at seeing a Stranger coming out of the House, and I had to inform him who I was. He was then delighted at the meeting.

Eugene told me they had two Wagons, four Oxen, three Horses, and some farming utensils, but needed money to buy Stock. He pointed out several schemes for making money, and was sure there was a Fortune in it for all of us. The project struck the vein of my Fancy, and seeing only the rosy side of the enterprise, I entered into Copartnership with them.

The first thing we did was to go to a Rancho near Marysville owned by my Lawyer Friend Mr. Watkins (formerly of Warsaw) and the "Grey-eyed man of Destiny," General Walker, the celebrated Filibuster,¹

¹ See page 374.

where we bought thirty-six Hogs for \$1500. It took us three days to drive them home. We bought another Horse of some Spaniards, and purchased twenty-five Hens at \$16.00 each and several Roosters at \$3.00 at a Rancho fifteen miles away. In July, when the Emigrants came in, we bought a dozen yoke of their poor worn-out Oxen, all the Stock my purse could compass.

One day Eugene and I saw three Mexicans dancing around with their Horses far out on the Plain. As they came near we discovered that they had lassoed two Wild Boars, and more fierce and savage Animals I never set my eyes upon. They brought them to our House and offered to sell them for two dollars each, and we purchased them on condition that the Mexicans should put them into the pen. We built a small strong pen eight feet high with rails we had at hand, and the Mexicans manoeuvred them in. The modern game of "Pigs in Clover" strongly reminds me of the proceedings. These Animals were in our possession for several months, but did not show the least signs of becoming domesticated. They would pitch at us savagely every time we attempted to feed them. Nor would they fatten, although they ferociously devoured the barley and Ground Squirrels that we threw them.

We set ourselves hard at work and built a Chicken House, a Hog Pen, and a brush Corral for our Stock, made a paled Garden on the banks of the Lake, planted various vegetables, and set out Willow Trees (the only kind that was said to be able to stand the drought). We also sowed six acres in barley and one in potatoes. The latter would yield immense crops if planted in February, but we did not get ours in until the first of May. By

the first of July the ground had become so hard that our potatoes could not expand, and the crop ranged from the size of a hickory nut to that of a walnut. Our vegetables generally died out for want of moisture; only tomatoes and melons succeeded. Our barley we gathered in July, and had about two hundred bushels, thirty-five bushels to the acre; and had we sown it thicker we could have raised more.

We made a threshing floor near the House and trod out the grain with the Horses; but we experienced the greatest difficulty in getting it winnowed. The winnowing was done by pouring it from a shovel in a high wind; but as there was no wind sufficient for our purpose at the time, we piled the bags on it, fenced it around, and availed ourselves of the wind as it came. It was the middle of September before we had it all cleaned. We then bagged it and stored a few bags in the House; the rest we piled on the straw in the enclosure.

July and August we devoted ourselves mostly to cutting hay, which was worth \$20.00 per ton on the banks of the River, but could not be realised upon until the wet season, when the River rose so that Boats could come up. We next built a fence half a mile long from the Lake to the River. We hired some help to split rails and make hay, but we were busy Fellows and performed a large part of the work ourselves, doing even more Manual Labor than I had been doing in the Mines.

In July and August we were seriously annoyed by Mosquitoes and Gnats. The latter were so bad that at times we could work only early in the morning and late in the evening. Besides these nuisances we had myriads of Fleas that disturbed our rest at night. It

will be perceived that the Paradise I had come to in the Spring had become a place of perpetual torment in August.

But there was a brighter side to the picture. We had good health and a splendid appetite, with plenty of enjoyable food to gratify it. Every day during the intense heat of the Summer, when the Thermometer would reach 100° in the shade, we could look up to the Snow-clad Peak of Shasta, two hundred miles away, and to snowy Peaks of the Sierra Nevada. This was a cheering, if not a cooling, view; but at six o'clock we could feel the effects of the Snow, which made the nights always pleasant. In the mornings we had refreshing dews, which at our location caused a singular Mirage that enabled us to see the full line of Trees on Butte Creek, fifteen miles away, entirely obscured from our view at other times.

We were surrounded constantly by Wild Animals, such as Elk, Antelope, Wild Horses, California Lions, Coyotes, Rabbits, Squirrels of a peculiar kind, and sometimes Grizzly Bears and Wild Hogs. There were many Otters in the Lake. Of Birds we had Geese, Ducks, Sandhill Cranes, Brant, Snipes, California Pigeons, Doves, and other Birds of value. We could go out at any time and shoot an Antelope, a Goose, or a Duck, as well as many other kinds of edible Animals and Birds. The numerous Otter kept the Fish scarce in the Lake, but they were plentiful in the River. The Geese were so abundant in the rainy season that Myron once killed three and wounded another with one Rifle ball, and it was not uncommon for us to kill two Ducks with one ball. (We had no Shot Guns.)

The Beasts and Birds of Prey gave us much trouble.

Of these the Bears, Lions, Wolves, Martens, Ground Squirrels, Weasels, and Hawks troubled us most. There was also a carnivorous Bird that would alight on the backs of our domestic Animals and peck at any sores that they might have, so that we had to shut them up.

The Ground Squirrels were very numerous, and filled the ground with holes all about us. They bore no resemblance to the Chipmunk, but in size, appearance, and habits were more akin to the Prairie Dog, although they did not build Houses. Their meat was good to eat, and we could always rely upon it when we could get nothing better. Our Hogs proved to be their worst enemies: they would root them out and eat them in vast numbers.

We were much annoyed with Prairie Wolves, which destroyed our Chickens. We shot a good many of them. At one time I had shot one and broken his spine, so that he dragged his hind quarters. Our Dog endeavored to seize him but the Wolf cut him on the shoulder, making a gash several inches long that came near bleeding the Dog to death, and I never could get him to go near a Wolf afterwards. On another occasion I happened to break the spine of a Wolf in much the same way. I ran up to hit him with my Gun, upon which he made a savage leap for me, and I barely escaped his fearful tusks. I finished this Fellow with another ball. We could not kill them fast enough with our Rifles; so we procured some Strychnine and put it on pieces of meat in the Oak Grove. This meat they appeared to scent afar off, and we would sometimes have a number of them lying around dead at one time, and would have to bury them.

In the Summer we sometimes slept and cooked outside.

At times we would miss our sugar and other food that we had carelessly left around our fire. The ground was so dry and hard that we could not discover the tracks of any Animal; but we found near by some holes dug in the ground, and chunks of earth thrown out that would weigh fifty pounds, and came to the conclusion that we were being visited at night by a Grizzly Bear. We determined to watch for him. For better security we put the body of our Wagon upon two low limbs of an Oak Tree that stood near our fireplace. There was staying with us a Surveyor who was running the lines for our Claim, and who was an expert Hunter and Marksman. This man volunteered to stand the first watch, while the rest of us lay down in the Wagon body and went to sleep. About midnight we were startled by the crack of a Rifle, and jumping to our feet, we saw a dark object kicking around on the ground. We gave this object a couple more shots, and in a few moments it was quiet. We deemed it prudent to remain for a time in our place of safety, but seeing no motion we ventured down and found a very large Grizzly Bear, weighing near a thousand pounds, perfectly dead. Next morning we skinned him, took pieces of the meat for ourselves and the Surveyor, and took the balance to Marysville, where we realised forty dollars for it.

One day I stepped out of the door and saw three large Grizzlies waddling along in front of our Cabin, not three hundred yards away. They saw me, and struck out on the Prairie for the Mountains. We generally kept a Horse or two staked near the House, according to the Spanish custom, and Myron and I at once caught up our Rifles, mounted our Horses, and pursued the Bears. They did not appear to run fast, but it took the best

speed of our Horses to come up with them. The Bears would occasionally halt, face around, and sit up on their rumps a moment, then lumber on again. We chased them for several miles, shooting at them until all our ammunition was gone, but had to let them escape, greatly to our chagrin.

These Bears succeeded in killing two of our best Sows, and the Hogs were so fearful of them that if a Bear was near they would run for miles, thus keeping us constantly on the hunt for them. We put them into a high pen at night. The Bears would frequently come around, but the Hogs would smell them, and there would be a sudden stampede and a grunting that brought us out of bed with our Rifles, but always too late to get a shot. One dark night a Bear managed to get close to the pen before the Hogs discovered him. A bar of the fence had been carelessly left down, and the near presence of Bruin so frightened them that they jumped over the remaining four rails and ran down the Lake. As I opened the door I heard the Bear strike a Hog, and we ran toward the spot, but saw nothing. In the morning we found the dead Hog with his back entirely broken apart, so great was the force of the blow. The other Hogs ran twelve miles, and it took us until after dark to get them home again.

While on the subject of Bears I should relate an incident that occurred to Myron and Eugene. One day, while making a horseback trip to Marysville, they saw a Grizzly Cub alone, and conceived the idea of making a pet of it. They captured it and put it in a bag, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting it on a Horse. They had not gone far before they saw a large Grizzly behind them. They put whip to their Horses

and made all the speed they could, but were greatly retarded in their movements by the difficulty of holding on to the Cub. On they went mile after mile, the Old Bear gradually gaining, until their Horses were exhausted and the Bear within fifty yards. They then dropped the Cub, but deemed it best to keep right on and give the Victory to the Bear.

We were much annoyed also by the Panthers, or California Lions. They would sometimes come around in the daytime and make off with a Pig. We were in the habit of taking wornout Road Horses and Mules to pasture, for which we received seventy-five cents each a week. Some of them were so badly crippled that they could not get out of the way of the Lions, which would jump on the backs of the poor Creatures and cut their spines, afterwards cutting their throats and sucking the blood. We lost several of these old Horses in this way, and our own became so nervous that they started at every noise or motion in the bush. We seldom saw these Animals, but had frequent evidence of their presence.

On one occasion we noticed a man riding down the Plain at full speed, and a short distance in advance of him two California Lions skipping speedily through the grass. Myron and I mounted our Horses and followed at our best speed, but before we came up one of the Lions made a desperate leap to the limb of a Tree, fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. The Hunter approached near enough to get a good shot, levelled his Rifle, and brought the Lion to the ground. He did some "ground and lofty tumbling" for a while, but soon succumbed, and the Hunter, with our assistance, skinned him and claimed the hide.

Myron had a curious experience one day while hunting Antelope. Seeing from the door a large flock of these Animals out in the Valley where the grass was high, he went out as near as they would permit, and then got down in the grass and crept until he thought he was near enough to shoot. Raising his head to peep, he saw what he thought was a straggler not a great distance from him. As he was about to shoot, he noticed something peculiar about the movements of this Animal, and directly an Antelope fell in the flock. He then discovered that his "straggler" was an Indian dressed in an Antelope's skin. Myron shot one of the Antelope, which made the Indian angry, as it frightened the others away.

The Mountain Indians frequently came down into the Valley to hunt; but the Valley Indians were genuine Diggers, and preferred making their Squaws gather roots, berries, acorns, and grasshoppers to hunting, which was too much labor for their lazy Lordships. These Indians built Wigwams which they constructed by digging a round hole about twenty-five feet in diameter at the base and six feet deep, with a top made of a framework of poles raised four feet above the ground. A hole three feet in diameter was left at the top, which served the purpose of door and chimney. They descended by a ladder. The Wigwam was always smoky and dingy, but was warm in winter and cool in Summer. These Diggers made Caches in which they stored large quantities of acorns, of which they made bread, nice-looking, but not very palatable.

Many of these Indians could speak English, and I had several conversations with an old Chief who dwelt about three miles from us. He said they had a tradi-

tion that the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys were once a great Lake of deep water, and that in the course of time the water wore down the outlet at the Golden Gate (which he called by an Indian name that I cannot now remember) until the whole Valley was drained. He related to me a distressing story of a visitation of Cholera in the Sacramento Valley, I suppose in 1832. He said he had seen several dead Indians lying under almost every Tree of the large Grove in which we were then sitting. As soon as one was taken sick he was abandoned by the well. The Remedy of their Doctors was to dip the Patient in the River, which treatment, I infer, soon relieved the Patient of his pain by Death. Half the Indians of the Valley had died, and his own Tribe had never recovered its numbers.

He informed me that there was then a Disease among them which was sweeping them all away, and besought me to do something for them. I visited some of the sick at his request, and found them suffering from a loathsome Disease, and broken out all over their bodies with great sloughing sores full of greenish matter which discharged profusely. They were dying rapidly, and when I left the Old Chief was the only one remaining.

Heretofore I have said nothing about Indian Marriages or Funerals, and had had little opportunity of observing them; but here in the Valley were several Indian Settlements not many miles from our Rancho, and I observed some of their Customs. In the case of the Decease of one of their number, the whole Tribe would strike up a common howl that could be heard for miles around, and continued this day and night until the body was buried, which was generally the next day. I never

followed them to the Grave, but have seen their Processions with the Body wrapped in a blanket bound with thongs, the Squaws making the most noise, throwing their hands desperately and tearing their hair.

At one time I had an opportunity of being present at a Wedding. It was after night when I came up, and they had two large bonfires lit. The Bride and Groom were sitting in an Arbor built of green bushes. The Bride, a Young Girl of about fifteen years of age, was decorated with paint of various colors, not very artistically put on. Her hair was ornamented with ribbons. She wore a tunic trimmed with flowers, an ornamented belt, leggings of buckskin with leather fringes, and large ear rings of Gold or Brass. Except for the paint, she presented a rather attractive appearance. The Groom had a head dress of feathers with a band ornamented with beads, stones of red and white Quartz, and Porcupine quills richly colored. He wore a white muslin tunic with design and border of red flannel, an ornamental belt, buckskin leggings, and moccasins, but was much disfigured with streaks of red and black paint. The whole Company of Bucks and Squaws were painted in the same artistic style, and were ornamented in much the same manner as the Bride and Groom. They had their implements of War and something intended for Musical Instruments, and appeared to be very jolly, dancing around the Bride and Groom with horrid grunts and whoops, and Musick like the beating of tin pans. The Father and Mother of the Bride or the Groom (I could not understand which) presented the latter with a Wreath of Flowers, which he placed upon the head of the Bride; upon which all clapped their hands, crying, "Yah! Yah!" as nearly as I can spell it.

This was all the Ceremony that I saw, and was perhaps all there was.

The sad Old Chief of whom I spoke before, I met afterwards at Pratt's Rancho, where he was employed as Buchero. He complained of the loss of his Tribe, and appeared broken-hearted; and I conjecture that he soon followed them to the promised Happy Land. I do not know the status of the Digger Indians at the present day, but I have little doubt that the thousands then in those Valleys have been gathered to their Fathers, except perhaps a few who have availed themselves of the White Man's employment and Sanitary methods.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE GREAT FLOOD

I HAVE NOW related some of the more prominent incidents in which I participated up to this time at that Rancho, and will now proceed with my own history. About the first of July Mr. Munroe, the Prospector of Munroeville, suggested to Eugene (who was always open to any Project that came along, and kept me holding him by the coat tail) his intention to start a new Stage Line by a nearer Route to Marysville, to pass through our land, crossing Butte Creek fifteen miles beyond us at a point too deep to ford; and proposed that we should build a Toll Bridge, for the use of which he would pay us \$50.00 per annum. He promised also that if we would build a stable there, he would make it a Changing Station, giving us \$20.00 per week to keep his Horses; and suggested that we might put up a small Hotel where the Passengers could take their meals.

Eugene favored this proposition, and induced Myron and myself to go into the enterprise. Eugene was not a man to linger. That same day we went to Butte Creek, and Myron drew up the plans for a Bridge. Eugene was off to a Saw Mill in the Nevadas the next day to order the necessary Lumber, and the third morning we hitched up our Team and were off for Butte Creek with our tools and a week's Provisions.

As there was no stone to be obtained, we built our approaches of Log Cribs, filled with brush and dirt. We cut down very tall Trees, long enough to reach

the Cribs on either side, and hewed them for sleepers, nailed the planks upon them, put up guards on either side, and our Bridge was completed. We finished the whole thing ourselves in less than two weeks. Myron was appointed Master of the Stables, and after hauling over a load of hay and Provisions, we opened our Bridge for business, charging twelve cents for a Foot Passenger, twenty-five for a Horseman, and fifty for a Team.

Mr. Munroe put up advertisements all along the Route announcing the change, and about the middle of August commenced running his Stages. The Toll of the Bridge did not pay much, but with the profit on the Horses would pay a man for remaining there. Myron employed himself in mowing and stacking hay in the immediate vicinity. Eugene and I continued to work about the Rancho, taking care of the Stock, winnowing barley, digging a Well, making fence, and occasionally assisting Myron with his hay.

One day, as we were putting up fence on the Creek below the Lake, nearly a mile from the House, we noticed a heavy smoke far up the Valley. We did not at first give it much attention, but as it came rapidly toward us on a brisk wind, it occurred to us that it was a Prairie Fire, which might come down and burn our barley. We dropped our work and hastened toward the House, but before we arrived the Fire had passed it and came sweeping through the high grass and wild oats. There was no escaping it, and our only alternative was to shut our eyes and run through, which we accomplished with little harm except some scorching of our hair, eyelashes, and clothing. We found the House all right, but the barley we had stacked outside

was a mass of flames, and there was a small fire about the Corral, which we soon put out. The Creek had intercepted the Fire on the side toward the River, as the wind bore somewhat away; but about Sundown we observed flames on the River side. We were alarmed at the thought of losing our fence that we had spent so much time and labor in erecting, and started a counter-fire in front of it, burning out a space of fifteen or twenty feet in width, and whipping it out with bundles of switches before it gained much headway. It was a tedious job, but we finished before the main Fire reached us. Myron meanwhile had perceived the Fire at Butte Creek and counterfired, saving the Stables, haystack, and Bridge. This accident afterwards proved a Blessing, as we had then the only good grass for many miles around.

We now devoted ourselves to digging a Well twenty feet deep, through ground as hard as Rocks, and found water plentiful, and much better than the insipid Lake water we had been using. Every Saturday we went to Butte Creek with Provisions for Myron, and one of us often spent the Sabbath Day with him. We had no shelter there except the Stable, and generally slept out on the Prairie some distance away to avoid the Mosquitoes, which were very numerous along the Creek. One night while sleeping there, I heard a slight noise and threw out my arms, upon which a Prairie Wolf made a vicious snarl and snap, and scrambled away as much startled as I was. In the same place, upon another occasion, I was startled by a noise near me, and opening my eyes, saw an Animal with immense horns, appearing to my eyes as large as a small House, standing over me. As soon as I moved it leaped away.

It proved to be a large Elk. These Animals were plentiful, but difficult to kill. Myron once succeeded in killing a fine one, realising \$50.00 for its meat in Marysville, beside affording us a good supply at home.

Eugene kept pushing his idea of building a Hotel. I wanted to wait until Spring, but Munroe wanted it immediately for the accommodation of his Passengers, and we concluded to build it without knowing where the money was to come from. We selected a site near the Bridge, and laid out the foundations for a House thirty-six by forty feet, to be two stories high, with four rooms on the first floor and one large room above. We got out the foundation timbers from Trees near by, and ordered Lumber from a Mill twenty miles away up in the Mountains.

We found the hauling of the Lumber a slow and troublesome matter. We had among our Horses an old flea-bitten Broncho, which had been broken by the Mexicans and ruined by their training. (The Mexicans ruined all their Horses and Oxen by their miserable training. The Wild Ox we broke was far more manageable and reliable than were the old trained Oxen we bought of Jose the Spaniard, and a Broncho that we trained ourselves made the most docile Horse we had.) This old Broncho gave us no end of trouble. In the Wagon he was very sluggish, and required more urging than any of our other Horses; but if a piece of harness became detached, or if anything touched his heels, he would kick until he had broken loose; and when we were riding him he would suddenly scare and run away, or rear and pitch until he had thrown his Rider. On one occasion when I had been plowing with him for days, and he was worn down with labor,

I jumped upon his back to ride him to the field; upon which he reared, kicked, and jumped until he had thrown me over his head, hurting me considerably. I was so angry that I secured my Rifle with the intention of shooting the Rascal, but Eugene caught the Rifle away and shamed me from the act.

But his worst trick was running off with the Wild Horses when we turned him out to pasture. While we were hauling Lumber and needed his services he made an escape of this kind. Knowing the difficulty of catching him, we crossed to Pratt's Rancho and obtained the assistance of a couple of his Bucheros, a Mexican and a half-breed Indian, both expert with the Lasso. These men directed Eugene and myself to go to the south of the herd, which was grazing in the Valley several miles away, and make a dash at them to head off the old Horse. Instead of his lagging, we found him to be the leader, and he remained so all day. We would chase them a mile, causing them to run four or five until they came into contact with the Bucheros, who would then make an effort to turn and lasso the old Horse; but he always kept ahead of the herd. This process we kept up all day, until toward Sundown the old Rascal sheered out of his own accord, and the Bucheros lassoed him.

Eugene and I hauled the Lumber, alternating weekly in the care of the farm, and Myron, with a Carpenter he had hired, made some progress with the Hotel. One day there came to the Rancho a Drover by name of Thaddeus Pomroy, whom I recognised as an old Acquaintance of Lexington, Missouri. He informed me that he was looking for pasture for eight hundred poor Cattle that he had just driven across the Plains.

I showed him our pasture that we had fenced off, and he was so well pleased that he offered me fifty cents per week for each head of Cattle, he to furnish his own Herdsmen. This was a splendid windfall for us: \$400 per week, with no trouble to us; and we saw where the money was to come from to build our Hotel.

I will now speak of a few other, to me, interesting events that occurred while I was on this Rancho. One windy day while we were at Butte Creek we saw fire rushing down from the Mountainside on the other side of a Tulare Slough, and had the curiosity to ride over to view it. It was coming down rapidly. Millions of Grasshoppers darkened the air in advance of it, followed by myriads of Crows and other Birds that caught them as they flew. The Grasshoppers could fly but a short distance before they had to fall again, and thus they went on ever rising and falling before the Fire, until the air was darkened with them for a line of several miles. When the Fire had passed us with its streaming tongues, we noticed a number of Indians in a trench at no great distance, and making our way to them over the burned ground, we found them busily engaged in bagging the Grasshoppers that had fallen by millions in the ditch. They gathered perhaps a hundred bushels or more. The Indian method was to dig a trench about ten feet wide, five hundred feet long, and three feet deep. This trench they kept free of grass; then, selecting a windy day in the Fall, when the Grasshoppers had reached their fullest development, they set fire to the grass far up the Valley. The Grasshoppers would fall into the trench, and the Indians were prepared with bags and baskets to scoop them in. They then divested them of their heads, wings, and the hard portions of

their legs, and pounded them into a pulp, or *Molly*, which they made into cakes and dried in the Sun, cooking it as they wanted it during the Winter. This habit of the Indians has, to my mind, much to do with the existence of the vast Plains and Prairies, which would never have remained devoid of woodland but for the annual fires that visited them.

There came a spruce-looking Man and Woman and established a fine Rancho in the Valley about three miles above us. The Woman (who had been a Dress-maker in Sacramento, and was said to have made a small Fortune) had married this man, who appeared to me to have much the manners of a Gambler. It was now over two years since I had been permitted to speak with a White Woman, and my dormant Man Nature was inspired at the sight of one. Anxious to get even a sight of a Woman who looked like a Lady, one Sunday we put on our best clothes (where I had the advantage of the Angels, as I had a white starched shirt, while they were compelled to wear checks), fitted our Horses out in the best style we could command, and off we went on the extraordinary expedition. When we came to the Rancho we were all filled with fear and trembling at the thought of meeting face to face with a veritable Lady, and consulted as to which should be our Spokesman. Giving Myron credit for having the most Metal in his cheek, we assigned that office to him. Tapping at the door, we were ushered into the presence of what we considered a richly-dressed Lady, sitting on a rocking-chair. Her Husband was away, but she insisted that we should be seated. The room was full of stuffed furniture covered with red lasting, on which we hesitated to sit for fear of soiling it, but timidly

accepted her invitation. Myron got off some learned Technicalities, which she did not understand, but which impressed her with the idea that we were cultured Gentlemen. I managed to get in my say, and I thought she rather inclined toward me, perhaps on account of my white shirt; at all events, I managed to engage the greater part of the conversation. Poor Eugene was badly left because he was too modest to talk. She made us take dinner with her, and after spending the greater part of the day, we left for home, a happy set of Fellows; and I think the little impression she made had a refining influence upon us. I should like to record the Fate of this Woman here; but the story is so long I must omit it.

One day I took a load of barley to Colusa, thirty miles away. I drove up to the only Hotel, and was surprised to find the Host to be my old Friend Majors, who bought out my Drug Store in Warsaw. He made great pretensions of his anxiety to serve me, and we had a long talk about Warsaw. He put me to bed in an Omnibus room in a loft. Some People about Philadelphia have had a sad experience with the Mosquitoes in the Jersey Marshes; but this affliction is only luxury compared with my struggles with the Fleas that night. I was forced occasionally to rise and shake the sheet, when they would fall in such numbers that I could hear them rattle on the floor. I arose exhausted in the morning and partook of a true Pike County Breakfast—corn donnick, fried pork, and black coffee. My worthy Friend presented me with a bill for four dollars, and produced a pair of dilapidated scales to weigh out my Gold Dust (for I had no other money). Upon looking at the pile of Gold, I disputed the accuracy of his weight.

He said it had been tested by the County Surveyor, and was strictly accurate; but I took the pile of Gold on a slip of paper and marched with it to the Store, where it weighed just \$8.00 on the scales. I asked the Store Keeper to weigh me four dollars, which I handed to Majors, and then left my regretful Friend. Such were some of the men we met with in California; but as a rule they were the most trusty and reliable Fellows the World has ever produced.

One other incident occurred while I was at the Rancho which I will relate. Munroe, the Stage Proprietor, who had a Rancho about five miles from us at Munroeville, had in his employ an old Oregon Hunter, and also a half-breed Canada Indian and his Wife. This Half Breed was sent off with Cattle and was gone about two months, during which time the Hunter usurped his place with the Wife. Upon the Husband's return the Hunter refused to surrender the Woman. The Half Breed was not pleased with this condition of affairs, and went into the House with intent to throw the Usurper out; but the latter struck him with a Weapon, killing him, and then stole one of Munroe's Horses and fled. The Sheriff was sent for and sent out a number of Scouts, notifying us to assist him. I went up to Munroe's, where I found the Sheriff busy organising searching Parties. Near evening the Murderer himself came quietly jogging along and went directly to the Sheriff and gave himself up, remarking that he did not believe any Jury would hang him for killing a d---d Monkey. He was tried shortly afterward and condemned to be hung, after which he was taken to Marysville and locked up, as there was no Jail in our County. When the time of Execution came the Sheriff summoned Myron and

myself to attend him as Deputies. Duncan (the Murderer) was handcuffed, and rode quietly along, talking a great deal, and relating to us his whole history. He said this was the seventh man he had killed, and he thought it hard that he should be hung for killing a "Monkey." We landed him in the evening at Munroe's, where he ate a hearty meal and drank a glass of Whiskey. We kept a close watch on him all night, but he slept soundly until morning. After Breakfast he selected a site for his Grave between two Trees in a Grove near the House, gave some directions to the Grave Diggers, and returned to the Hotel, where he ate dinner with fifty Persons, most of whom had come there to see him hung. Soon afterwards he was taken to the Scaffold, upon the sight of which he for the first time manifested some emotion, similar to that of a man about to take a dose of nauseous Medicine; but he mounted the Scaffold resolutely and walked out to the drop. Here he faltered, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, asked for some Person to pray for him. No one volunteered to make the Prayer, and Duncan repeated his request. Just then a dirty-looking Miner appeared, and the Sheriff asked him if he could make a Prayer. He answered that he would try; and he made as impressive a Prayer as I ever listened to, and one that seemed to thrill the Soul of the condemned man and afford him great satisfaction. The Sheriff then arranged the cap, and in a few moments he was dead. "Where is the Soul of that poor Sinner now?"

We had now come to about the first of December, 1852. According to a fair estimate our Possessions at this time were worth over \$7000, and nearly all we had could have been converted into cash in a few weeks. All

things looked bright to us; but "Man proposes and God disposes." The Demon of Misfortune was again at my door, as seemed to be the case whenever Fortune smiled upon me. Here ends my Prosperity for many a sad day to follow.

We had erected the frame of our Hotel, and built an Ice House, partially underground, which we used for shelter. The Winter Storms had begun, and Munroe had ceased running his Stages and withdrawn his Horses from our Stable. Myron had come home to stay. Eugene and I went over to the Creek to finish our Ice House and take Toll from the few Persons then crossing the Bridge. Eugene remained two days and then returned, leaving me to finish up.

That night I could not sleep. I had no pain, nor any unusual disturbance of my Vital Organs; but the next day I felt languid, and at night I had a high Fever. I arose in the morning, but soon lay down again, and my Fever increased until I became delirious. I lay without seeing anyone for three days, getting gradually weaker, until Eugene came over with the Wagon. He made me a bed of hay, as I was too weak to sit up. Arrived at the House, they supported me to my bunk, where I lay for three weeks, doctoring myself with Quinine and Anti-bilious Pills. At the end of this time I began somewhat to recuperate, but still had copious night sweats and dumb Ague, and was so weak I could not walk three hundred yards.

All the time I lay in this condition it rained almost constantly, and the water formed a Lake in the Slough. Mr. Pomroy became alarmed for the safety of his Cattle, and (having better sense than we) decided to drive them to the Mountains. He was not a day too soon, for the

next day the water was so deep in the Slough that he would have had to swim them five hundred yards to cross it.

The second day after Pomroy left the Rain came down in torrents all day. Our egress was cut off in all directions, and as the day progressed we found ourselves in the middle of a great Lake thirty miles in width, extending from Mountain to Mountain. Our Horses and Cattle were in the pasture on the other side of the Lake, and we could not get to them. The Angels had turned the Hogs out in the morning, and when they went out to hunt them, they could get no distance. The water was far up on the high ground we occupied, and we found by measurement that it had only two feet to rise to come into the House. We had no Boat, and occupied the only dry spot in the Valley within view, except a small mound a quarter of a mile from us.

Still the Rain poured down. We raised our barley and Provisions a foot above the floor for fear of accidents, ate our Suppers, and placing a lighted candle on the table, lay down in our bunks (which were arranged one above the other, Steam Boat fashion). About nine o'clock a stream of water burst into the House through a chink over the first log. We looked out of the door, and found the water rushing past, a foot deep. We scrambled around in the water trying to save our things, putting perishable articles on the table. As there was no place more safe than the House, we lay down in our bunks again and watched the progress of the water. It continued to rise gradually until one o'clock A.M., by which time it came to the top of our table and drove Eugene out of the lower bunk. Our minds were highly excited at our critical position, but

we made little demonstration, as there was little we could do but wait and pray.

By one o'clock the water had ceased to rise, and at two began gradually to fall. We fell asleep, and slept until morning. Eugene then waded out and gathered some wood from the Corral, made a fire, and cooked Breakfast, which we ate standing in the water. While we were eating we discovered a Snake swimming around in the House. This set us to looking for them, and I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that we found more than fifty Snakes of many varieties lying around on the logs, where they came in to escape the Flood. We had a lively time killing them, and as some of them hid themselves we were annoyed by them for several days.

The Rain continued, and it was a week before the water left the House. To make matters worse, we had permitted ourselves to run out of Provisions, and had been contemplating a trip to Marysville for the purpose of replenishing them when we were cut off by the water. We had seen a large number of Antelope on the mound the evening before; they were now gone, and one of them had floated up against the House. The Angels pulled him in and cooked some of the meat; but we could not stomach it, and gave it to our Dog.

Our dilemma was terrible: our Provisions were all gone, and there was no possible escape from our limits. But Necessity always finds out a way if there is one; so we ground up some barley in a coffeemill, soaked it, and made a very coarse cake. For meat we ate our sixteen dollar Chickens, which had been preserved in the roost of the Chicken House. This, with coffee, kept us alive; but the barley with the hulls on made horrid

bread. We soon ate a hundred dollars' worth of Chickens, and then concluded to kill our Wild Hogs, which were nearly dead already, as they had had to stand on their hind legs for many hours.

We were now in a sad condition. Our Stock was all gone except a few Chickens; our hay was swept away; so also (as we had reason to believe, and afterwards learned as a fact) were our Bridge and Hotel. Our cash was nearly gone too. The worst feature of it with me was that I was so sick I had to keep my bed. My night sweats increased until I would perspire a quart every night, and I had to get out of bed frequently into the water, which increased my affliction. This was the worst calamity I ever experienced, for not only was my Fortune gone, but my Health had left me also, and I became weak, discouraged, and melancholy.¹

¹ Pancoast's mother was then lying very ill in Philadelphia, and expressed a great anxiety for him and a longing to see him. He afterward told a niece of a strange experience he had at this time. To the best of her recollection, it was as follows: One evening, ill, despondent, and homesick, he went out alone on the little hill. As he sat there he suddenly had a feeling that his mother was near him, and cried out, "Mother has passed!" He learned later that she had died at that time.

CHAPTER XXIV

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO

AFTER LYING in this condition for three weeks and finding little improvement in my health, I resolved to leave, although the water was still deep in the Creek. After making arrangements with the Angels to sell all that was left and allow me my portion of it, I took \$30.00 (leaving the rest of our cash with them), took my blankets on my back, and started for Platt's Ferry.¹

The water in the creek was nearly up to my neck, and I had to wade another deep place. Arrived at the River, I hailed the Ferryman, who came over for me reluctantly in a small Boat. At Platt's I found everything wet, the water having barely left his door; he had, however, a good fire, where I dried my clothes, and he gave me a good bed and an indifferent Supper and Breakfast. I then buckled my blankets on my back and plodded on over the muddy road toward Colusa, wading occasionally to my waist, until I became so weak that I would have to seek a stump for rest.

I put up at a Road House ten miles from Colusa. The Landlord was a victim of the Flood, and had not been able to replenish his Larder. His biscuits were made of flour black with mould, served with poor bacon and coffee. The sour flour physicked me so much that in the morning I was barely able to walk. The Landlord informed me that he was going to Colusa in his Boat,

¹ Previously called Pratt's Ferry.

and invited me to take passage with him, an opportunity I was rejoiced to embrace. The River was still rushing at a furious speed, and although the bends increased the Journey by five or six miles, we arrived in Colusa in time for dinner. It rained in torrents during the whole Passage, and my clothes became thoroughly soaked. I had a bad cough, which was greatly increased by these exposures. Going to the Hotel (where I was rather pleased to find that my Old Friend Majors had sold out his interest and left) I drank a hot Whiskey Punch, which warmed me up and made me feel better. It is a subject of wonderment to me that my Constitution ever endured such exposures in my then condition of health, and that I am left at this far distant day to relate the history of my sufferings.

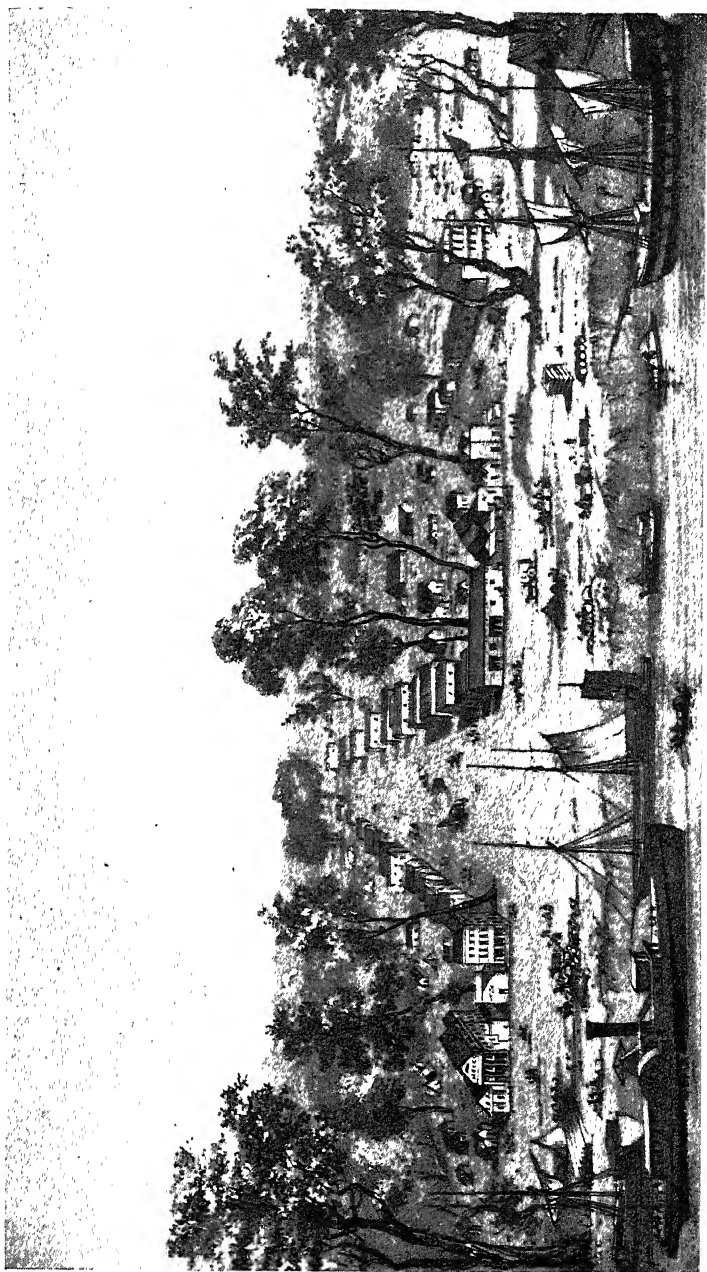
At nine P.M. I took passage on the Steam Boat for Sacramento, where we arrived at eleven A.M. next day, to find the whole Town overflowed with water. It was a singular sight to see the People of a City of ten thousand Inhabitants sailing around the Town in Boats, without other conveyance. There were a great number of small Boats ready to take us to the Hotel at a charge of one dollar. I engaged one of these, which took us to a Hotel, sailed into the Bar Room, and landed us on the stairs. The fare at the Hotel was much the same as at the Road Houses: poor biscuit and bacon, coffee minus milk, and butter that announced its coming afar off. Having eaten no butter for two or three years, I was imprudent enough to try some of this; but it was too much for my debilitated stomach.

I now had a continual cough; my discharges were chalky, and I was reduced to the extremity of weakness by my night sweats. That evening as I sat by the

stove I conversed with a Gentleman in the last stages of Consumption. His eyes were glassy, he coughed continually, and he informed me that he had had several Hemorrhages. He asked me how I got my cough, and when I informed him how I had been afflicted, he remarked that his Disease had begun in the same manner, and he had no doubt that I had Pulmonary Consumption. As he appeared to be a very intelligent man, the Reader may judge of the kind of comfort this revelation afforded me.

At night I was directed to a third story Omnibus room, where there were fifty cots, nearly all occupied. I coughed continually all night, and at intervals I would hear a disturbed Lodger blurt out, "D--n that Fellow, why don't they put him somewhere else?"—"D--n him, why don't he die?"—and other such consoling expressions. I met with the same kind of Sympathy the second night, and the next morning the Landlord requested me to get another Boarding House, as I disturbed his Lodgers. I immediately called a Boatman to convey me to the Orleans Hotel, where I was furnished with a private room at four dollars per day.

I had now money enough for only two days' Board, and I meditated seriously as to what was to become of me. There was no Alms House or Free Hospital in Sacramento; the able Poor could always get work, and the sick or disabled were expected to die. There was a Private Hospital, but this I could not afford. I had some rare and curious specimens of Gold Quartz which I had dug in the Mines and wished to take home as keepsakes. I disliked very much to part with these, but there was no other remedy in my present extremity, and I sold them to a Jewish Broker for \$65.00, keeping only one.



SACRAMENTO

In another week the water had so far subsided that we could walk on the pavements. My Necessities warned me that I must try to do something, sick or well; so I set out to hunt for a situation in a Drug Store. Sacramento had been destroyed by fire a few months before, and was now built up with more and better Buildings. There was a Court House, which had not been burned, but no Alms House, Public School, or Hospital. For a Jail they used the hull of an old Ship at the Levee. None of the Streets were paved, but there were board sidewalks. The main Street (J Street) had many stumps of Trees in it. The Council had passed an Ordinance to raise J and K Streets four feet, but had the greatest difficulty to obtain the dirt, as the land was all too low, and no Persons would part with their earth. There was an old Slough, once the outlet of the American River, then filled up with Sand. This Sand they used to raise the Streets. It was said that a number of purses of Gold were discovered buried in the Slough, for which no Owners were ever found.

I wandered to the Store of a Mr. Crane, situated on the Levee, where I met a Mr. Fowler, his chief Assistant, a clever man from New York. To him I related some of my former history and my present dilemma. He was sympathetic, and gave me a bottle of Ayers' Cherry Pectoral for my cough and Elixir of Vitriol for my night sweats. He also gave me a letter to a man named Dunbar, who kept a Drug Store on J Street in which Mr. Fowler had an interest.

I went immediately to Dunbar, whom I found to be a bristling Jew who had learned his business in New York, but had been a Slave Driver in South Carolina. His hair stood on end; his naturally ugly nose had been

twisted and put out of shape; and his whole manner and appearance resembled those of an Employee of a Cincinnati Pork House. After reading Mr. Fowler's letter, he said abruptly, "Yes, I want a Clerk, but I do not want a dead man!" I told him I thought I could do a little light work until I regained my Health, and I could then do anything that pertained to the business. After interrogating me in regard to my knowledge of Drugs, he agreed to give me my Board on trial for a month, and I accepted this proposition.

Dunbar was engaged in putting his wet Store to rights, and he set me immediately to work conveying boxes to their proper places. He pushed me all day in his Nigger-driving style, and I was ready to drop when bedtime came. He directed me to take my meals at a German Hotel near by and to sleep in the wet Store; but at my earnest request he permitted me to sleep in the Hotel for a week at my own expense. I found Dunbar continually vicious and ugly, with the breeding of the Pig Sty. He was a drinking man, and would go to bed drunk and arise in the morning, his hair bristling like a Hedgehog, and knock around and displace all my prided arrangement of the articles on the counter. On one occasion he found his Cash Account short \$5.00, and without directly accusing me of taking the money, he intimated that I had done so. I pounced upon him and made him apologise, and in a few minutes he found the \$5.00 in an error of his calculations. A common remark of his was, "There is but one way to do a thing, and that is the right way;" to which Maxim my reply was, "A man must be a Dolt that is so void of resources that he can find but one way to accomplish anything."

I remained a month with Dunbar, suffering much both

in body and in mind. The Elixir of Vitriol had worked like a charm: my night sweats were arrested, and my cough improved. Feeling much stronger, I told Dunbar it was my intention to leave his service. He showed the Puppy in his Nature; he said he knew he had been too rough, and solicited me to remain, promising to be more circumspect in future, and offering me \$25.00 per month in addition to my board, agreeing to raise this sum when I became better able to attend to the Business. I agreed to remain; but his Methods and Manners did not improve.

Having received a letter from the Angels stating that they had found twenty-two Hogs and three Horses, and would have a Sale about the first of March, I informed Dunbar of my intention of going up to the Sale. To this he strenuously objected; but finding that he could not prevent my going, he proposed to hire another Clerk while I was gone, and to give me \$50.00 per month on my return.

When I arrived at the Rancho, the Angels informed me that the Sale was to come off the next day. They had found the Hogs in the Mountains, to reach which they must have swum fifteen miles, disproving the common Theory that a Hog will cut his own throat in swimming a mile. The Horses had been found on a Mound twenty miles down the River.

The Sale was very satisfactory. Our Hogs averaged \$50.00 apiece, and our Chickens \$12.00 to \$16.00. Everything sold well except our little Spanish Horse, which I bought in myself for \$35.00. After the Sale I settled with the Angels, allowing them their full thirds in consideration of their Salvage. And I desire here to commemorate them as two Noble Men, who approached

as near to "Angels" as Humans are capable of. Eugene was an educated Lawyer, but very honorable in his business transactions. He was hopeful and visionary, and his conceptions were often far beyond his ability to execute; yet he had a vast amount of Industry, Energy, and Genius. Myron was still more cultivated than Eugene. He was a good Civil Engineer, and had a gentlemanly appearance and address, but was imperious and fiery in his Disposition. I have an especial reverence for these men, for they could readily have cheated me out of the product of the Sale; but they honorably chose to notify me of it and to allot me my portion of the product, although they belonged to Professions not usually noted for their Integrity. If any Reader of these remarks should meet them, honour them, for an Honest Man is the noblest work of God; and even if you should meet their Children, honour them for their Fathers' sake.²

My portion of the Sale amounted to about \$500 and my Mexican Horse. On the next morning I bade Farewell to the Angels (I suppose forever), mounted my little Horse, and rode away. I arrived at the American River, a mile above Sacramento, on the third day, but my Pony refused to cross the Bridge. He had no hesitation about swimming Rivers, but had not been educated to Bridges. I had to go back to a Road House for the night. In the morning I tried him again, with no better success. A Young Fellow offered to swim him across for a dollar, and did so without any trouble.

² After leaving the ranch, the Angel brothers engaged in mining in various places in California and Nevada. Eugene was killed in an Indian massacre at Pyramid Lake, Nevada, in 1860. Myron subsequently entered the field of journalism, and wrote histories of Nevada and some of the counties of California. He finally settled in San Luis Obispo, California, where he died in 1911.

I then rode the Horse into Sacramento, where I sold him for \$50.00.

Next day I returned to Dunbar, who then discharged his new Clerk. He was doing a large business, and should have had two Clerks; but he was very industrious, and did a great deal himself. He was as disagreeable as ever. I was amused and somewhat delighted one day as I was attracted to the back door by a disturbance in the courtyard, where I saw a Gentleman with a Pistol in one hand and a rawhide in the other, laying the latter lustily on Dunbar's back, while he pranced around, begging to be spared further punishment. No one interfered, although there were a number of Persons viewing the scene. When the Gentleman had whaled him to his satisfaction, he commanded him to run or he would kill him, and Dunbar cheerfully obeyed. I never could get at the truth of this difficulty, but understood there was a Woman involved in it.

This little event sobered Dunbar down for several days, and made my life more enjoyable; but he was soon as ugly as ever. He would drink at night, and in the morning would be a terror to everyone with whom he came into contact. On one occasion when he was particularly abusive I put on my hat and walked out of the Store. He sent a Boy for me in the evening, but I refused to return. The next morning he came himself, flattered me, called himself a Fool, presented me with a Theatre ticket, and offered me \$75.00 per month to come back. This overcame my Passion, and I returned next day.

Among his other vices he was addicted to gambling. After his return from a trip to San Francisco he told me that he had played a game of Poker with a Sacra-

mento Merchant named Warner, and had been cleared out of all his ready money, as well as a Due Bill, payable in Goods. He told me when Warner came in to get the Goods, to make the prices heavy. One morning while Dunbar was out, a Teamster from a Mining District came into the Store and enquired the prices of staple Goods. As this was a new Customer, and we were anxious to secure mining Patronage, I put the prices at the lowest figures, and he purchased \$150 worth of White Lead, Linseed Oil, Camphine, etc. When I had entered them on the Order Book, he told me to charge them to Mr. Warner, who would send for them. I was horrified, but could say nothing. I knew I had committed an unpardonable sin, and summoned my Courage to meet the issue. Not long afterward, as I was waiting on a Customer, Dunbar came in, and as usual, rushed to the Order Book. Without regard to the Customer he began to jump up and down, tearing his hair, cursing me, and finally seized me by the collar of my coat and shook me violently. I struck him a heavy blow that sent him under the counter, then put on my hat and left the Store with the astonished Customer unwaited upon.

I now concluded that this man could not pay me enough to compensate me for constant irritation and the destruction of all my Enjoyment in life; so I left my German Boarding House, took up my quarters in a distant Hotel, and made preparations to go to San Francisco. The second day after I left in came Dunbar, all smiles, and solicited me to return. He denounced himself as a Fool who could not control his Passions, and expressed tearful Penitence, saying I did right to strike him. He promised to reform his treatment of

me, to give me \$100 a month, and to keep another Clerk; and thrusting a couple of Theatre tickets into my hand, he left, saying he would expect me around in the morning, although I told him I would not come. Next morning after Breakfast he was there again; and strange to say, I returned to his service.

I had now an Assistant and had less arduous duties to perform, and had to a large extent the management of the Business. When sober, Dunbar was thorough and energetic, and he was doing a large trade. He paid \$500 per month for a lot twenty-five by a hundred feet, on which he had erected a one-story structure of studding covered with canvas, a common method of building Stores there at that time. The front and rear were boarded up, the roof was shingled, and there were three pairs of double doors with glass windows. When J Street was filled up, it was no small work to raise the Store to the new level, as we had to remove nearly everything from it; but this we accomplished, and had everything to rights again in three days. Dunbar strove to check his ugly ways, and things went on better with me until September, when I became ill with something resembling Asiatic Cholera (then somewhat prevalent) and was compelled to take to bed in my German Boarding House. I called in Dr. Houpten (an everyday Visitor in our Store) and hired a German at \$8.00 per day as Nurse. He rubbed me and waited upon me faithfully, and in twenty-four hours my spasmodic Symptoms were gone; but I was so reduced in strength that I did not feel able to go to the Store again for two weeks.

During my Convalescence the Proprietor's Daughter became very ill, and was placed in a small room parti-

tioned off with canvas from the main Omnibus room, next to a similar room that I occupied. One night there appeared to be considerable excitement in her room; I could hear the rattling breath of the dying Girl, and at midnight all was still. About daybreak there was a disturbance in that room and then in the main room; numerous voices were angrily chattering in German, and there was a violent struggle. I looked out, and saw the Lodgers tumbling a man about the room, finally casting him down the stairs.

A clamor now arose in the Bar Room and then on the Street. From the window I could see a man with a rope about his neck, surrounded by a mob of apparently five hundred People, who presently started for the Sand Lots. I dressed and followed the excited Populace. When I arrived they had the terrified Dutchman under a Tree, and a number of rowdy-looking Fellows were clamoring to hang him, while a Citizen on a barrel addressed the People, pleading with them to let the Law take its course. A shrewd Preacher, Pastor of a local Church, next mounted the barrel and made a touching Address, asking them to trust in the Laws of God as well as their own. Seeing that he was accomplishing nothing, and understanding the temper of the People, he moved that all in favor of the Law taking its course should go to the right, all in favor of hanging him to the left, and all in favor of giving him thirty lashes on the bare back with a rawhide should stand fast in the middle. Thus he secured the Votes of the indifferent as well as of the earnest for the thirty lashes. This punishment was then inflicted; but the Fellow was whipped so terribly hard that he died a few days afterward on the Prison Ship. It was a terrible ending; but such a Brute was not fit to live.

After I recovered from my illness I went into the Store for a few weeks; but Dunbar had again taken to drinking, and became as abusive as ever; so without a quarrel I informed him that I had determined to leave, and after using every means to dissuade me he let me go. I asked Dr. Houghton for his bill, and he replied that he liked to "live and let live," and would therefore charge me only \$200. As I did not see any "let live" in that for me, I gave him \$100, remarking that that was all the money he would ever get from me. He pocketed it and said no more.

I arrived in San Francisco about twelve o'clock one dark night, and left the Boat with my Valise. The Streets were boarded over piles, and were full of holes, where many a poor drunken Fellow (and some sober) fell through and was drowned. The main part of the City was built on this piling. Decent People were at that time of night generally in bed, and I met only a few rough-looking Fellows in the Street, but no Watchman or Policeman. I found a Boarding House that I thought would suit me, and was delighted to find the Proprietor an old Acquaintance of my Missouri River days, who owed me a bill of \$46.00. He did not appear extremely pleased to see me, but gave me a good bed. At breakfast I was obliged to buy a ticket for a dollar, which had to be presented at the dining room door. When I saw the Proprietor I told him I should like to remain a few days and have the bill charged to my old account. He said he had too many old Debts to undertake to pay them then; so I took my Valise and left without paying for my lodging.

I then put up at the What Cheer House, and spent the day viewing the City. San Francisco was then a large

City, but badly governed. The whole People seemed to be a set of Gamblers and Adventurers. They swarmed the Streets and Trade Marts, disdaining to keep to the sidewalks, and were constantly hustling each other, reminding me of Dante's Restless Spirits in his *Inferno*. There were neither Gas Lights nor Hydrant Water; we paid fifty cents per barrel for Spring Water, and Camphine furnished our lights. The Streets were in a wretched condition. Politicks were corrupt; the City was controlled by Gamblers and their Friends, and the Courts were largely in the hands of the same power. Gambling Houses were to be found open to the Street, with attractive Bars, lights, and bands of Musick; in some of them were perhaps fifty tables running day and night, Sundays not excepted. The use of deadly Weapons was an everyday affair. Villainous Women from China, Chile, Mexico, France, and New York, were imported by shiploads for Merchandise; all found Friends willing to pay the Captains their exorbitant charges, and many found faithful Husbands. Many other evils were rife which I will not attempt to unveil, and the Temptations to Youth were terrific. The Vigilance Committee was then forming, and rose up and routed the Gamblers soon after I left.

While wandering about Town I met my Old Friend Lawyer Watkins, who said his Wife (whom I had known before her Marriage) was at the Hotel, and I must go to see her and take dinner with them. After dinner Watkins told me I was the very man he wanted: General Walker, "the Grey-eyed Man of Destiny," was then raising Troops for an Expedition to revolutionise the Mexican States of Lower California and Sonora; Watkins was second in command, and wished

to commission me a Lieutenant of one of their Companies. He said they had then over 1500 men on their roll, and nothing would be easier than to take possession of those States, as the Mexicans had no Soldiers there worth mentioning; we could then fortify ourselves in such manner that we could not be dispossessed. He said they had the promise of many Officers that as soon as we had taken possession and proclaimed an independent Government, the United States would acknowledge our Independence. Thousands would then rush to our aid, and our Fortunes would be placed on a secure and permanent basis. I, being an Officer and a man of Intelligence (as he expressed it) would have an ample share in the distribution of the Spoils, and a chance of high position under the new Government.

This was a rosy picture, and very alluring to a Young Man with no Employment and small means. Watkins knew he had struck me in the nick of time; but my Quaker Education came to my aid, and I answered him peremptorily that my training did not predispose me to go to War under the most justifiable circumstances, and I would certainly not join them in an Expedition to murder and pillage innocent Mexicans who had never done me or my Country any harm. He then said that they did not intend to harm them as Individuals. Their personal rights would be respected, and their condition bettered by a more liberal Government. They only intended to deprive the Mexican Government of the control of those States, and to confiscate the Public Lands and Property. All of these arguments failed to impress me with the Grandeur and Beneficence of his Scheme, and I abruptly bade him Goodbye and left.

In a few days after this these Fellows left San Francisco

with three Vessels loaded with Soldiers and Munitions of War. The result of this Expedition is part of the History of our Country. They landed on the Coast of Lower California, and sent out Parties to chase off Mexican Soldiers. Walker and Watkins fortified themselves within easy reach of their Vessels, but the poor Fellows they sent out were captured and murdered without ceremony, and their main force was surrounded and could not escape. Walker managed to get a Messenger to San Francisco, and the Government sent out a body of Troops under pretense of arresting Walker and his Party, thus relieving them from their perilous situation and saving them from certain destruction. I cannot remember the number of lives lost by this wicked and silly Enterprise, but counting the losses on both sides there were several hundred.³

The next day after leaving Watkins I went in search of a Situation, and notwithstanding that I had no Recommendations, I found one with the first firm on whom I called (Hodge and Dickey), who employed me at \$100 per month. Mr. Hodge was about to make a trip to his native State of Massachusetts, and for this reason needed a Clerk. Although my Salary was much less than Dunbar had paid me (\$100 and Board), I was much better satisfied than with him, for I found Mr.

³ This account (based probably on reports current at the time) while correct as to the main facts, is inaccurate in details. Walker and forty-five men left San Francisco and landed at La Paz, on the Coast of Lower California, in November, 1853, meeting with slight opposition. They then proceeded to Ensenada, where they were joined by Watkins with a hundred more men. They attempted the conquest of Sonora, but their supplies ran low, many men deserted, and they were harassed by irregular Mexican troops, until their "Army" was reduced to thirty-three men, and they were obliged to retreat to American soil. Here they were arrested and tried for violation of the Neutrality Laws of the United States, but were acquitted. Walker was afterward involved in filibustering expeditions in Central America, and was seized and executed in Nicaragua in 1860.

Dickey a Gentleman who treated me as a Companion, and I remained with him until Mr. Hodge's return.

My life in San Francisco was very commonplace, and there was little that occurred to me worthy of relation here. While there I received a Visit from Dunbar, who pressed me very hard to return to Sacramento, offering me \$2000 per annum; but I declined all his offers, and have never seen or heard anything of him since. Another call that I had took me by surprise: this was from my Irish Friend who was going to hang me for stealing his money on the Trinity River. He said he had noticed me in the Store, and feeling that he had never made the Apology he should, he came in, hoping I would forgive him. He said he had had it in his heart to kill me, and had often prayed to his Maker for Absolution. I told him I had forgiven him long before, which avowal appeared to give him great satisfaction. He said he had never since seen or heard anything of the Maine Sailor.

I had also a call from Capt. Jeffries of the Steam Boat *William Penn*, who seemed to follow me wherever I went. He was then broken in Fortune, Health, and Appearance. I was able to afford him some assistance. He little thought, when he insulted me about my little Quaker coat, that he would be following me over the face of the Continent asking favors of me; but such was the fate of this unfortunate man.

I will mention another old Acquaintance I met there, and (perhaps) a Fortune I lost by not taking his advice. This was Burke, our Gambler of the Plains, who wanted me to go into a Speculation he had on hand. This was to build a large Hotel on Kearney Street opposite the Plaza, to cost \$100,000. I asked him how

much money he had, and he answered, "About a thousand dollars." I told him I could not furnish much more, but he said, "That will do; we can build it." I laughed at the absurdity of this Proposition. His plan was to devote the largest part of the ground floor to a Gambling Room with a hundred tables; he said he could readily find a hundred Gamblers who would pay \$1000 each for a year's rent in advance. He could not give me faith in his wild Scheme, and I declined to engage in it. He, however, pushed his enterprise alone, and built the El Dorado Hotel, well known for many years thereafter to all Persons who visited San Francisco. In a few years he became a Millionaire, but afterward entered into some unfortunate Speculation and went to destruction. So fast were Fortunes made and lost in San Francisco at that period.

CHAPTER XXV

END OF THE ODYSSEY

DURING THE Winter of 1854 I received a letter from my Brother Samuel inviting me to come home to Philadelphia and join him in the Real Estate Business, and I determined to go as soon as Mr. Hodge returned. He arrived about the first of April, and I purchased a ticket for New York via Nicaragua, for which I think I paid \$150.

The Boat was advertised to sail on the fourth of April at three o'clock P.M. I went down before noon and sat on the upper Deck watching the Freight coming on board, and conversing with a man who sat beside me, well-dressed and displaying considerable cheap Jewelry, but with little the air of a solid wealthy man. As a Wells-Fargo shipment of Gold (a clever drayload) came aboard, my talkative Acquaintance remarked in an indifferent manner that he supposed one of those boxes was his. I looked at him incredulously, but he said he had deposited enough Gold with them to fill a box.

As I was sitting here, a Gentleman approached and enquired if my name was Pancoast. I replied that it was, upon which he informed me that he was the Sheriff of the County and had a Warrant for my arrest. I told him he was certainly mistaken in his man. He then produced his Warrant, issued on the oath of Dr. Houpten of Sacramento, charging me with being an absconding Debtor, and claiming \$100 and costs. The clever Sheriff (who was no doubt posted on the game) asked me if I

had purchased my ticket, and when I replied that I had, remarked that that was unfortunate, as the tickets were good for that trip only, and I should have a poor opportunity to contest the Case in Court. I went with the Officer to a Judge's Office, where I found the Doctor. The Justice said he had no discretion in the matter, but would have to bind me over to answer at Court, unless I could settle with the Doctor. After considering the matter, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that I had my head in the Lion's mouth, and had better extricate it as best I could; so I paid over the amount required, and the Doctor withdrew his Suit, after which I passed a few uncomplimentary remarks to him and returned to the Ship. The Doctor no doubt had a Spy upon my movements who knew of my intended departure, thus enabling him to perpetrate this legal Robbery.

The Boat left the Wharf about five o'clock and steamed out into the Bay, where she was halted for half an hour while the Officers examined tickets and made search for Stowaways. This done, we glided out of the Golden Gate, and were soon making our way upon the broad Ocean.

I was surprised at breakfast to find that one of the Waiters in his white apron was the Jewelled Gentleman who the day before had "owned" the Wells-Fargo box of Gold. During the day I saw him assisting the Butcher to dress Cattle (two or three of which were killed every day for table use) and noticed that he was very expert at the Business. We learned that he was a Stowaway, and as he was a Butcher, the Officers had appropriated his services. He was a very jolly, "lippy" Character, and attracted much attention from the Passengers, who dubbed him "Butch."

The life on an Ocean Steamer is usually monotonous, and there is little of interest to relate that has not been told a thousand times before. The weather was calm, and we enjoyed our sleep. There were said to be six hundred Passengers. They were jolly, and we speedily became acquainted. On board was the rich Drover, Thaddeus Pomroy, whose Cattle had been on our Rancho. He had been taken with Galloping Consumption, but had resolved to return home, contrary to the advice of his Physician. Fearing he might not reach there alive, he had prepared a metal-lined Coffin and sufficient Alcohol to preserve his body. He died the third day out, and his body was sealed up in the Alcohol and taken home by his Foreman. The next day an elderly Englishman fell down on the Deck near me. He seemed to want to communicate something to me, but I could not understand what it was. He died within a few minutes, and having no Friends on board, was sewed up in canvas and launched down a plank into the Sea without Religious Ceremony.

On the first day out I met with a man who had been a Bar Keeper on one of our Boats on the Missouri River. A familiar face is a pleasant relief when one is alone among hundreds of People. Also during that day a Gentleman saluted me and enquired if my name was not Charles Pancoast. I replied that it was, but that I did not recognise him. He said that I had never seen him, but he knew my Brother Samuel, and noticed my resemblance to him. His name was Braddock. He had been in California but a short time, and could tell me more about Philadelphia and the People I knew there than I had heard in several years. I found him an agreeable Companion, and was afterwards Groomsman at his Wedding.

Our Passage was rather monotonous, and there was little to divert our attention except numbers of spouting Whales. After seven or eight days' run we put into the Port of Acapulco, in Guerrero, Mexico. This Bay is the safest and handsomest natural Sea Port I ever met with. The entrance is narrow, with a high rocky Island at its opening. The Bay is surrounded by Mountains, and has the appearance of a Lake with no outlet, the Island obstructing the view of the Ocean. At the head of the Bay stands the City of Acapulco on a small Plain, while high up on the Mountainside is located a substantial Fort. The Population was made up mostly of idle half civilised Citizens, the larger portion of whom slept at night on the Beach. Many of the Houses were built of Bamboo without cement: how they kept the Rain out was a mystery. There was a Revolution going on in Mexico at the time, and they were recruiting and drilling men; but they were miserable Soldiers, and a hundred of ours would chase a thousand of them.

We remained at Acapulco twenty-four hours, taking on coal and Supplies. The Passengers amused themselves throwing dime pieces into the deep clear water of the Bay and watching the Natives dive for them. They would always secure the coins before they reached the bottom. There were a number of Stores and Fruit Stands in the Town, but we had to be careful how we circulated around, as there were many cases of Smallpox in the place.

The next morning we were off to sea, and after a pleasant Passage of five days, with nothing to change the everyday monotony of Ocean life except the sight of a burning Volcano on the Mexican Coast, we arrived



ACAPULCO

one morning before daybreak off San Juan del Sur, in a small Bay that I should judge would afford poor protection to Vessels in rough weather. The wind was blowing freshly, and the Breakers rolled heavily in to the Shore. As the day lighted up a singular scene presented itself to us. Before us was a meagre Town. On the Beach was arrayed a Company of Soldiers; behind them were several hundred half naked Citizens, and in the rear a thousand or more Mules and Burros, all backed by high rocky Bluffs. A Cannon was fired, and into the water came the "Greasers," pell-mell. The small Boats of the Steamer were loaded and made their way to within fifty yards of the Shore, as near as the Crew deemed it safe to go. Here they were surrounded by Natives, who asked twenty-five cents to carry us ashore on their backs. Many of them had more on their backs than they could manage, and fell down and ducked their Passengers. The lucky Fellows were highly entertained by these scenes, but the Victims did not enjoy it so much, especially the Ladies. I waded ashore myself and did my own ducking.

We had to travel twelve miles by land to Virginia City on Lake Nicaragua, and there was now another scrambling scene as each Passenger tried to secure the best Mule. Mr. Braddock and I concluded to eat our Breakfast first and run the risk of getting a Mule afterwards. We secured seats at the first table, but there was nothing set before us but bread, ham, and cold beans. Some fried eggs were brought in later, and the Guests (few of whom had eaten an egg for years) flew at them like Tigers. As we did not want to behave like Brutes, we held off for the next plate, which never arrived, and our deference to good manners went unrewarded.

We paid our Host one dollar apiece for our Breakfast, and made our way to the Muleteers, of whom we hired Mules without difficulty. Those Passengers who were so anxious to get the best Mules that they had paid their five dollars before Breakfast to secure them, now found their Mules removed from the places where they had tied them; and although they were no doubt there among the mass of Animals, it was impossible to recognise either them or the Natives who had hired them. A great deal of confusion ensued, as some Persons undertook to claim the Mules of others who had paid for their hire. Mr. Braddock and I mounted ours at once, and had no trouble with any of them.

As soon as we left the Town we arose over a Hill not over 150 feet high, and thence made our way by a gradual and almost imperceptible descent to Lake Nicaragua. It has been a mystery to me why de Lesseps did not choose this Route for his Canal instead of the Isthmus of Panama, where he had to tunnel through endless Mountains and Rocks. This Hill is the most difficult obstruction that the Canal would have to overcome, and a large portion of this would be earth. The deep Lake furnishes a hundred miles of Navigation, and the balance of the Route would be in the Valley of the San Juan del Norte River, unobstructed by Rocks except perhaps in a couple of places, and with the water of the River always at hand as a feeder for the Canal.

The Country across to Virginia City was a grovelike Plain, covered generally with Trees of many varieties, and without underbrush. Most of the Trees bore fruit of some kind, but the only edible variety we recognised was the Cocoanut. Monkeys innumerable flourished there, as well as Parrots and other Birds, decorated with

beautifully colored feathers. There were a few poor-looking Settlements, but we observed nothing in cultivation but Bananas, which were cooked in various ways, and which constituted the chief part of the food of the natives.

On arriving at the newborn Virginia City, we simply turned our Mules loose, as we had been directed to do, without putting them in charge of any Person. Virginia City (the offspring of this line of Steamers) appeared to be a prosperous business place of a thousand Inhabitants. From here we had an excellent view of three pyramidal Peaks on the opposite side of the Lake, and the overflowed Desert of Lava and vitrified Scoriae, presenting a rough glazed surface as far as the eye could reach, making on the Observer a solemn, mournful, and marvellous impression of great, silent Monuments to a once happy People and a prosperous and productive Land.

After getting our Dinner and procuring a small quantity of fruits and cakes, we proceeded to board the Lake Steamer, which lay about a hundred yards from the Wharf, the water being too shallow for it to come nearer. We were transferred to the Steamer by Scows, first passing through a Gate where we had to show our tickets. Just as we had entered the Scow there was a cry of "Man overboard!" and we saw our now noted Passenger Butch, who had swum or waded under the Wharf unobserved, and was aided in getting on the Scow by this ruse of some Passengers. We were soon on the Steamer, where no tickets were demanded, and Butch was again happy.

The Steamer started at four P.M. and arrived before daybreak at San Carlos, at the foot of the Lake, where

we were transferred to a Steamer of lighter draught. At ten o'clock we were landed for breakfast at a place on the San Juan del Norte River. Here there was a rocky Fall, and the Passengers were told that they must walk a mile over a road that had been cut through the Jungle, while our Baggage was carried down in a little Freight Steamer. The jungle was so entangled with Vines and other vegetable growth that it was perfectly impervious to men, and a Rabbit would have been puzzled to make headway through it. It commenced to rain, and the rankness of this immense amount of vegetation was sickening.

During this Foot Travel we met the Passengers from New York to California. At the end of it we found two small Steamers. I boarded the leading one, and we were soon off again down the River. Butch made an effort to board our Boat, but was unsuccessful, and we had many a joke, laugh, and conjecture as to his Fate as we proceeded down the River.

Our Captain was as black as a Colored Man, and I took him for a Native or a St. Domingo Negro; but I ascertained that he was a Native of New Orleans. He was a veritable Tyrant, and devoid of all Human Sympathy. We had not run far before we were stuck fast on a Sand Bar. The Captain and Mate requested us to jump overboard and put our shoulders under the Guards to light the Boat over the Bar, and about a hundred men were soon over. This decreased the draught of the Boat several inches, and we were soon afloat; but in a short time we were aground again, and the same number of men jumped overboard. As soon as the Boat was afloat the Engineer put on steam and ran into deep water without stopping, leaving the

Fellows who were lifting to scramble on the Guards as best they could. On this occasion two men failed to make it and dropped into deep water. They were at the point of Death when saved.

This piggish disregard of the welfare of the Volunteers made us angry, and when the Boat grounded again few of the Passengers would get overboard. The Captain went around commanding us to jump, cursing us and telling us that it would do us good to get rid of our dirt and bad Odours. However true this may have been, his remarks failed to have the desired effect. He then threatened to starve us until they got the Boat to the mouth of the River; but we were still obstinate, and he had to spar the Boat off, which of course caused great delay. Night came and we were on another Bar, but no Passenger would lend a hand. No Dinner or Supper. By morning we were moving down the River: no Breakfast, but much growling and swearing. Dinnertime came: Boat again aground, nothing in sight but dense Jungle. By night we were aground once more. Curses deep and loud were heard everywhere, and the Captain was commanded to land at the first opening in order that the Passengers might scour the Country for food. He became, I think, a little alarmed, and told us we had only five miles more to go before reaching Greytown. At daybreak a good many of the starved Passengers relented and got overboard (but not your humble Servant) and soon succeeded in getting the Boat off. In two or three miles we grounded again. Here a couple of Natives came out in a Bateau with fruit. The Captain and the Mate warned them that they would be shot if they came near; but they came so close that the Passengers threw money down to

them, and they threw bananas and cocoanuts on board. Finally they came too near, and the Mate struck one of them over the head with an oar, laying him out to all appearances dead. The Passengers were furious, and talked of throwing both Captain and Mate overboard; but wiser heads prevailed, and as we were then in sight of Greytown the desperate men were persuaded to endure their afflictions until we arrived on board the Ship. And a hungrier set of men I presume the Steward of that Ship never fed before or since.

After Dinner several of us went ashore at Greytown. Most of the Town was newly built, and there was a fine Hotel and some respectable Houses and Stores. There was a Population of about a thousand, made up of Southern People from the United States, Cubans, and Mulattoes or Creoles from St. Domingo. They had a very aristocratic carriage, and flourished a large amount of costly Jewelry. I saw nothing to purchase except Parrots, Monkeys, and Tropical Fruits. I bought some of the latter and returned to the Ship, where we procured good Staterooms and had a pleasant night's rest.

Next morning the other River Steamer came alongside and put out her stage planks on the lower Deck of the Ship. As I, with a number of others, was watching the transfer of the Passengers, there appeared on the Hurricane Roof of the little Steamer a lone Passenger, whom we recognised as Butch. He begged someone to throw down his ticket. One was thrown, and in a few minutes Butch faced his trusting Friend and returned the ticket.

The Steamer soon raised her anchor and we made our way into the Caribbean Sea. As soon as we were fairly out the Captain and Clerk assembled the Passengers

for the purpose of taking up their tickets. Butch was in the circle, and many eyes were upon him, wondering to what subterfuge this "Jeremy Diddler" would now resort. When the Captain reached him, Butch said very demurely, "You know, Captain, I have no ticket." The Captain surveyed him a moment and said savagely, "Stand back there, I will settle with you when I get through here!" Next morning he was scrubbing the Decks. Butch certainly could not be called shiftless, for it seems to me that a Fellow who could work his way through all these guarded changes, and all the expedients devised by experienced Officers for the express purpose of preventing just such frauds, might be found to be a valuable man in some legitimate Business.

We had not been long at sea before there was great consternation on the Boat in consequence of a report that there were two cases of Smallpox on board; and before the next morning there were twelve *bona fide* cases among the Passengers. This was extremely alarming, and destroyed all our anticipated pleasure in the homeward trip; however, we could only make the best of it. The Victims, as their Disease became known, were taken to the upper Deck and placed in a Hospital Caboose, which soon cleared the Loungers from that section. Gloom was evident all over the Ship; but no more cases made their appearance.

We had little to attract our attention on the Route. After leaving the Coast of Hunduras and Yucatan, the first object that met our view was the Light House of Cape San Antonio, whence we hugged the Coast of Cuba, passing near enough to Havana to obtain a good general view. We then passed in sight of the Florida Reefs, and followed the Coast until we reached the Lazzaretto on Staten Island, nine days out from Greytown.

The Health Officers, after examining our sanitary condition, informed us that we would not be permitted to go into the City, and must remain in Quarantine until the Ship was fumigated, or about two weeks. This was a hard blow to the Passengers, who after their long absence had come so near to their homes and their dear Friends, to be told that they must remain locked up with Smallpox Patients for two weeks.

We were to remain on the Ship that night and to be landed at the Lazaretto in the morning. A little after dark, as I was standing on the Deck talking to John Duncan, my old Missouri Bar Keeper (most of the Passengers being at supper) my attention was attracted by a Boy who came alongside in a small Boat, and asked if we did not want to be taken ashore. Upon our answering in the affirmative, he told us there was a rope hanging from the Deck by which we could reach his Boat. We stealthily got our Valises forward, dropped them into his Boat, and slid down the rope unobserved. The Boy said he wanted \$5.00 each to take us to the Shore, only about three hundred yards away. We rebelled at this price, upon which he threatened to give us up to the Health Officers. We were not much alarmed, as in that case we would deliver him also; but we compromised on two dollars each, and were landed in the Flags and mud of Staten Island.

The night was dark, and we did not know in what direction to move; but finally we found a road, and followed it toward the City. After some distance we saw a bright light a mile ahead, which proved to be the Staten Island Ferry. We were soon in New York, and lodged at the Tammany Hotel. The next morning we bought complete new outfits of clothes, and went to

Delmonico Bath Houses and took a thorough bath. The question was, how we should get rid of our old clothes. Mr. Duncan suggested that we should leave them there; but to this I objected, as it might subject some poor Soul to the risk of taking Smallpox. A bright idea occurred to me. We found some of Delmonico's cards, and wrote on them, "*Smallpox Clothes—beware!*" After taking out some trinkets and small valuable articles, we left the Valises with the cards attached as a present to Delmonico, paid our bill, and sought another part of the city.

I arrived in Philadelphia on the twenty-eighth day of April, 1854, unannounced to my remaining Friends and Relatives, who were greatly surprised to see me; and few of them were able to recognise me, so greatly had I changed in my fourteen years of wandering.

CONCLUSION

THE FINAL chapter of Pancoast's book, relating the story of his comparatively quiet and uneventful life after his return to Philadelphia, has been omitted here, as something of an anti-climax, from a reader's point of view, to the stirring and adventurous episodes of his western experiences. For the benefit of any who may have become sufficiently interested in his story to care to know its conclusion, a brief summary is appended.

For a time after his return he had difficulty in adjusting himself to his new surroundings, so different from those to which he had become accustomed in the West, and different also from those that he had experienced in his youth, as the city had in the meantime doubled its population, and business and social customs had undergone many changes. For a brief period he returned half-heartedly to the drug business; but his real estate ventures under the skillful direction of his brother Samuel proved so successful that he soon abandoned pharmacy permanently, and entered into partnership with a nephew in a real estate and conveyancing business, until the death of the latter in the Civil War. He became interested in politics at the time of the organization of the Republican Party, and was a member of the first City Convention in Philadelphia, when "Black Republican" was such a term of reproach that they "dared not, for the sake of Prudence, put on their banners the odious name, but found it Policy to assume the more conservative name of the People's Party."

For a number of years he was an active participant in local Republican politics, and served in various capacities in the city organization. He served as alderman from 1862 to 1875, and when that office was superseded by that of magistrate, served for a term in the latter capacity; and the story of his life in Philadelphia is largely concerned with his political experiences and the gradual degeneration of the Republican Party in Philadelphia from the high idealism of its early days into the corruption and "boss rule" of twenty years later. At the end of his term as magistrate, disgusted with political methods as they had then become, he retired from politics and devoted himself exclusively to his real estate and conveyancing. In this business he met with success, and amassed a modest fortune that enabled him to spend his later years in comfort and such leisure as his active nature permitted him to take.

In 1867 he married Harriet Merrill Ramsdell, a widow. He had no children of his own, but adopted his wife's sons by her former marriage, of whom he says: "I have to enjoy the happy satisfaction of seeing my wife's two children, whom I took under my fostering care when they were mere Infants, both arrived at Maturity with Education adapted to the Pursuits they have chosen, enjoying good Moral Characters and the Respect of their Neighbors, with nothing to prevent their becoming the first Citizens of the Land."

He concludes his book with some reflections on politics, religion, and life, of which the following extracts may be of interest.

"After the expiration of my term as Magistrate, I entered into the Business of Conveyancing and Real

Estate. . . . in which I have continued up to the time of this writing, to wit, May 20th, 1890.

"I have written this History of my life only because it was a pleasant Pastime to me in my leisure moments to put on record the diverse Scenes and Events that have come within my view. . . . not with a view to Publication, but as a Memento that will be more likely to be preserved and appreciated by Friends and Relatives than a Stone Monument would be; believing that if my Relatives will take enough interest in it to preserve it, the Record will be more interesting to their Descendants fifty years hence than it now is to them. As I have said before, I have written the most of this Record from Memory, and while the Events recorded are yet bright in my mind and strictly true and correct, it is possible that some of them may be placed out of time and out of the exact location.

"My life, which I realise is now nearly at a close, has not reached the full measure of my early Ambitions and expectations; but my Disappointment is not so great as to interfere with my present Happiness. In the long and almost incessant struggles that I have encountered, I can conscientiously say that I have now no feeling of Remorse in consequence of any act of my life, but rather deem it Regret that I have not done all the Good to my Fellow Creatures that I might have done, or obeyed the Laws and Commandments of my Maker as well as I should. . . . But with all my shortcomings and imperfections I have the satisfaction of believing that I have never knowingly or maliciously wronged either Man or Woman.

"My life is somewhat void of Romance, and will not

attract the attention of Visionary Persons who look for Heroic Deeds and the accomplishment of extraordinary results; but it has been a peculiar life, and it is not probable that it will ever be duplicated. There are perhaps a few Lessons to be learned from it, the principal of which is that a Young Man with ordinary natural abilities, little Education, and small opportunities, meeting with repeated Misfortunes and exposed to extraordinary Temptations and immoral Surroundings, may surely, by setting up to himself a high Moral Standard, together with Industry, Perseverence, and a stern determination to preserve his Honor and Integrity, acquire some Wealth, as well as the Respect of the Community in which he may dwell, and a peaceful and happy Old Age. And what more can a man covet, except the Eternal Blessing of our Lord?

“And before closing this Record I will say a few words in regard to my cherished Religious Following. I am persuaded that the Friends’ Religious Professions and Practices are essentially the best to live by and to die by, inasmuch as they fulfill the Lord’s Commandments with regard to our relations and dealings with each other. Those who scrupulously abide by them will not be forgetful in revering the Author of all the Blessings they enjoy, and devoting to Him that Humbleness that is required of them; nor will they be unmindful of that Indwelling Spirit that ever directs us in the way we should go.”

Charles Pancoast retained his vigor and alertness, both physical and mental, to an advanced age, and with his erect carriage, snowy hair, dark eyes, and a complexion as smooth and unblemished as a child’s, presented a

fine type of old Quaker gentleman. He died January 3, 1906, in his eighty-eighth year. Myron Angel outlived him by five years. If the two old messmates had been able to spend their old age together, instead of the width of the Continent apart, what fascinating stories, now lost to posterity, they might have pieced together from the reminiscences of their pioneering days!

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